

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVI.

APRIL, 1849.

VOL. XXXIII.

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DUBLIN

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WM. S. ORR, AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

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*No 34
19*

NINEVEH.*

HOLY Scripture informs us that the first city built after the flood was Nineveh; but whether by Ashur, according to the text, or by Nimrod going out into Ashur's land of Assyria, according to the marginal reading of our translation, appears doubtful. In such a balance of authority, we incline to reconcile Scriptural with profane history, by adopting the reading which refers the foundation of the city to Nimrod. Nimrod, we are told by Moses, was a mighty hunter: tradition adds that he was a potent magician; and profane history traces all the idolatry of the world to his city gates. For, if Babylon was the mother, Nineveh the parent city, may be not inaptly called the grandmother, of idolatries. Here, surrounded by a land teeming with abundance, in the midst of subject and tributary nations, mankind first fell from the wholesome simplicity of labour, into that luxurious idleness which has so often since wrought the downfall of states and kingdoms, though no other earthly monarchy has had a catastrophe so splendid as illustrated the last days of the city of Sardanapalus. For fifteen days, if we may credit Ctesias, the vast funereal pyre, heaped up in the inner courtyard of the Assyrian's palace, continued burning—king, queen, minister, court and harem, gold, silver, precious stones, stuffs, furniture, and equipage, consuming together in one prodigious blaze of splendour and riches. The world has not since witnessed a luxury more magnificent in

life and death; nor has any other sensualist left mankind an epitaph so impressive—"Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxis, built Tarsus and Anayale in one day; but is now dead."

We have spoken of the natural fertility of the Mesopotamian plains. The land about Babylon, in Herodotus's time, commonly yielded two hundred fold of cereal products. This, however, was not the spontaneous exuberance of the earth, but the effect of irrigation, by that multitude of canals, the remains of which still intersect the soil over all the ancient sites of Assyrian and Mesopotamian greatness. Was the same toil necessary when mankind first selected these abodes? and, with the necessity for toil so great—for the river did not, like the Nile, annually soil their fields; but they had, themselves, by canals and scoops, to raise and apply the water, by the labour of their hands—how did they so speedily lapse into national indolence and effeminacy? Had the alluvial plain of the two rivers presented the same arid aspect it now does, it would have offered little inducement, in the way of an easy production of food, to those before whom "the world was all to choose." For now it is overrun with wild tamarisk and acacia, arid even to yellowness, and glittering with saline efflorescences, which crackle as they break in the rays of every morning's sun. Yet the abundance of bitumen which probably offered the principal temptation to the builders of Babel, in fixing the site for the city, argues a salt and ungenial

* "Nineveh and its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians, Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil-worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians." By Austen Henry Layard, D.C.L. London: Murray. 1849.

quality in the soil, and which could only be washed out of it by irrigation, from the first. For such appears to have been the chief use of the application of the waters of these rivers; just as we hear in our own time of the method pursued in reclaiming tracts recovered from the sea, where the area within the embankment is treated with repeated doses, as it were, of river flooding: the object not being so much to secure any deposit of soil from the fresh water so let in, as to extract the salt already deposited there by the sea water before it had been shut out. So that unless we suppose that salt quality to have been imparted in comparatively recent times to the Mesopotamian region, we may conclude that it was rather from its facilities for building the place was selected, than from any extraordinary fertility in the production of the necessaries of life.

The facilities for building were, indeed, very great. There was everywhere a soil which needed but the application of water to assume the consistency of unburnt brick. A sun hot enough to perform the office of a drying-kiln shone every day of the year. Fountains of bitumen bubbled up in the midst of the materials which only awaited the application of that natural mortar to assume any structural form the builder might desire; reeds for binding the courses of that kind of masonry fringed the river, throughout the alluvial tract; and forests capable of supplying timber for the largest constructions, clothed its banks above, and needed only to be felled, to be brought down from the mountain country by a natural and spontaneous carriage. All the materials for a considerable edifice might be prepared and erected in a week. Hence it is that we may reasonably give some credit to what is told of Semiramis, that, having laid out the boundaries and general plan of Babylon, she divided the interior into lots, and assigned them to their several occupants, with injunctions that each should be built upon within the year, and that these injunctions were complied with. We have already seen the boast of Sardanapalus, that he had built two cities in one day. Alexander and Timour both affected the same kind of royalty in the expeditious creation of new cities to adorn their conquests. But the Egyptian pasha justly

rebuked the pride of Timour, who reminded him that his mud-walled city, that rose from the earth in a day, in a day would sink back to it, while the cities of the western world, slowly built, were built to last for ever. And now, strange to say, it is the very suddenness of their decay which preserves what still remains of the brick-built cities of Ninus and Semiramis for the explorations of modern curiosity; for the sun-dried bricks, crumbling down into a fine bituminous paste, and sinking back over the ruins of their own foundations, have formed mounds impermeable by the air, and under which the lower chambers of many royal edifices still exist comparatively unharmed, after having lain, as it were, hermetically sealed for periods of two, and three, and possibly even of near four thousand years.

We had heard, from time to time, of caves and passages in these mounds of disintegrated brick-work, which in so many quarters of the Chaldean and Mesopotamian plain rise like precipitous islands over the desert level, claiming, in the traditions of their respective localities, to represent the tower of Babel, the tomb of Nimrod, or the palace of Semiramis. With the exception, however, of the Birs Nimrod, near Hillah, on the Euphrates—supposed, and with much semblance of reason, to constitute the remains of the great temple of Belus, mentioned by Herodotus—these mounds appear to be debris of forts and palaces rather than of tombs or temples. From Herodotus's description of the temple of Belus, we may conclude that it resembled very closely the staged pyramids of Mexico and Yucatan. The chain of analogous structures may be traced by the shores of the Indian Ocean across the Pacific. Some traces of a formation of this kind are alleged to have been visible on the Birs Nimrod early in the last century; but the description of Herodotus was probably more vividly before the writer's imagination than the actual outline of the ruins, which at present, at least, consist of a shapeless mound of crumbled brick, out of which an angle of a tower-like structure, built of brick of a superior description, and of extreme hardness, rises to a height of forty or fifty feet. The entire height is not above two hundred and fifty feet, but from the vastness of the level plain surround-

ing it, the object arrests the eye with an effect due to much greater dimensions. It has been remarked of all these mounds that, seen on the horizon, they appear of a bulk much greater than they really possess, presenting in this respect a singular contrast to the Egyptian pyramids, which at a distance make an appearance by no means commensurate with their actual magnitude. The difference of form has doubtless a good deal to do with these differences of apparent size; but the main cause is probably to be sought for in differences of atmosphere. It is certain that a mountain of two thousand feet under our skies, makes a more imposing show than a mountain of five thousand under the sky of Italy. The tower of Babel itself has been held by many learned men to have been erected merely as a landmark; and they read the passage in Genesis not as in our version:—"Go to, let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad;" but, "Go to, let us make us a *sign*, lest we be scattered abroad;" meaning, say they, lest our flocks and herds should stray out of ken on these interminable plains. But whatever may have been the motive to undertake it, the work was not accomplished, and we have no conclusive or even cogent reason for believing that any of the existing monuments actually marks the site of the attempt.

Mounds of a similar description to the body of the Birs Nimrod (though they all differ from that monument in wanting the tower-like nucleus) occur throughout the plain on both sides of the Euphrates, and extend on the east to, and beyond, the Tigris. Here, on the Assyrian or eastern bank of the river, at a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles north of Bagdad, opposite and below Musul, are situated the four great masses of this kind, which modern investigation seeks to identify as marking the four angles of the outer wall of Nineveh. We are told that the city had a circuit of one hundred and eighty stadia; it may be sixty-four, or it may be thirty-two of our miles; and the mounds of Kouyunjik and Khorsabad on the north, and Karamles and Nemroud on the south, appear to mark the limits of a parallelogram of about that extent, taking it at the larger measurement, stretching along the eastern bank of the Tigris for a

distance of about eighteen miles in length parallel to the river, with an average breadth towards the Assyrian hill country of about ten miles.

These vast dimensions will probably surprise the reader, who may reflect that he has here the ground-plan of a city twice as long and broad as London. But we must recollect that the cities of this region of the world are, as at present in Persia, very openly built, with gardens and spacious areas, and that the houses do not exceed one story; so that, for a population amongst whom, in the ninth century before Christ, were a hundred and twenty thousand souls who did not know the right hand from the left, by whom we may reasonably understand infants, a space of ground of that compass might not be inconsistently large; and we may also remember that Jonah advanced a day's journey into the city before he proclaimed his message; for that "Nineveh was an exceeding large city of three days' journey." So that on the whole, the dimensions assigned by taking the four mounds in question as the four great bastions of the city wall, are not so excessive as at first sight they might appear; though, looking at the map, we own it does impose an effort on the mind to imagine all that vacant space, which gave room for the armies of Heraclius and Chosroes to join battle without impediment to the evolutions of half a million of combatants, covered with streets of houses, with palaces and temples, and surrounded by a continuous rampart of twice the extent of the present *enceinte* of Paris. Babylon, we are told, was a perfect square; and the most probable identification of existing ruins with its site, assigns one such great mound to each of its quarters. Nineveh was an irregular oblong, and, probably enough, may have had a similar arrangement of its principal buildings; but all traces of an intermediate wall are now lost, and the space within the supposed boundary is as desert as that without.

We would here recur to a speculation glanced at in a former paper on the cemeteries of Etruria. Is this nitrous quality in the soil of these primeval habitations of mankind, in any way consequent on the excess of population that once swarmed in the plains of Shinar? Does Babylonia,

in her present desertion, pay the natural penalty of having too greedily engrossed to herself the life of the world, in the first prolific multiplication of the post-diluvian family? Is this decay of the "exceeding great city of three days' journey" a physical reaction by which nature compensates the other habitable lands of the earth for Nineveh's early usurpation, and conversion to unprofitable luxury, of the labour which God designed for the soil at large? And have we thus in these naked and unwholesome solitudes, the attestation of God's earliest displeasure against centralization in excess—against the attempt of the rich and idle to withdraw themselves from the society of those whose labour they command; against the impiety of denationalization, and the idolatry of wealth? For to what end is this very plain made memorable in the history of man, by the division of man's speech, and the impulse given to the separate families of men to go forth and found states and cities of their own, if it be not to illustrate the law of God, that he will not suffer the nations of the earth to have one metropolis; but that, by language, by instinct, and by the preparation of regions suitable for each, he has decreed the earth, in every part of it, to participate in the culture and presence of man; of the rich and splendid, as well as of the poor and humble; of the intellectual as well as the manual labourer; of the heads as well as the members;—in a word, that everywhere there should be a complete society; and that all attempts to engross those benefits for one locality to the exclusion of others, when they pass a certain limit, shall for ever result in a confusion of the political, as signal as that of the religious, Babylon?

But it is time that we should approach one of these mounds, and inquire what it is that Mr. Layard or M. Botta have found it to contain. We may take that of Khorsabad as a sample of almost all the rest. Judging from Botta's drawing of the mound, it presents the appearance externally of a low, flat-topped mountain of nearly half a mile in length, and of a height varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Its sides, of about the steepness of the earth-works of a modern fortification, are furrowed with water-courses and with ravines, the traces

probably, of former excavations; and on the summit is built a considerable village. A pyramidal mound rises, at the south-western angle, to a height of about fifty feet above the general level of the top; and around it spreads the plain as flat as the surface of the sea.

With the exception of the village, the same description will apply to the mound of Nemroud at the southern extremity of the site, at the junction of the Zab with the Tigris—the scene of Mr. Layard's principal excavations. Cutting down through the soil of mouldered bricks which covers their tops, to the depth of about ten feet, the excavators have come, at several points of all these mounds, on courts and chambers communicating with one another by doorways, the piers of which are constituted of those monstrous figures of leogriffs and homotaurs, with the general character of which the reader is, perhaps, already familiar. The roofs of those apartments having fallen in, we can only judge of their uses and former appearance, by emptying them of the fine bituminous soil which, as we have observed, has filled and sealed them through so many ages. The resources at the command of Mr. Layard did not enable him to remove the masses of earth from the central areas of those apartments; and he had to content himself with clearing passages along the surface of the walls, leaving the mounds of rubbish in the middle spaces untouched. By this means he disclosed the decorated side-walls of a great number of halls and chambers, the floors of which appear to lie at a uniform level of from twenty to thirty feet under the present upper surfaces of the mounds. The question here naturally presents itself, were these apartments originally erected on the surface, or were they designedly constructed underground; if we may use the word "underground," meaning within the body of the artificial mound, though still high above the level of the surrounding plain? Judging by the ground-plan, we should conclude that they were constructions of the latter kind; for all the interspaces between chamber and chamber, exceeding greatly the thickness of anything designed as a partition, appear to be of solid brickwork, and there is no trace of windows. This view is further supported by what we read of the subter-

anean chambers of Semiramis; as well as by the fact, which we find noticed in Vincent, that the Turkish inhabitants of Musul are still in the habit of constructing underground apartments as summer chambers, in which they escape the fierce heats of the sun. These heats are so vehement during some months, that no one goes out of doors from an hour before sunrise till after sunset; and give a reasonable show of credibility to what Plutarch relates of the rich Babylonians of his day sleeping, for escape from the violence of the heat, in tubs and cisterns of water. Were, then, these apartments temples or treasuries, or sepulchral chambers, or underground summer palaces? We apprehend their number and decorated character preclude the first supposition; and although their decorations are not inconsistent with sepulchral purposes, there has, as yet, been no discovery of any interment or sarcophagus in any of them; and if they had been for either one or the other purpose, they could hardly be supposed to have been furnished, as they evidently were, with ceilings of timber. Of the purposes suggested, therefore, the last seems the most probable; and in adopting it, we may, perhaps, be safe in concluding that the apartments were thus elevated above the plain, for the purpose as well of escaping the damp level of the river, as of obtaining means of light and ventilation; while the mass of solid masonry beneath and around them might serve, at all times, to preserve an equability of temperature.

We have already spoken of the *hormotours* and *tauro-griffs*, which form part of every principal portal. Looking at these singular combinations of different animal forms—bull, lion, man, and eagle, fused together—one instantly recurs to Ezekiel's vision of the beasts, which he saw by the river of Chebar, and knew for the cherubim of the mercy-seat, the same which were set of old to keep the way of the tree of life in Paradise. Ezekiel's beasts also were compound forms, partaking of the man, the bull, the lion, and the eagle. The erudite and ingenious Faber, while as yet we only knew of the separate worship of these animal forms, and had heard of nothing in Gentile mythology approaching to their

compound figure nearer than Cerberus or the minotaur, perceived the strong probability that it was the patriarchal tradition of such beings which had originated the singular reverence paid in pagan worship to bovine, leonine, and aquiline figures of the deity. We can well imagine with what astonishment and pleasure, not unmixed with awe, that great and ingenious scholar, if he were now alive, would look on these Ninevite sculptures, realising so strikingly as they do his conjecture, that Nimrod had begun man's postdiluvian idolatries with some depravation of the patriarchal worship, in this particular of the paradisaical cherubim. Omitting the earlier steps of his argument, we shall borrow the passage in which, with wonderful justness and cogency, he suggests the conclusion which these discoveries now so strongly tend to confirm:—

"Thus, on the one hand, Noah and his family must have been well acquainted both with the forms of the cherubim, and with their use in the religious service of the antediluvian church; and, on the other hand, either in the lifetime of that patriarch or in the age immediately subsequent to his death, that system of idolatry which has diffused itself with so much uniformity over the face of the whole earth must have commenced in the postdiluvian world about the era of the building of Babel. The knowledge, therefore, of the cherub symbols has been brought down chronologically to the rise of pagan mythology after the flood. Now, the cherubim were used in the worship of the true God; and they united, in one compound hieroglyphic, the forms of a man, a bull, a lion, and an eagle. Hence, when idolatry sprang up among those who must have been acquainted with the figure of the cherubim, the presumption is, that they would employ, in the worship of their demon-gods, the very same emblems which had been rendered venerable by long consecration to the service of the true God. With this presumption the fact perfectly accords. In every quarter of the world, the bull, the lion, the eagle, and the man, have been accounted sacred symbols. This uniform veneration of them must have proceeded from a common origin; that common origin can only be found in a period when all mankind formed a single society; the existence of that single society cannot be placed later than the building of the tower; consequently, the first veneration

tion of those symbols cannot be ascribed to a more recent age than that of Nimrod; but in that age, which was marked by the commencement of a mythological system, that was afterwards carried into every region of the earth by them of the dispersion, the form of the cherubic hieroglyphics must have been well known. Since, then, genuine patriarchism and the rise of idolatry thus chronologically meet together—since the latter seems evidently to have been a perverse depravation of the former—since the three animal figures which entered into the compound shape of the cherubim are the very three animal figures which have been universally venerated by the Gentiles from the most remote antiquity—I see not how we can reasonably avoid the obvious conclusion that, in whatever manner the pagans applied the symbols of the bull, the lion, and the eagle, they were borrowed, in the first instance, from those animals as combined together in the form of the cherubim."

These figures also tend, if not to confirm, at least, curiously enough to illustrate another conjecture hazarded by some writers, that the tower of Babel was designed, not only as a high place, but as a species of mimic paradise. These interpreters suggest that instead of reading "let us build a tower which shall reach to heaven," we ought to read, "let us build a tower which shall serve as a heaven;" for, say they, it was an evident folly for men to seek to scale heaven by a tower built in a plain, when the mountains were in sight, from the summits of which they had but lately perceived how immeasurably distant from the firmament were even the loftiest high places of nature. But it would have been a natural and intelligible way of perpetuating the patriarchal tradition

of the splendour of the presence of God dwelling between the guardian cherubs, within a sacred precinct, to prepare an elevated spot such as the summit of a tower, the approaches to which might be guarded by objects presenting the traditional forms of the cherubim, where a perpetual flame might imitate the divine *shekinah*, and hanging gardens surround the whole with the semblance of a terrestrial paradise. Indeed the daring Nimrod—not the unlettered, sordid Nimrod, the hunter of hares and foxes, but the learned, mystical Nimrod, the pursuer of the transcendental forms of archaic mythology*—insists, with many arguments, that the tower of Belus, erected by Nebuchadnezzar was, in structure and in use, a typical paradise of this very kind, with its appurtenances of hanging gardens and quadruple water-courses, representing the four rivers which went round the garden planted eastward in Eden. We would by no means be taken as vouching Nimrod's theory; but every one must be sensible that the occurrence of sculptured figures, so strongly recalling the cherubic traditions, within buildings standing on the site of the city of Nimrod, and still preserving his name, gives, at least, a strong claim on attention to any suggestion tending to connect the chambers which they guard with purposes savouring of patriarchal worship.

Of all the speculations which suggest themselves in connexion with these figures, this certainly is the most fascinating. But we must not overlook its difficulties. These chambers, whatever may have been their uses, were apparently ceiled over with roofs of timber, a feature inconsistent, we should suppose, with the character of

* As often as we take up the mystical volumes of Algernon Herbert, we are reminded of the visions of Orion and Hercules, seen by Ulysses, driving their phantom game before them in Hades:—

"Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead, of beasts
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club armed of ever-during brass.

A dreadful belt
He bore across his bosom, thronged with gold:
There, broidedered, shone many a stupendous form—
Bears, wild boars, lions, with fire-flashing eyes,
Fierce combats, battles, blood-shed, homicide:—
The artist, author of that belt, none such
Before produced, or after."

a high place, whether designed as a mimic Eden or a mimic Ararat. Then we are to remember that, unless the text of Ezekiel has been (and possibly it has been) corrupted, the true cherubical figures had each four heads, whereas these creations of the Ninevite chisel, monsters though they are, have but one head each—that of an eagle sometimes, but usually that of a man. Again, the beings described by Ezekiel had the general likeness of the human figure; but the bodies of the Ninevite monsters are mostly of beasts—bulls or lions. Strong, therefore, as are the resemblances, and inviting as is the speculation, which would lead us into these antiquarian paths of Paradise, there remain other suggestions of the probable uses of the figures, which cannot well be left undiscussed.

The predominance of taurine forms suggests Egyptian associations and the bull-worship of Apis, on the one hand, Persian analogies and the Mithraic bull-sacrifice on the other. The cyclical mythologists affirm that these taurine idolatries refer to the sun in the zodiacal constellation of the bull, and had their origin in those early times, when the entry of the sun into that sign coincided with the vernal equinox; and some will have it that, as the procession of the equinoxes carried back the great lamp of life from sign to sign, his worship has assumed new forms corresponding to each change of the vernal constellation. Thus they would suggest that Apis, typifying the sun in Taurus, preceded Ammon, typifying him in Aries, who again preceded Dagon, symbolizing him in Pisces; to be followed, we suppose, if Gentile idolatry had not been stayed in its fantastic career, by some unknown representative of the celestial Waterman, in whose aquatic house the vernal year will presently commence.

The theory requires periods too extended for the received canons of chronology; but it offers a key to the modes and successions of idolatrous worship which is not to be lightly cast aside. The Persian festival of Naurooz would really appear to have been instituted to commemorate the sun's transit at a particular period from Aries into Pisces; and a theorist eagerly bent on cyclical evidences might plausibly enough suggest, in

connexion with the same epoch, the first appearance of the man-fish, Oannes in Babylonian tradition, and the rise of fish-worship in the rites of Derceto, Dagon, and the other piscine idols of Syria.

Of all the forms, however, under which eastern idolatry has disguised the worship of the emblematic parent of mankind, that of the man-bull, so conspicuous in these ruins, is the most prevalent, as well as the oldest. Apis in Egypt, Aboudad in Persia, Nandi in Hindostan, the abductor of Europa in the romantic mythology of Greece, the taurine great father, meets us at every turn through these labyrinths of mysticism. In the Zend-Avesta, it is a being of this kind who preserves the life of the world during the deluge; acting, in the Magian mythology, the various parts of Adam, Noah, and sacrificial mediator. Making every allowance for imitation and forgery, it seems quite unreasonable to ascribe to fabricators of the sixth, or any other century of our era, the invention of that part of the fable, which is found illustrated by monumental remains of the age of Darius; for, we apprehend there can hardly be a doubt that the homotaurs, which form the piers of the gateways at Persepolis, have reference to the Aboudad, or man-bull of the Magian writings; and the whole scheme and details of the Mithraic bull-sacrifice look manifestly to the same origin.

This man-bull of the Zend-Avesta is the object of a particular liturgy, which the curious may read at large, either in Perron's translation, or in Bryant. We extract a few sentences:

“Address your prayer to the excellent Bull; address your prayer to the pure Bull; address your prayer to the rain, the source of plenty; address your prayer to the Bull, become pure, celestial, holy; who has never been engendered, who is holy. When Dje ravages the world, the water spreads itself on high—it dissolves into a thousand showers of rain. Let envy, let death be upon the earth, still the water smites envy, which is on the earth; still it smites death, which is on the earth. . . . When the water renews itself, the earth renews itself; the trees renew themselves; health renews itself; he who gives health renews himself. . . . The water drives away the serpent, drives away falsehood; it drives away the uncleanness, corruption, and

impurity, which Ahriman has produced in the bodies of men."

Coupled with this is a prayer to the moon which preserved the seed of the bull during this purification of the earth by the waters of the deluge. It seems no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to understand by the moon the ark, and by the bull the life of the world; and indeed, if proofs were needed, all antiquity would vouch it. Such, in fact, is the express statement of the Persian myth, that the first created being on earth was such a compendium of all animal and vegetable life; that, when poisoned by Ahriman, there issued from his tail and marrow one hundred and fifty grains bearing plants, and twelve species of trees; apples and other fruits from his horns; the vine from his blood; and out of his right foreleg came Kaiomars, the first articulately-speaking man. In like manner the bull of the Mithraic sculptures is seen sprouting into forms of vegetable and animal growth under the knife of the sacrificer. But these concrete forms of life typified the Deity in all Eastern mythology; especially during those periods of destruction by alternate deluge and conflagration to which they imagined the earth to be subjected at certain intervals. The Deity then resolved himself into the simplest forms of life: and under those forms they worshipped him. Now, if the homotaurs of Persepolis be compound types of the Deity, of this kind, and derived from a source still further eastward, what shall we say of those of Nineveh? They are almost identical in design, and are employed in the same manner as ornaments of the portals of a palace or temple. The two discovered at Persepolis by Sir Ker Porter, were not sufficiently significant by themselves to excite much speculation; but when we find the same forms in a site so much older, and so much more immediately connected with diluvian traditions, repeated so frequently, and with so evident a purpose, on all the great doorways of these Assyrian buildings, the myths of the Zend-Avesta assume a new importance, and we are compelled to ask ourselves, are these the Aboudads and Taschters of Magian story; and if so, was it here, on the spot where the true

history of the deluge ought longest to have been preserved, that it was first corrupted, and that these monsters, realizing its corruption, were first devised, to send out error and confusion to the rest of the world in legends of superstition and forms of idolatry? Whatever difficulty may attend the solution of these questions, the identity of the taurine figures discovered at Nineveh with those which flank the portals of Darius at Persepolis, and the manifest bearing of the latter on the sacred books of the Persians, give us cause to regard with additional suspicion the charge of recent forgery, which we every day hear reiterated against Hyde's collections.

In connexion with these last speculations, the classical reader will probably revert to the tale of Aristæus and his bees; perhaps, if mystically inclined, to Samson's riddle, and the generation of those swarming forms of life from the rent lion of Timnath. But, after all, the majority of our readers will probably rest best satisfied with the reasons for this species of idolatry assigned by one who knew mankind well, and had seen in his own person a greater variety of forms of superstition than most travellers since the days of Herodotus—one also who, in an age of thick geographical darkness, had the true notion of the earth's rotundity, and foresaw all that Columbus, and a great part of all that Galileo afterwards established:—

"And of ydoles thei sayn also that the ox is the most holy best that is in erthe; and paycent and more profitable than any other. For he dothe good ynow and dothe non evylle. And thei knowen wel that it may not be withouten specyalle grace of God; and therefore maken thei here God of an ox."—*Sir John Maundeville.*

We have now suggested everything that strikes us in reference to these guardians of the portals of the Ninevite chambers; and leaving them, whatever they may be—cherubim, solar symbols, or Magian idols—for the further examination of more competent inquirers, we shall accompany Mr. Layard in a cursory survey of the apartments within:—

"The interior of the Assyrian palace must have been as magnificent as im-

posing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal, guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall, he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were represented other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were inclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the Supreme Deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes and those of his followers were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

"The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures, armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

"The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-

work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals."—Vol. ii. pp. 262-5.

None of the roofs, as we have already observed, are now standing; and Mr. Layard's description of the flat ceiling with its square apertures must be taken for what a guess is worth. It is plain that there must have been extensive superstructures, for otherwise the chambers could not have been filled and covered up, as they are, with debris. Several stories, at least, must have risen above the existing remains, to have yielded that vast heap of ruin, which now lies to the depth of ten and fifteen feet over the probable level of the original ceiling. What the external appearance may have been we can only surmise from the representations of castellated palaces found among the sculptured decorations of the interior. These are of the same general character as the castles seen in the Egyptian collections of Wilkinson and Rosellini, having square towers at intervals projecting from a certain wall, with windows and battlements above, and gateways below; but in the Ninevite representations, the gateways appear arched. An arch of brickwork, apparently of contemporaneous construction, has been found in one of the mounds in question; and the tradition of an arched tunnel, under the bed of the Euphrates, at Babylon, was so distinct in the time of Diodorus, that its very dimensions, and the thickness of its walls, are stated by him. It is not probable, however, that the arched roofs of chambers such as these would have fallen in, without leaving some trace of the vault. We therefore agree with Mr. Layard in rejecting the suggestion that the ceilings were formed of a vault of brickwork, and conclude that they were either covered, as he has supposed, with a roof of wood, or with awnings. Externally, there can be little doubt that the place glittered with gilding and polychrome.

The gilding still adheres to fragments of brick turned up in the progress of Mr. Layard's excavations, and the traces of colour are abundantly evident on all the plastered surfaces that remain. Herodotus's description of the painted walls of Ecbatana will be fresh in the minds of our classical readers; and we may all recur to our scriptural recollection of the chambers alluded to by Zephaniah and Jeremiah—"Ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion."

We have already, in noticing M. Botta's illustrations, spoken of the general style and effect of the Ninevite sculptures, and find that Mr. Layard's labours do not enable us to add anything further on that subject. The details of the representations, however, so far as they go, are deeply interesting; and we shall most conveniently deal with them by taking them in their order as civil, military, and religious.

There is nothing, so far, at all comparable to the copiousness and minuteness of the Egyptian representation in any of the departments, but least of all in that of civil monuments. All the operations of agriculture, trade, and commerce, of domestic economy and manufacture, in ancient Egypt, are set before us in the "*Monumenti Civili*" of Rosellini. We shall be disappointed if we expect a similar insight into Assyrian manners from anything that has yet been discovered at Nineveh:—

"The bas-reliefs are mostly public records of conquests, triumphs, and religious ceremonies. As they were placed in palaces and temples, they could, of course, but refer to national events. If any memorial of the private life of an individual were preserved, or if his peculiar trade or profession were indicated, it must have been in his own dwelling, or in his tomb, as in Egypt. If the interiors of houses, and the occupations of their inmates, are represented in the bas-reliefs, they are casually introduced to illustrate, or to convey more fully, the meaning of the general subject. There, within the walls of castles belonging to the Assyrians, or captured by them, are seen buildings and tents. The inhabitants are slaying sheep, and engaged in domestic occupations, seated and carousing together, feeding their horses, and preparing their ~~banquets~~. But these details are all made

subservient to the main action, which is the siege or triumph."

Among M. Botta's discoveries at Khorsabad—for, while Mr. Layard was engaged in excavating at Nemroud, at the south-western extremity of the supposed site of the city, M. Botta was similarly occupied at Khorsabad, at the north-eastern angle—is a representation of a banquet, from which we may learn the general disposition of their seats and tables, the forms of their drinking-vessels, and the shape of their harps; and Mr. Layard gives sketches from his excavations, ascertaining the construction of their tents, and of the dwelling-houses of the humbler classes. These last appear to have been one-story cottages, flat-roofed, with an upper chamber at one end. This upper chamber seems to have opened on the roof, and to have been decorated with a cornice. In some cases it consists only of a canvas awning stretched on a framework. The likeness to the houses of the ancient Egyptians is here sufficiently apparent. The seat resembling the modern camp-stool appears to have been as generally in use on the banks of the Tigris as on those of the Nile; and the forms of thrones and chairs of state in the two countries are much the same. The Egyptian furniture, however, exhibits greater elegance both of design and construction. Among the civil monuments discovered, we may include M. Botta's bas-relief of a building on a lake, surmised to be a fishing pavilion. We have here the only instance of columnar decoration yet observed among the Assyrian monuments. The front of the pavilion is supported by two pillars, the capitals of which so closely resemble the Ionic, that we admit, with Mr. Layard, "we can scarcely hesitate to recognise in them the prototype of that order." These appear, so far, to be the principal evidences forthcoming, in support of Mr. Fergusson's strong assertions respecting the Assyrian origin of the Ionic order. Mr. Layard states that he finds some further Ionic resemblances on fragments of ivory dug up at Nemroud; and there is, unquestionably, a strong family likeness between the mouldings and decorations of the chambers discovered by Mr. Layard, and those of the classic or-

ders; though, as we have observed, the column appears to be nowhere found except in the pavilion, and on the ivory tablet above mentioned. On this subject let us hear Mr. Layard:—

“It has already been mentioned that many architectural ornaments known to the Assyrians, passed from them, directly or indirectly, into Greece. The Ionic column has been cited as an instance. We have, moreover, in the earliest monuments of Nineveh, that graceful ornament commonly called the honeysuckle, which was so extensively used in Greece, and is to this day more generally employed than any other moulding. In Assyria, as I have pointed out, it was invested with sacred properties, and was either a symbol or an object of worship. . . . The sacred bull, with expanded wings, and the wild goat, are introduced kneeling before the mystic flower, which is the principal feature in the border just described. The same animals are occasionally represented supporting disks or flowers and rosettes. A bird or human figure frequently takes the place of the bull and goat; and the single flower becomes a tree, bearing many flowers of the same shape. This tree, evidently a sacred symbol, is elaborately and tastefully formed, and is one of the most conspicuous ornaments of Assyrian sculpture.”

The illustration of military affairs is much more complete and particular. We have the operations of battles and sieges both by sea and land; the sap, battering-ram, and escalade, all depicted in moving representations. The resemblance to the Egyptian monuments is here also very striking. Except for the characteristic differences of style, the Assyrian king borne to battle in his chariot, and bending his bow against his enemies, might pass for a Pharaoh. On his return, however, he is seen under the shelter of the royal parasol—a feature which, we believe, does not occur on the Egyptian monuments. The chariot also is distinguishable from the Egyptian chariot, by an object of singular appearance, extending from the front of the carriage to the end of the pole. What this may be we find it difficult to guess. Its size and appearance might agree with the conjecture that it was a great convex shield for the king's protection, when both hands might not be engaged in the use of the bow,

and slung over the chariot pole when not in use. The team consists of three horses; and the trappings and harness are elaborately splendid. Those who have turned over the pages of Wilkinson or Rosellini, would probably think us tedious were we to dilate on the particulars of arms, armour, dress, and accoutrement, which these sculptures exhibit; for, as might naturally be expected, there is scarcely anything in Assyrian warfare different from the modes of fighting and armament depicted on the monuments of Egypt. We shall, however, subjoin Mr. Layard's description of a siege scene from one of the panels of the palace of Nemroud:—

“The greater part of the castle is in the centre bas-relief. It has three towers, and apparently several walls, one behind the other. They are all surmounted by angular battlements. The besiegers have brought a battering-ram (attached to a moveable tower, probably constructed of wicker-work) up to the outer wall, from which many stones have already been dislodged, and are falling. One of the besieged has succeeded in catching the ram by a chain, and is endeavouring to raise or move it from its place; whilst two warriors of the assailing party are holding it down by hooks, to which they are hanging. Another is throwing fire (traces of the red paint being still visible on the sculpture) from above, upon the engine. The besiegers endeavour to quench the flame, by pouring water upon it from two spouts in the moveable tower. Two figures, in full armour, are undermining the walls with instruments like blunt spears; whilst two others appear to have found a secret passage into the castle. Three of the besieged are falling from the walls. The king, discharging an arrow, and protected by a shield held by a warrior in complete armour, stands on one side of the castle. He is attended by two eunuchs, one holding the umbrella, the other his quiver and mace. Behind them is a warrior, leading away captive three women and a child; and driving three bullocks, a part of the spoil. The women are tearing their hair.”

Numerous examples of the ram and moving tower occur. The escalade is seen followed by the sack, and the driving away of the prey and captives. In the combats on the plain the arrow and the spear are the weapons chiefly employed; and here we see a spear-

man on horseback. The Assyrian rider uses no stirrup; and while the mounted Bowman draws the bow, another horseman, riding by his side, holds the reins of both horses. The camel also appears bestrode by a mounted warrior. On the whole, however, the resemblance is so great between these and the scenes depicted on the Egyptian monuments, with which the majority of our readers are doubtless well acquainted, that it would be tedious further to particularize them. On the armour alone we could pause for a moment. The sculptures plainly represent scale armour; and in one of the chambers at Nemroud Mr. Layard actually found a considerable quantity of the scales themselves, as well as several helmets.

"Each scale was separate, and of iron, from two to three inches in length, rounded at one end and square at the other, with a raised or embossed line in the centre. The iron was covered with rust, and in so decomposed a state that I had much difficulty in detaching it from the soil. Two or three baskets were filled with these relics. As the earth was removed, other portions of armour were found—some of copper, others of iron, and others of iron inlaid with copper. At length, a perfect helmet resembling in shape and in its ornaments, the pointed helmet represented in the bas-reliefs, was discovered. When first separated from the earth it was perfect, but immediately fell to pieces. I carefully collected and preserved the fragments, which were sent to England. The lines which are seen round the lower part of the pointed helmets in the sculptures, are thin strips of copper inlaid in the iron."

These are, probably, the oldest iron relics that have ever been found: we should suppose the helmets quite unique; and, considering the perishable nature of the material, we cannot but regard their preservation through so great a period of time as something worthy of particular note. No weapons as yet appear to have repaid the scrutiny of the investigators.

But by far the most copious and interesting department of these remains is the religious one. In treating the compound figures at the doorways as religious, we have anticipated some of the most remarkable considerations connected with this part of the sub-

ject. What remains behind still furnishes abundantly interesting matter. There is now no doubt that the figure conjectured to represent the Deity in the sculptures at Persepolis was truly meant to bear that signification; for on the sculptures which surround the walls of these Ninevite chambers the same figure occurs so often, and in situations so significant as to leave no rational doubt of its intended meaning. The allusions to a triune deity in the various systems of Gentile theology have been treated by many as modern fabrications of the Eclectic philosophers, after their dispersion on the breaking up of the heathen schools; by others, more justly, as remnants of patriarchal tradition, more or less distorted in the course of their transmission through so many generations, and into such widely distant quarters of the world. The frightful idols of Jagganatha, beneath their shapeless degradation, preserve the imperfect idea of a trinity. At Nineveh and Persepolis the idea is more perfect, and the representation less derogatory. A circle embraces the figure of a man, and both are mingled with the wings and plumage of a bird. The human part of this figure attends to the prayers of the Assyrian king, watches over him in battle, and shoots its arrows with him against his enemies. That the bird is the mystical Assyrian dove—that into which Semiramis is fabled to have changed herself, at her apotheosis, can hardly be doubted. One might almost imagine that these Assyrian enormities had been preserved to rebuke our Christian symbolizers, whose delineations of the ineffable presence of God are little less derogatory, and almost as idolatrous. For what is the *Vesica piscis*, in which our mediæval revivors delight to depict the human form of the Saviour and the descending dove, but such an encircling emblem of the Eternal Being, only mixed, in the prurient mysticism of their new Babylon, with a further and less pure idea? Looking at the symbolical decorations of their painted walls and windows, one might fancy himself in the halls of Belshazzar, rather than in a church built on the law and the prophets, and be almost tempted to exclaim—Better be a Mahomedan, and kneel towards Mecca, worshipping a spiri-

tual God in mind and spirit, than thus to "behold every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the walls round about."

That the figure in the winged circle is designed as the emblem of the Supreme Deity, and the other figures, of which we are now about to speak, as subordinate beings, would appear, by the statement of Mr. Layard, that in no case does worship appear to be offered to the latter. Among these subordinates the eagle-headed human figure, the oriental Garuda to all appearance, is the most conspicuous. He, to a great extent, plays the same part in these scenes of the Assyrian sacred drama as the royal figure at Persepolis, who is seen so prominently engaged in the conquest of the lion. His other occupations would seem to imply, that his eagle's head and wings were masks assumed by the officiator in some religious ceremony, just as we see the priest of the hawk-headed Egyptian deity arrayed with an accipitrine head-piece, and the servant of "Latrator Anbis" disguised in the false-face of a dog. What, then, was this ceremony? Possibly Porphyry has told us. After stating (*De Abstinencia*, lib. iv. sec. 16) that the metempsychosis was a universal doctrine of the Persian Magi (we cite the substance from Faber), he remarks, that the tenet was really set forth in the mysteries of Mithras. For the Magi, wishing obscurely to declare the common relation of men and animals, were wont to distinguish those who were initiated in their orgies, as lions, eagles, hawks, &c.; "and whosoever was initiated in those leontic mysteries, that person was constantly made to assume the forms of all sorts of animals." He adds that Pallas (a lost writer), in his treatise on the rites of Mithras, says, that this metempsychosis was really thought to relate to the different animals of the zodiac; but he intimates that its origin was rather to be ascribed to the doctrine of the souls' transmigration. He then proceeds to tell us that the initiated are actually clothed in the forms of every sort of animals. We will now read with greater interest Mr. Layard's description of the eagle-headed figure:—

"A human body, clothed in robes similar to those of the winged men al-

ready described, was surmounted by the head of an eagle, or of a vulture. The curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow pointed tongue, which was still coloured with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian images, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was the square vessel and fir-cone."—Vol. i. p. 64.

The object called a fir-cone, and the square vessel here described, are seen very frequently in the hands of other sculptured figures, who all appear engaged in the performance of some religious rite, supporting the vessel by its handle in the left hand, while they present the cone or pomegranate-shaped object with the right. We cannot hesitate to recognise in the latter the *rhoia* or pomegranate offerings of the Syrian Rimmon, and the symbols of those mysteries described by Clement of Alexandria, where the pomegranate, among other emblems of fecundity, was borne in a sacred receptacle and taken out at a certain part of the ceremonial. Nay, even it is possible that in the formula which Clement has preserved, as that used by the epopts on that occasion, we may have the very words which accompanied the rite represented before us—*"I have fasted; I have drunk the medicated liquor; I have received from the ark; what I received I have placed in the basket; from the basket I have returned it to the ark;"* for, singular to say, the vessel carried by these figures appears carved in imitation basket-work, and at first sight recalls to every mind familiar with antiquity one of the characteristic utensils of the Eleusian mysteries. But, doubtless, all this will seem highly abstruse to the ordinary reader. We can but say, generally, that ceremonies representing the deposit of the vital principle in a sacred vessel, and its recovery after a period of mourning, have prevailed in all parts and ages of the world; and that the original source from which they all appear to have been derived seems to have been the Noachian deluge, and the preservation of animal life from that catastrophe. And as the entrance of Noah into his ark was a type of the descent of our Lord into the tomb, and his issuing from it a type of our Lord's resurrection, so the ceremonies to

which we have alluded, although varying greatly in their local forms, appear generally to have preserved a double meaning applicable both to type and antitype. More it is unnecessary here to say, further than that the depositary which in these ceremonies symbolised the ark and tomb, may possibly be represented here by the vessel of basket-work borne in the hands of all who are engaged in this ceremonial presentation of fir-cones, pomegranates, or whatever those objects may be. We might say much more of the sacred satchel in which the Assyrian priests appear to have carried the materials of their mysteries; but enough has been suggested to excite the interest of the priesthood who have been in the habit of using satchels of much the same kind for a purpose not altogether dissimilar, down to a comparatively recent period, and to them we would commend the further discussion of the subject.

Looking more closely at the vessel in the hands of the eagle-headed figure we may observe depicted on it a tree, with a human figure at each side. Start not, reader! we must remember we are here on the very first spot on which the tradition of the tree of life, and of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, would take root in post-deluvian times. It is not on the sacred basket alone that object occurs. Embroidered on the king's garments, sculptured on the chamber-panels, and painted on the remains of the stucco decorations, there is found an emblematic tree or composite tree-like object, before which other figures are seen in attitudes of adoration. Mr. Layard observes—"The flowers on the early monuments are either circular, with five or more petals, or resemble the Greek honeysuckle. From the constant introduction of the tree ornamented with them, into groups representing the performance of religious ceremonies, there cannot be a doubt that they were symbolical, and were invested with a sacred character;" and informs us in a note that "The Zoroastrian homa, or sacred tree, was preserved by the Persians almost as represented in the Assyrian monuments, until the Arab invasion."

The reader is, no doubt, by this time impatient to know whether in these temples of the Assyrians there remain any traces of the fire-worship

which has so often inflamed the imaginations of our Hiberno-Guebre antiquarians, filling them with visions of the Assyrian Baal as often as they encountered a Bal or Bally in Irish topography. Two sculptures from Khorsabad represent the ceremonial of fire-worship. The flame rises from the summit of a low pillar, and the offerings appear to be disposed on an altar in front. Here also the officiators are provided with the sacred satchel. This service, however, does not constitute by any means as important a feature in the religious ceremonial at Nineveh as it does at Persepolis. Possibly this may indicate a later origin, and an introduction from an oriental source. The Mithraic superstitions, as we are acquainted with them by the sculptures of the third and fourth centuries, appear as yet not to have had their commencement; and on the whole the general aspect of the Ninevite ceremonial is decidedly more Egyptian than oriental.

We shall conclude this notice, imperfect as it necessarily is, of the Ninevite religious remains, with Mr. Layard's account of the appearance of the king, who seems to have united in himself the royal and sacerdotal offices:—

"The residence of the king was probably at the same time the temple; and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the supreme deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers over his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes the attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals, not only show his prowess and skill, but typify his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he had overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes, and upon those of his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals. In architectural decorations the

same religious influence is present. The fir or pine-cone, and the honeysuckle are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram—all sacred animals. Even on the chariots and on the trappings of their horses the Assyrians introduced their religious emblems."—Vol. ii. p. 474.

So far, we have said nothing of the probable age of these monuments, yet the reader is doubtless aware that the alabaster slabs on which the sculptures are found, and indeed many of the bricks themselves of the body of the building, bear inscriptions in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character; and may probably have heard that these inscriptions are now considered legible. If this were so, we should have little difficulty in declaring the exact date of each monument; for, from the frequent recurrence of the same combinations of the arrow-headed characters in these inscriptions, it appears reasonably probable that they record the names of the monarchs under whom respectively the several palaces were erected. Mr. Layard conceives he has detected the names of several kings in genealogical series, on the inscribed slabs of the chambers explored by him; and some of our more distinguished Babylonians will tell you they can read them by name—Nishar, Senacherib, Esarhaddon, and so forth. Mr. Layard has not gone this length, but contents himself with suggesting that certain groups of characters stand for the proper names, inasmuch as they are followed by the marks of royal titles, and the intermediate signs are found elsewhere to signify "son of;" and so he makes out a succession of six generations in the longest series; then, accordingly as the inscriptions begin with a name (?) early or late in that series, he estimates the comparative antiquity of the several sites. We think there is here room for extreme doubt.

It must be borne in mind that these inscriptions are not, like modern writing, separated into words. In searching for the groups which may be supposed to express particular names, the

only clue, besides the very uncertain one of observing the terminal combinations of the lines, is the recurrence of the same combinations in that inscription or in others. Finding a group frequently repeated, we might conclude that it represented the same word in different parts of the text. Finding it then preceded by a sign ascertained elsewhere to be a conventional mark preceding proper names, we might conclude that the first-separated group was the name of a person. Observing next that signs elsewhere ascertained to be the conventional marks for royal titles followed that group, we might infer it to be the name of a king. Then, taking notice that the same titular signs are repeated after other groups separated from the first, and from one another, by a sign elsewhere used to signify "son of," we might arrive at the conclusion that the groups in question constituted a royal genealogy; and this is, in effect, the process of reasoning on which Mr. Layard relies. Of course he makes no pretension to originality in devising the method, which rests, with all our present Babylonian learning, ultimately on the researches of Grotefend, the first observer of the key to arrow-headed letters, in the parallel Persian and cuneiform inscriptions at Persepolis.

If, however, in our search for the same combinations, we rarely, if ever, find them the *very* same, but often written quite differently, to all appearance, until explained by a theory of the employment of what are called "variants," or different signs having the same power; if, next, the designating mark of a proper name be found also to have the distinct alphabetic force of "ana," as well as the numeral force of "one," and there be nothing in the text to tell us in which manner we should employ it; if, again, the alleged royal titular sign be found to be one of *four* other equivalents for "king" in its ideographic application, and of *eight* other equivalents for the sound "nu" in alphabetic value; and, finally, if the character taken to signify "son of," be also found to possess the alphabetic force of "A" or "I," the matter becomes so complicated that

* Rev. Dr. Hincks, in "Trans. Royal Irish Academy," vol. xxi. pp. 245, 252.
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the most dextrous hand can hardly be sure of having got hold of the proper clue. And this, in fact, is the state of the case as regards all our Ninevite and Babylonian inscriptions.

The employment of "variants," if, in truth, any such system were employed, and if this doctrine of variants be not merely a philologer's device for the reconciliation of things different in themselves—gives rise to difficulties which appear almost insuperable. Looking at Dr. Hincks's tables, the latest and most authentic source of information on this subject, constructed also by an ardent and most learned Babylonian, who believes, as we shall presently see, that he can read the name of Nebuchadnezzar on the bricks from Hillah,—we observe that the consonant R, in its simplest vocalised combinations, has ten representatives; N, twelve; B, eleven; K, four; T, four; D, ten; S, nineteen—all widely different in the number and combinations of their elementary forms, and really as unlike one another as it is possible to imagine. Mr. Layard deals very candidly with these facts, in apprising his readers of the difficulty he has had to encounter in making out his supposed genealogies :—

"I have already alluded to the extreme laxity prevailing in the construction and orthography of the language of the Assyrian inscriptions, and to the number of distinct characters which appear to make up its alphabet. Letters, differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic power, are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways; every character in it may be changed, till at last the word is so altered, that a person unacquainted with the process which it has undergone, would never suspect that the two were in fact the same."—Vol. ii. p. 190.

Where a system so extremely vague is taken up, and applied by hands not very competent, it is not surprising that there should be a good many dissentients. Of these the most obstinate and the ablest is unquestionably Doctor Wall, of our University. He denies, not only the earlier cuneiform readings of Rawlinson and Hincks, but most of the hieroglyphic readings of Champollion—designating them alike as "a vain effort to decipher and in-

terpret ideographic words as if their texts were phonetic;" and when one reads from day to day the parcels of senseless verbiage which our smaller Egyptologists announce to be English translations of hieroglyphic inscriptions, the good doctor's doubts seem not irrational. Whatever success he may have had in maintaining his position of dissent from Champollion, Doctor Wall will hardly be considered over sceptical in rejecting some of our late Babylonian readings. It seems that the various values capable of being assigned to the eight characters which are supposed to form the name of Nebuchadnezzar, are such that the word might be read 393,216 different ways. Doctor Wall craves leave to decline making a selection among that number of alternatives. It is true this mode of exhibiting a philological difficulty by arithmetical computation is a somewhat severe test; for the substantial varieties are not more than three.

Nabn.	k'.	ku.	ba.	ru.	ba.	sa.	ra.
N'nebe.	g'.	ge.	w'.	re.	w'.	cha.	r.
Nebe.	k.	û.	l.	û.	cha.	r.	

Doctor Wall, however, observes, with a very damaging *naïveté*—"To the last of these readings he gives the preference, at the close of his memoir, in the following terms:—'The correct pronunciation of the word appears to be, Nebekûlûchar;' and yet this word corresponds with the sound of the name in question solely in its first two syllables, where, it may also be observed, the resemblance is effected only by taking the extraordinary liberty of attaching to the initial character a phonetic value of double the legitimate length." We feel that we have said enough for the purpose of showing the true value of Mr. Layard's chronological argument, drawn from these inscriptions; but we cannot refrain from adding for the perusal of those to whom the present state of Cuneatic interpretation is a matter of interest, some further observations of Doctor Wall on Major Rawlinson's latest statement of the Babylonian difficulty :—

"I attribute," says Rawlinson, "the great diversity which is observable in the internal orthography of names and

words to one or all of the four following causes. Firstly, each consonant possessed two forms, representing it as a mute and as a sonant; so that in expressing a dissyllable, in which such a consonant was medial, it was optional to employ either the one or the other, or both of these forms together. Secondly, the vowel sounds were inherent in the sonant consonants (and perhaps also at the commencement of the mutes); yet, for greater perspicuity, it was allowable to represent the vowels at will by definite signs. Thirdly, redundant consonants were frequently introduced, for no other purpose, as I conjecture, but that of euphony. Fourthly, the phonetic organisation was so minute and elaborate, that, although each form was designed to represent a distinct and specific sound, yet, in the orthography of names (and particularly of foreign names), the artist was perpetually liable to confound the characters.'

"As far as I can understand this passage," says Dr. Wall, "if the four assumptions contained in it with regard to the practice of the ancient insculptor were conceded, a modern decipherer could, by the aid of rules directly thence deduced, make out any proposed name whatever from any assigned group of sufficient length belonging to the more general kind of writing referred to, or its subordinate species. He could, for instance, through the first article, get rid of the opposition of any of the medial characters, whose powers, determined by other names, would not answer in this one, by stripping them here of those powers, and degrading them, for this occasion, to the rank of mutes; or he could, through the third, evade the disturbing effects of any initial or final elements that were, in like manner, unsuited to his purpose, by reducing them to euphonic redundants, unconnected with the essential parts of the name to be expressed. Moreover, if he should, besides removing the obstruction of refractory powers, want to get others in their place, he could, with the help of the parenthetical part of the second article, virtually convert them into any vowel-letters he chose; or, by means of the fourth, transform them into other consonants of the requisite powers. I do not suppose that our author has, in his own practice, pushed those rules to the full extent to which they might be carried; but still, I must observe, it is by the application of a theory to extreme cases that its validity is to be tested. I may, perhaps, have mistaken the meaning of part of the above passage, and therefore would not press too closely the consequences drawn from that part;

but, at all events, the rest of it, which is clearly intelligible, yields quite too great a latitude of choice to a decipherer to admit of his analysis of any specimen of writing, subjected to such treatment, being of the slightest value."—*Rev. Dr. Wall on the different kinds of Cuneiform Writing, in Trans. Royal Irish Academy. Vol. xxi. p. 312.*

It was not to be expected that Mr. Layard should have omitted the attempt to make something out of this part of his materials, and we cannot accuse him of any want of candour in disguising the weakness of his foundations; but we think he would have acted more prudently had he put his inferences by way of suggestion, instead of affecting, as he does, to speak of "the name of the founder of the North-west palace of Nemroud," of "the Konyonyik king," of the "father of the founder of Khorsabad," and so forth. In his efforts to establish a greater antiquity for Nemroud than for Khorsabad, we cannot but perceive something of the feeling of the rival explorer. We dare say M. Botta, if he thought fit, would be at no loss for arguments equally cogent to show that the builder of Khorsabad was a much greater and more ancient monarch than the founder of the mound explored by the Englishman.

We have mentioned that Mr. Layard does not himself seek to push his cuneatic discoveries further than the establishment of a genealogical series. Under cover, however, of some *obiter dictum* of Major Rawlinson, he hints that the first name of his series is that of Ninus. We find the character which he tells us, "from independent sources is conjectured to be *n*" in this group, set down in Dr. Hincks's tables among the sibilants, having some power of *s*. What the independent sources are does not appear. We apprehend all this portion of Mr. Layard's labours is calculated for show rather than use. Our London contemporaries, however, seem very well satisfied with it; but small learning goes a great way with most of them.

With regard to the manner in which Mr. Layard has performed his task generally, we must give him credit for a great deal of meritorious exertion in making his excavations; and, apart from this department of the inscriptions, for a very fair and able exposi-

tion of his discoveries. It would have been wiser, however, for him to have avoided matters of archæological nicety; nor can we say, that in putting himself to so great an extent as he appears to have done in this department, into the hands of Mr. Birch of the British Museum, he has selected a guide at all likely to conduct him to the eminent places of learning. Mr. Birch appears to be an active archæologist. Colonel Vyse and Mr. Layard vouch him for most of their statements respecting Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. It might have been better for Mr. Birch's scholastic reputation if these acknowledgments had not been quite so ostentatiously exacted. We have our author here declaring himself indebted to Mr. Birch for the story of Nanarus and Parsondes, as apparently a fresh fragment of Nicholas of Damascus, from the "*Prodromos Hellenikes Bibliothekes—Paris, 1805.*" The story in question has been perfectly familiar, though in a much more correct English dress, to historical scholars in these countries, any time these two hundred years back.

There is also a vast deal of what is popularly called book-making in Mr. Layard's volumes. Gossip of the most trivial character is mixed up with the account of his discoveries; and nearly a fourth of one volume is devoted to a shallow disquisition on the rites and tenets of the Nestorian Christians. Our author's excursions among a tribe described as "devil worshippers" are more to the purpose. It seems these people have an image of a peacock, which they regard as the symbol of a being named by them Malak Taous, or the Peacock King, whom our author takes to be the devil. From references to Selden, elsewhere, we might have expected to see this image identified, if not by Mr. Layard, at least by Mr. Birch, with the old idolatry of Adramelech; but both voucher and vouchee appear to deal with the Syntagma at second-hand. But we do not blame Mr. Layard for not producing a book of ripe scholarship. He is a discoverer whose business ought to be to tell what he has found, leaving the inferences to be drawn by those who have had leisure for books while he was in the trenches. But in attempting to unite a narrative of exploration

and a description of discoveries with archaic dissertations and the popular features of a book of travels, he has lost the opportunity of associating his name with a complete work. We dare say he has been driven, more or less, into these frivolities by the wishes of his bookseller. Writers, however, must be taught that a brisk sale will not compensate for the loss of enduring reputation; and that something more is needed to preserve a work from decay, than the spice of learning which suffices to make it go down as an erudite performance at the tables of some of our metropolitan reviewers.

Neither must we suppose that there is so much absolutely new in these discoveries. We must not forget that the remains at Persepolis, already known to us and to our fathers, through the works of Le Brun, Thevenot, and Ker Porter, exhibit examples of almost every sculptured form of religious worship, or of royal magnificence, found at Nineveh. But the isolated and unexplained figures of Persepolis acquire a new significance and importance from that multitude of similar objects more distinctly represented, which these discoveries show to have been the well-known and common forms of an earlier civilisation in Assyria. For, putting aside all minute arguments for the greater or less antiquity of this or that mound, on the site of ancient Nineveh, this much is manifest, that constructions of such enormous cost and magnitude cannot have been erected after the fall of Sardanapalus, in the seventh century before our era; but most probably belong to the earlier and more flourishing period of the Assyrian kingdom; and so, in all historic likelihood, precede, by many centuries, the sculptures and inscriptions of the capital of Darius. For, between the building of any of these Assyrian palaces, with its nests of over-ground cellars—for so these chambers may truly be called—and the erection of the pillared halls and colonnades of Chîl-minar, there would appear to have intervened a sufficiently long period for the advancement of architecture out of one of its clumsiest, though most solid, forms, to a very high pitch of delicacy and grandeur.

We may now be sure that what we

have heard of at Persepolis are not the freaks of a particular sculptor's imagination, but well established symbols of high religious and philosophic import. It is natural to suppose that the older are the parent forms, and that in these subterranean Ninevite chambers we walk among the very roots of those superstitions which, at the coming of our Lord, had overshadowed the whole Gentile world. But through every form of error the eye of Christian intelligence may observe the traces of one patriarchal tradition of a triune deity, of a sacred tree, and of the preservation of the principle of animal life, through a period of mundane disaster. Wonderful are the ways of God! The tablets which Xisvthus buried underground in Sippara, the City of the Sun, seem almost about to be revealed again. What may not

further research discover within the bodies of these mounds, below the comparatively superficial excavations to which they have as yet been subjected? We cannot suppose that governments so splendid as those of England and France, will suffer these researches to stop short of a complete examination; and in the event of our own authorities enabling the British Museum to renew their investigations, we, in common, we are sure, with all who have read his book, will be well pleased to see that duty on our behalf again confided to Mr. Layard; but, before he ventures again to affect erudite speculations on what he may discover, even with the tutelage of Mr. Birch, both gentlemen will need to study many things in antiquity with which they are still but imperfectly acquainted.

SYMPATHIES.

The Angel of the Universe, for ever stands he there
Within the planet circle, the grand Hierophant of prayer;
His altar is the eternal sun, his light its flames of gold,
And the stars are his rosary, through the hands of angels rolled.

Down, down, throughout the infinite, they're falling world on world;
Like coral beads from praying hands the planet beads are hurled.
Thus for unnumbered ages on their diamond string they run
The circling planet rosary from Uranus to the sun.

A rhythmic music rises from that stately choral band,
Like a vibrant-chorded lyre when struck by angel hand,
Pealing down the deep abysses, soaring up the infinite,
The grand hymn of the universe is sounding day and night.

The grand cathedral chanting from the choir of the spheres,
Within the star-roofed temple, tho' unheard by mortal ears;
Never prayer from lip ascendeth, or from spirit never groan,
But the flooding planet music bears it up before God's throne.

Thus ages after ages will the cherub, earnest eyed,
Within the starry temple of the universe abide,
Till hymns of spherolitanies, till solemn chants are done,
Then he'll rise up from the altar within the glowing sun.

By his mighty pinions shaken, star falleth after star,
And he flings the planet rosary down from him afar;
As by an earthquake riven, temple, altar, falleth crush'd,
And the wailing planet music of the choral band is hush'd.

But he leads the praying spirits up from each burning world,
Till before the throne in heaven his radiant wings are furled,
There he resteth calm in glory, his holy mission done,
For within the Golden City, Altar, Temple, needeth none.

SPERANZA.

THE SACKING OF SEVILLE.

A BALLAD.

[“In September, 844, a band of Norse sea-rovers, after plundering the coasts from the Tagus to the Guadalquivir, sailed up the latter river, and attacked Seville, which they soon made themselves masters of, the inhabitants having fled, on their approach, to Carmona, and the Moorish troops making but a feeble resistance. On learning this unexpected event, Abderahman II. sent a flotilla, with fresh troops, down the river, from Cordova, and a sanguinary conflict took place between the sectaries of Odin and Mahomet, presenting, no doubt, one of the most singular scenes recorded in history. . . . No decided advantage appears to have been gained by either party; we only know that the sea-rovers redescended the Guadalquivir unmolested, carrying with them the spoil of the city, and a great number of captives, among whom we may picture many a weeping damsel, who, amidst the frozen regions of the north, would long sigh in vain for the sunny plains and vine-covered hills of Andalusia. This appears to have been the first time that the Moors came into contact with the Northmen, whom they took for a people of magicians.—See Depping, ‘Histoire des Expéd. Maritimes des Normands,’ liv. ii., chap. 2.”—Blackwell’s “Mallet’s Northern Antiquities,” note, p. 173.

“As early as 827,” says Geijer, “Gallicia was visited by the Northmen. In 847, they besieged Seville, harried the whole country around Cadiz, and defeated the Moorish King, Abderraman, in three battles. In 859, they plundered the Spanish coasts, invaded Mauritania, laid waste the Balearic Islands, proceeded as far as Greece, and only returned home at the end of three years. In the same year, the Northmen came to Spain in sixty ships, ravaged the African shores, wintered in Spain, and returned home in spring.” About the same time, they sailed to Italy, with the intention of plundering Rome; but being driven by a storm to the city of Luni in Etruria, they sacked it, and retired when they discovered their mistake.—Geijer’s “Chronicles of Sweden,” part i.]

The Sacking of Seville.

A.D. 844.

Down the river Guadalquivir
Norsemen’s galleys swiftly went,
And their singing, rudely ringing,
Thus with Moorish mourning blent.

“Set the sail, and
Out to sea;
For old Norway
Bound are we.
Mount the benches,
Man your oars;
Plunging proud each
Dragon* roars.”

“For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River!
Far from thee, for aye, we’re borne,
Golden Guadalquivir!”

* Dragons, shells, sea-horses, favorite epithets for ships among the Norsemen.

"From Heimskringla's*
 Farthest fells,
 Shooting southward
 Came our shells;
 Left its lofty
 Hills behind,
 Rushed impatient
 'Fore the wind."

"Thro' the sunny land of Spain
 Lovingly, O River!
 Roll'st thou onward to the main,
 Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Thro' the foaming
 Seas we dash:
 Hear with joy Thor's
 Thunders crash.
 Let the peasant
 Plough the lea;
 We sea-rovers
 Plough the sea."

"Past Cordova's stately walls
 Roll'st thou, O River!
 Proudly 'mid Sevilla's halls,
 Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Bearded grain the
 Peasant reaps:
 Bearded men we
 Lay in heaps.
 Loudly sounds the
 Sturdy flail:
 Louder clashes
 Mace on mail."

"What thou lov'st, day by day,
 In thine arms, O River!
 Lieth smiling, and for aye!
 Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Dull the peasant's
 Life doth flow,
 Till to Hela's†
 Realm he go.
 Glad and free the
 Viking† falls;
 Mounts aloft to
 Odin's halls."

"Sire or lover hast thou none,
 Hast no husband, River!—
 Husband lost as soon as won,
 Golden Guadalquivir!"

* "The Crown of Earth"—the North.

† A sea-rover.

† Goddess of Death.

“North in Gandvik*
 Mead we've quaffed,
 O'er Sicilian
 Wines we've laughed.
 Hjaltland† bears our
 Heroes' name :
 Wastes of Orkney‡
 Tell their fame.”

“Ever flowing, never flown,
 From thy loved ones, River !
 Parting grief thou ne'er hast known,
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

“Sudurcyar§
 Own our sway ;
 Isle of Man and
 Anglesey.
 Oft we've harried
 Neustria's|| shores,
 Now we plunder
 Blue-skinned¶ Moors !”

While thus rowing down the flowing
 Guadalquivir's golden tide,
 Loudly voicing their rejoicing,
 Ever higher rose their pride.

“Erin's mothers long may wail
 Many a bloody slaughter :
 England's fathers mourn in vain
 Many a blooming daughter.

“In our Norway halls they bide,
 Wives to us sea-rovers .
 Blithe are they, and mourn no more
 English sire, or lovers.

“Now Norranic songs they sing,
 Praises of old Sea-kings—
 Train a sturdy troop of boys
 To the life of Vikings.

“We from Spain now hasten back,
 Richly booty-laden ;
 Gold, and arms, and jewels ; ay !
 And many a Moorish maiden !

“Gold and pearls our wives shall deck,
 Silks, with silver shining ;
 Our young Norsemen, they shall keep
 Moorish maids from pining !

“Spanish wine instead of mead
 Trusty friends shall gladden,
 When with black-eyed maids our youth
 Hold their Northern wedding.

* The White Sea. † Zetland, Shotland. ‡ “The Desert Islands.”

§ “The Southern Isles,” or Hebrides. || Normandy.

¶ So the Moors were termed by the Norsemen, from their swarthy complexion.

“ Necklaces of gems we'll throw
 To each buxom daughter ;
 'Mong the white-haired Northern Skalds
 Moorish gold we'll scatter.

“ Guadalquivir ! fare-thee-well !
 Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
 Soon our dragons reach the main ;
 Cleave the briny billow !”

While thus chaunting, proudly vaunting
 Deeds of blood on many a shore,
 Louder ever, down the river,
 Moslem shouts the breezes bore.

“ Row, Moslem, bend ye strongly, unto your oars this day ;
 The Infidel hath robbed your halls, the craven flees away :
 He dars not bide the arms of those who own dread Allah's power ;
 Then bend you stoutly, Moslemites ! o'ertake the dastard Giaour !”

“ Stand ! Norsemen, stand ! the Sarkmen* come !
 'Bout ship, and bide the Bluemen !
 Now, Norsemen ! for your booty strike !
 Bear down upon the foemen !”

“ On, Islam ! for your ravaged gold ! on for your jewels rare !
 On for the maids the Infidel to slavery doth bear !
 Fear not the powers of darkness these fell enchanters wield,
 To Allah's and his Prophet's name, all evil powers must yield !”

Foemen's greeting at their meeting
 Passed between the foes that day,
 Falchions flashing, corslets crashing,
 Told the fierceness of the fray.

“ See the dark-eyed Houris beckon,
 With seducing half-closed eyes ;
 Now advancing, now retiring
 To the gates of Paradise !

“ See ! they come ! our hearts are filled, as
 With the potency of wine,
 When thro' black-fringed clouds outflashing
 Eyes like suns upon us shine !

“ Now retire they !—in our bosom
 Sinks our heart as sinks the sea ;
 Ebbs and flows with ceaseless motion—
 Ceaseless as their motions be.”

“ Hark ! hark ! the brazen car of Thor,
 From Thrudvang's† halls downrolling ;
 He comes to aid his chosen sons,
 Upon the Thunderer calling !

“ On Bifrost‡ chaunting heroes' praise,
 Sits Bragé, harper olden,
 And Saga§ graves in deathless runes,
 Their deeds on tablets golden.

* Saracens.

† Thor's mansion in heaven.

‡ The rainbow, the bridge leading to heaven.

§ Goddess of History.

" Above the Moors the raven flaps
His broad black wing, ill-boding :
Round us Valkyrior* hovering wait,
To lead us up to Odin."

" See the Houris' green scarfs waving,
And their perfumed floating hair,
And their breasts, like full moons rising
Thro' the purple love-drunk air.

" Drunk with love, and steeped in music,
Come the breezes to our ears,
And halfway to Aden ravished
Is the blissful soul that hears.

" Troops on troops, they come to lead us
To the bowers of Paradise :
We come! we come! On! on! ye Faithful!
Aden's bliss is his who dies!

" Swift along Al Strat's† ridge,
By the Prophet guided,
Shall we sweep aloft to bliss,
For the Saints provided.

" O'er the opal-gleaming walls
Allah raised round Aden,
Thousand-branching Tuba‡ waves
Boughs with fruit downladen.

" Down with the faithless robber-hounds,
Ye worshippers of Allah!"
" Strike! crush the swarthy Mussulmen!
Ye children of Valhalla! §

" Forth from Valháll's five hundred gates
Each morn shall ride the Kemper, ||
And on each other's helms shall prove
Their warbrands' keenest temper.

" And, raised again by Shieldmaids fair,
The slain, once more returning,
Restored to life, in Odin's hall
Carouse anew till morning.

" Each day anow, Saehrimnir's flesh
Shall yield a feast unfailing,
Whilst round the hall, with horns of mead,
Valkyrior are sailing.

" —Huzzah! they yield! their galleys sink!
The Bluemen now are reeling!
Down, down they go, beneath the flood,
'Mid shouts of terror pealing!"

* Maiden, "Choosers of the Slain;" called also Shieldmaids.

† The bridge, as narrow as a knife-edge, leading to the Mahometan Paradise.

‡ A tree, standing in Paradise, laden with all kinds of delicious fruit.

§ The "Hall of the Chosen"—Odin's mansion.

|| Champions.

“ For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River !
Far from thee for aye we're borne,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Norsemen ! hoist once more the sail ;
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
Bid your Moorish king in haste,
Send a new flotilla !”

“ What thou lovest day by day,
In thine arms, O River !
Thou dost clasp, and clasp for aye,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Guadalquivir, fare-thee-well !
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
Soon our dragons reach the main,
Cleave the briny billow !”

“ We love husband, lover, sire ;—
Thee, too, beauteous River !
Here we live, and hence expire,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Northward now our dragons dash,
O'er the dome of Rana !”
Vines and vineyards, fare-ye-well !
Fare-thee-well, Espana !”

S. S.

* Goddess of the Sea.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LII.

PIETER BURROWES, ESQ.

PIETER BURROWES!—a name not to be omitted in the calendar of Ireland's worthies. If a kind heart, a generous mind, an ardent spirit, and an incorruptible integrity, may confer a title to present renown, or convey a passport to posthumous reputation, this distinguished barrister could not have wanted a full meed of respect and admiration while he lived, nor died without bequeathing an honoured name to an admiring posterity. And yet, already the recollection of him is fast passing away, and, in a few years more, will be entombed in a profound oblivion. Let us, therefore, revive our remembrance of him while yet we may, and present our readers with such notices as may be gleaned from contemporary annals, or still survive in the memories of those with whom he was best acquainted.

He was born in the year 1753, in the town of Portlington. His family were of a respectable grade in the Queen's County. As a boy, he exhibited but little promise, being regarded as dull and lazy; but soon became conscious of his own deficiencies, and, by redoubled industry, made such advances as afforded good grounds of hope to those who felt a natural solicitude for his improvement. In 1774, he entered college; and in 1777, he more than realised the expectations of his friends, by obtaining the first scholarship. On this occasion, singular to relate, two other students of the same name obtained scholarships also—Robert Burrowes, afterwards a fellow of college, and Dean of Cork, and William (afterwards Sir William) Burroughs, who was subsequently called to the English bar, and selected to fill the office of a judge, in India.

We have no reason to believe that college business, from the period when he obtained scholarship, engaged much of his attention. His social habits and convivial powers would naturally incline him to the society of those whose hours of study bore but a small proportion to their hours of pleasure and amusement. But, in the Historical Society, of which we have, on more than one occasion, endeavoured to convey some idea to our readers, he found a full scope for all his powers, without, at the same time, placing any restraint upon the propensities which had their root in the cordial joviality of his nature.

He was surrounded by contemporaries who afterwards rose to high eminence, all of whom esteemed him, and of whose approbation he might have been justly proud. When the names of Magee, and Plunket, and Miller, are mentioned, and many others might be added, the reader may conceive the galaxy of talent which at that time reflected lustre upon the University. With all of these the subject of this sketch was upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy; and such was their appreciation of the generous single heartedness of his character, that, widely as he differed, in after-life, from many of them, upon the gravest political questions, he never lost a friend.

But, greatly as he was surprised in after life by some of the men whom we have named, it may be doubted whether in the Historical Society he had any superior. Without the solid and penetrating intellect of Plunket, or the brilliant and captivating imagination of Bushe, he possessed a fund of good sense and information, which would often give him an advantage over either—especially when uproused by any strong appeal to the generous sympathies of his heart, or when principle was to be vindicated at the expense of a trimming expediency.

That his success and his estimation in this literary body was great, is evident from the facts, that he filled the office of auditor (a sort of prime minister of the Society) in the session commencing 31st March, 1779; that he was honoured with the marked thanks of that body when the term of his office had expired; and that he received the largest number of returns for the oratory which had been given to any speaker in that society down to the period

when he obtained it. He was also selected on two occasions to deliver speeches from the chair, by which it was the custom to open and close every session; and on both acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the society and of his friends; and on the latter had the then unprecedented distinction conferred upon him, of being requested to furnish the secretary with a copy of his speech, in order to its being inserted on the journals.

Nor could this success, at this early period, have been without struggles against nature, which must have cost him much labour. His temperament was indolent, his manner heavy, and his person ungainly; and it required no ordinary stimulus to set him into vigorous action. There was a good-humoured easiness of nature, which would have led him to sit down, if he could securely do so, in contented mediocrity, rather than struggle up the steep and difficult road to fame; as well as a goodness of heart which made him rejoice in the successes of others as if they were his own. But he clearly saw that if an independence was to be attained, an extraordinary effort must be made; and he, therefore, overmastered his indolence, and constrained himself to labour with an assiduity and an earnestness, which soon put him upon an equal footing with some of the most promising men in the University.

Ireland, in those days, was in a state of transition between bondage to the decrees of a British parliament, and national independence. A spirit had been evoked, which would be satisfied with nothing short of legislative freedom. A race of men had figured, and were figuring in the Irish parliament, of whom any country might be justly proud. And to listen to the fiery logic of Flood, and the terse and epigrammatic brilliancy of Grattan, was both a high enjoyment, and a peculiar privilege, of "the Gownsmen" (as the students of our University then were called), for whom seats were specially reserved in the gallery of the House of Commons, which they could not continue to occupy, night after night, without catching, from the assembly of whose proceedings they were the spectators, the national inspiration.

That Mr. Burrowes frequently listened, with a rapt interest, to the debates in the Irish parliament, we can have no doubt, any more than that he very early imbibed opinions favourable to what he deemed the rights and the liberties of Ireland. And seeing that the bar was but a stepping-stone to the senate, and that distinction at the one was a passport to the other, he had early resolved to make the law his profession, not without a reasonable hope that before a very distant day, he would take his seat as a member of the parliament of his native land.

Before he was yet called to the bar, and whilst a law-student in the Middle Temple, a chance presented itself, altogether unsought for and unexpected by him, by which, had he been less delicate and scrupulous, he might have been returned as a member of the British Parliament. It was on this wise: Mr. Flood, who had, late in life, transferred his senatorial services from Ireland to England, having quarrelled with the Chandos family, by whose interest he had been returned for Winchester, was casting about for a seat as an independent member. Just then, the inhabitants of the borough of Seaford, who claimed the right of purgesses, were on the look out for an able representative who would undertake to establish their claims; and the reputation of Mr. Flood recommended him to their notice as one, by whose legal and constitutional knowledge such a service might be rendered. He examined the case submitted to him with great care; and having satisfied himself that their demands were just and reasonable, undertook their zealous vindication.

In furtherance of this object, it was deemed absolutely necessary that some one representing Mr. Flood, and having his entire confidence, should become a resident in the borough, and make himself acquainted with the electors, some time before the election. Mr. Burrowes had written a pamphlet, while in the Temple, strongly advocating parliamentary reform, with which Mr. Flood appeared to have been greatly taken; and having been further recommended to that great man, by his friend Mr. Laurence Parsons, afterwards Lord Rosse, as one who would, in all respects, be a fitting representative of him on that occasion, it was arranged that Mr. Burrowes should hake himself to the borough, and remain there, active in that capacity, as long as he was required. The remainder we shall give in his own words, as communicated to Captain Warden

Flood, when engaged in preparing the memoir of his illustrious relative, which soon afterwards he gave to the world :—

"I shortly found," observes the subject of this sketch, "that very many of the claimants were very anxious to have a candidate for the second seat; and actually pressed me to become that candidate—a request with which I could not think to comply. It occurred to me, however, that a talented and popular associate would be a highly useful acquisition to Mr. Flood; and knowing that the assizes in East Grinstead were to be held in a few days, where Mr. Erskine (perhaps the most popular and talented advocate then in England) always attended, I conceived the project of tendering to him the same support upon which Mr. Flood was standing, and soliciting his co-operation. I therefore posted to East Grinstead, and at a very early hour, on the first day of the assizes, before the court was open, procured access to Mr. Erskine, and stated to him the legal grounds upon which I conceived the petitioners would succeed, under good and prudent management; and requested him to unite with Mr. Flood. He heard all I had stated, and read all the papers I produced, with great interest; and, after declaring himself quite satisfied of the justice of my constituents, said he would at once accept my offer; but that he was so circumstanced, that he ought not, and would not, take any important step in politics, without the approbation of his friend and patron, Mr. Charles Fox. In proof of his zeal and sincerity, he immediately sent back all his briefs, and repaired to London to confer with Mr. Fox upon the subject, assuring me that he would communicate the result to me by a letter to Seaford. A few days after I received a letter from Mr. Erskine, communicating his regret that he could not unite with Mr. Flood, not being able to obtain the permission he sought.

"Sir Laurence Parsons was then prevailed upon to become a candidate in conjunction with Mr. Flood. I remained at Seaford until the day appointed for the election, and attended at the hustings as representative of Mr. Flood, followed by a mob of claimants, not one of whose votes was admitted; and, after struggling ineffectually equally against the candidates supported by Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, I returned to London. A petition was lodged against the return; and it was vacated, on the ground, I believe, that no proper and legal notice was given of the time of holding the election. Mr. Flood again became a candidate, and was again defeated. There was a second petition, which succeeded; and Mr. Flood becoming again a candidate, was returned, and sat in parliament for Seaford."

Such was the little episode in life, which served to diversify the labours of the student, who was so soon to be called into active professional duties; and who acquitted himself so entirely to the satisfaction of both his distinguished friends, that they continued through life to regard him with the truest respect and affection. Of the genius and spirit of Mr. Flood as a statesman, he ever expressed the most exalted notion :—

"It is highly illustrative," he observes, in continuation of the extract above given, "of the character of Mr. Flood, and of the opinions entertained of him at the period to which I allude—namely, that he could not be lulled, intimidated, or deceived; and that born with powers calculated to lead, he would not, he could not, dwindle into a mere instrument. Examine the public prints of that period, and you will find all (as well those that supported ministers, as their antagonists) agreeing and vying with each other in traducing, and, as it is called, writing down Mr. Flood. In many of the prints, speeches are ascribed to him which he never made; and which, from their folly and absurdity, no man well acquainted with him would have, on any evidence, believed to be his.

"After my return to Ireland, I lived in strict intimacy, I might almost say friendship, with him, until the day of his death; and confess that I indulged the vanity of myself, one day, recording to posterity the history and personal qualities of, perhaps, the ablest man Ireland ever produced—indisputably the ablest man of his own times. But the vice of procrastination, which, I fear, is deeply rooted in my nature, has prostrated my most ambitious and anxious wish; by, year after year, diminishing, while it should have increased, my stock of materials; until it has at length left me equally destitute of necessary details, the means of collecting them, and the powers of equably combining and laying them before the public."

Yes, it is to be lamented that his good resolution in this particular was not carried into effect. Flood would have found in him a biographer faithful, zealous, affectionate, and able; and Ireland's greatest statesman would not have

dropped into the grave without a notice adequately commemorative of his genius and his virtues. Our only doubt is, that he would have dwelt too exclusively on the sunny side of the character of his illustrious friend, and seen but through a haze of affection those blemishes and imperfections, which interfered with his usefulness, and detracted from his estimation.

In 1785, Mr. Burrowes was called to the Irish bar. The profession was then ennobled by rank and distinguished by ability of the highest order. Curran was in the zenith of his reputation. Fitzgibbon the son had succeeded to the professional honours and emoluments of Fitzgibbon the father, and was already beginning to lay the foundations of a breakwater against democracy and revolution. Yelverton had just been raised to the bench which he so long continued to dignify and adorn. Wolf, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, was winning for himself the respect and confidence of the wise and good; and Plunket and Bushe either had entered, or were about to enter, upon their professional noviciate, with all the confidence which their great abilities were so well calculated to inspire. The Irish political world was full fraught with excitement. The newly-acquired powers of the Irish legislature sat uneasily upon the restless limbs of its unaccustomed members. New and imaginary grievances succeeded to the grave causes of complaint which had been redressed. Much had been obtained, but more was wanted. Powers necessary, perhaps, for self-government were jeopardised, by the demand for powers incompatible with imperial consolidation. The Irish party felt their importance. Extorted concessions rarely conciliate. Few politicians, in a period of great excitement, are wise enough to know when they have obtained as much as can safely be granted; and still fewer to distinguish between the demands of faction and the requirements of reason. Flood, undoubtedly, led the extreme party, and started fresh grounds of political discontent, when Grattan would have acquiesced in the settlement of '82, as effectually guaranteeing the legislative independence of Ireland. We are not now about to enter into any disquisition respecting the state of parties at that period; but merely to intimate the unsettled state of public affairs, and the troublous elements which were abroad, when Mr. Burrowes became enrolled in the ranks of a profession, amongst which some of the most strenuous and energetic of the advocates of popular rights were to be found, and who were never before in a position to exercise so important an influence over the destinies of their country.

The first important occasion upon which he greatly distinguished himself was the petition upon the college election, in 1791. Hutchinson was provost at that period, and was accused of having used undue influence to procure the election of his son. Sir Lawrence Parsons was the defeated candidate, and sought, by a petition, to reverse the return. His friend Burrowes was retained to sustain the allegations in the petition, by which the character of the provost was gravely impeached, and his "indifferency" between the candidates called in question.

It is certain that Hutchinson was not a man to regard with indifference the election of his son for such a constituency; and he may, probably, have employed such influence as he possessed (and *his* influence was very great) to secure his return. But the charge against him wore a more serious aspect. It was averred that, by a commissioned agent, he made overtures to a candidate for fellowship, proffering him a list of the questions which he intended to ask, as an examiner, and the full exercise of his power of nomination, upon condition of voting for his son at the coming election. Into this subject, in our notice of the life of Dr. Miller, we entered at large; and we see no reason to alter the conclusion to which we then came. That such an offer was made to that gentleman, in a manner and under circumstances which led him to believe that it came from the provost, there is every reason to believe. But we do not think that any evidence whatever has been produced to prove that it was not an officious act on the part of the agent, utterly unauthorised on the part of the provost, unless we regard the act itself as furnishing a sufficient proof of that functionary's complicity. That he did countenance such a proceeding, he indignantly denied; the agent, a tutor to his children, was denounced, and never afterwards countenanced by his family; and it will, we think, be acknowledged by all candid and reasonable men, that it is far more probable Mr. Adair (that was the agent's name) exceeded the limits of his commission, if commission

he had at all, than that so shrewd a man as Hutchinson, whose worldly wisdom has never been called in question, should have exposed himself to such an agent as one capable of such unparalleled baseness, and *that* for an object so insignificant as *the chance* of influencing such a man as Miller to promise that he would vote for his son at the ensuing election.

But, be the merits of the case what they may, Burrowes, as well as Miller, fully believed the imputation against the provost to be well-founded; and the following are the indignant terms in which he noticed it when the petition, in which he represented Sir Lawrence Parsons, came to be heard:—

“I shall mention but one example more of undue influence, exerted, I admit, without effect; and I feel myself proud of the nature I partake of when I consider that it was ineffectual. The case of Miller exhibits, perhaps, the strongest example of contrasted cunning and wisdom, meanness and dignity, baseness and heroism, that ever occurred during a vain attempt to soften and seduce inflexible integrity. The case of Miller had alternately shocked and delighted every man who heard it. Every man who loves the university—who thinks learning, religion, or virtue ought to be cultivated in the land—must be filled with indignation at the attempt which had been made. What!—is the candidate for holy orders—is the candidate for the highest literary honours in the nation—is the man who aspires to the dignity of being elected by the most reverend and revered body of men in the land—to discharge the delicate and arduous functions of forming the minds and the principles of the youth of the land, to entitle himself to this dignity by a base compliance with a base overture? The enormity of this transaction is admitted; but it seems it has been resolved in council, on the other side, to deny its reality. The provost of the university, a wise and learned man, even if he were base enough, could not be so silly as to hazard his situation by such a proposal, and leave himself at the mercy of Adair or Miller to betray him. To discredit Miller would be a vain attempt. But Adair, the confidential and family friend of the provost, this man whom you have seen so deeply immerged in every dirty negotiation, has contracted a foulness of character which may now be turned to account—the whole impurity must be cast upon him. The offer must have been made to Miller, since he swore it; but Adair was unauthorised—the infamous man dared to use the provost’s name without his authority. The provost is a classical man, and he recollects that Scipio, when accused of embezzlement in office, burned his accounts that he might not be driven to the meanness of proving his innocence by vulgar arithmetic. This sacrifice of Adair will, I trust, little benefit the cause. The provost could not calculate upon so extraordinary an event as Miller’s rejecting the offer. He has had much intercourse with the world—he has been much in courts, and much in senates; yet it is not extravagant to say he never had intercourse with so honest a man as Miller. Under his circumstances, to repel the offer may be considered a moral miracle. Certain I am, history does not furnish a more noble instance of heroic self-denial. Consider the circumstances. To obtain a fellowship, a man of the brightest and quickest intellect must devote four or five of the most precious years of his life to abstruse, literary, and joyless study—the pleasures of youth, the pleasures of friendship, must be renounced. During the last few months of this painful preparation, the student must totally withdraw himself from his friends, from his family, from his affections. The strongest constitution suffers a temporary injury, the most vivid spirits are deadened, by this private, incessant, unanimating exertion: many a student has died in the pursuit. The object, too, is proportionably important. Its difficulty prevents any man of independent fortune from embarking in it; and, consequently, success makes the difference between poverty and affluence, obscurity and fame. The family, too, of the student participate in and augment his anxiety; and he often looks upon success as his only means of giving relief to an indigent parent or an unprotected sister. Miller had been twice unsuccessful—no man ever succeeded in a fourth attempt—so that a few days was to have decided whether he was to be the happiest of men or the broken-hearted victim of a vain pursuit. His defeat on each succeeding examination was a shock which few men could sustain. The answering was so equal, as well as so excellent, between him and his successful adversary, that the board might have given the prize to either without censure. His friends, who were numerous, thought he was entitled to succeed. Every able man feels his own force; and it is not surprising that their opinion made him indulge the most sanguine hope. Nor is it surprising that, after two disappointments, the suggestions of ill-judging friends or ill-designing enemies should make him suspect that there was a prejudice against him amongst the fellows. His jealousy on this subject was known to the provost, and resorted to as an infallible means of seducing him. He was told that the fellows were determined to preclude him—that the no-

minating power was his only hope. Thus, the unfair advantage offered him, (an offer which would have made a docile parrot superior to Sir Isaac Newton,) was represented as the necessary means of obtaining a justifiable end; and the terms required was an act of all others the most disagreeable to men who, he was taught to believe, were illiberal adversaries. Let the man of the proudest virtue amongst you ask himself, was his refusal to be expected? Let the most cautious ask, what was the apparent hazard that such a proposal would be rejected and exposed? Let the seducer enjoy every benefit of the inference which can be drawn by cunning against profligacy; but let not the virtue of one man be reasoned from, in exculpation of another of a very different stamp; nor let it be deemed incredible folly in a veteran politician that he did not expect to meet miraculous integrity."

This, it will be admitted, was making the most of the case against the provost. As to its effect upon the proceedings of the committee, it was so much very fine thunder thrown away. Miller's vote had not been gained, and therefore the corruption imputed was not a "*fait accompli*" of which the committee could take any judicial cognizance. We all know what the crime of seduction is: but the law does not punish an attempt to seduce which has been unsuccessful. But a good-natured world were but too well disposed amply to indemnify the advocate for any incredulity which might have been exhibited by those to whom his appeal was made; and while Hutchinson was seriously damaged by the non-proven charge, Miller was exalted to the very pinnacle of reputation, as an adamantine rock of principle, and a paragon of virtue.

For our own parts, we have but to repeat what we have before stated, that the charge against Hutchinson has not been proved; unless the allegation of an unprincipled man, which we have upon Miller's authority, may be taken for proof against all probability; that if such an offer was to be made to Miller, the most ordinary prudence would have suggested a different course; and that all the acknowledged facts of the case are explicable upon the supposition of an over officiousness on the part of Adair, whose zeal in the cause of his patron, which was his own, had rendered him not only oblivious of principle, but reckless of discretion.

Of Mr. Burrowes's manner and style of speaking, it would be difficult to convey a correct idea to those who have not seen him when addressing a court and a jury upon subjects where he felt himself deeply interested. He began with a heavy verbosity, which distressed rather than interested his hearers. There was a labour both of lungs and limbs, which was painfully expressive of the difficulty which he experienced in giving suitable utterance to his thoughts and feelings. It resembled the effort sometimes required to get a heavily-laden vessel under weigh. But the clearness of his judgment and the soundness of his intelligence soon became manifest; and his evident and intense sincerity rapidly established a sympathy between him and his audience. Then it was that his power began to appear. His words were anything but "*winged words*," as far as their delivery was concerned. They seemed as if they were roughhewn out of some mental quarry, and brought, by a windlass power, to the organs of utterance, from which they were delivered, as from a catapult, into the minds and the hearts of the hearers. Then, indeed, it might be said of him—

"*Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*"

It was perfectly impossible to hear him without being moved, and frequently filled with high admiration. All his incumbrance of manner and awkwardness of attitude were forgotten in the vivid earnestness of his appeals; and, as his argumentative powers were rare, and his perception of moral differences acute and quick, he made his hearers feel as if their reason alone was appealed to, when he was most strongly and most artfully addressing himself to their feelings. His words were sometimes exquisitely felicitous, and only appeared to more advantage when contrasted with the uncouthness of his general demeanour. No speaker of the same power ever was more unlike "*the Herald Mercury*." He laboured, in his cumulative argumentation, as if he was heaping Pelion upon Ossa; and yet touches of feeling, flashes of fancy, and coruscations of wit or of sentiment, would sometimes be, in the most apparently unpremeditated manner, elicited from him, so as perfectly to electrify his hearers. In the case of *Wright v. Fitzgerald*, in which he was engaged for the plaintiff, who had been flogged

by the defendant, when high-sheriff of Tipperary in '98, to extort a confession from him, having betrayed the jury into a laugh, by some ridiculous details, he paused for a moment, and then suddenly turning towards them, with much indignant feeling, exclaimed—"Ay, gentlemen, *you* may laugh, but my client *was* writhing!" Again, in the case of Robinson, who was tried for bigamy,—a case, as Mr. Burrowes described it, one of the most harrowing on record, having detailed the arts by which an aged, beggared, and impotent debauchee contrived to fix and to fascinate the affections of an accomplished and lovely girl of sixteen, the daughter of his friend and benefactor, so as to draw her into a clandestine marriage, he said—"Gentlemen, it sometimes happens that the same courses which vitiate the morals, improve the manners; and that the surface appears the more polished, for the corruption which it covers and conceals." And, in allusion to the unaccountable infatuation which could have so imperiously overruled reason, conscience, duty, love of parents and kindred, and all womanly instincts, he thus observes—"The charitable public, who will hear of this trial, ought to carry in their minds this extenuation, the utter impossibility that anything sensual, vain, or visionary, could have actuated her mind to that strange and blind obedience. And, when female criticism sits in judgment upon this hapless young lady, and is about to pronounce an austere and unfeeling judgment, I hope it will be recollected that their common and primeval parent *fell under the fascination of a reptile.*"

Such was Peter Burrowes; ardent, argumentative, impassioned, pathetic; often exciting astonishment by an unexpected outburst of passionate emotion; and as clear and logical in his reasonings, as he was forcible and energetic in the language in which they were conveyed. If asked by what striking characteristic his oratory was differentiated from that of some of his most distinguished cotemporaries, we would say, by its moral depth and its ethical soundness. No consideration, we verily believe, could ever induce him to countenance any departure from the dictates of truth and honour. He was excelled by some in brilliancy of imagination; by others in closeness and vigour of reasoning; some there were whose minds were more comprehensive; others whose learning was more profound; but none, in our judgment, who possessed a juster notion of what constitutes the proper dignity of man, or whose soul swelled with a more indignant scorn, when meanness, ingratitude, treachery, or any other turpitude was to be commented upon, or chastised. He thus describes the effect produced by the disclosure of the before-mentioned young lady's clandestine marriage upon her family and her friends:—

"And what, gentlemen, was the consequence? It affected Mr. Berry with amazement, rage, and horror; but with such a stupor of grief, that the acknowledged culprit crawled off with his life. The intemperate sorrow of Mr. Berry led him thoughtlessly to disclose the melancholy tale to his wife, and for three days she was affected with unremitted fits of hysterics, threatening a permanent loss of reason. And, gentlemen, what was the effect upon her aunt? The moment she heard it, she was affected with an apoplexy. Such, gentlemen, was the gratitude flowing from the prisoner at the bar to Mr. Berry for the services he rendered him! Gentlemen, under these circumstances, what should Mr. Berry have done? Has he acted right? He had but one of three courses to adopt. He might have connived at this improper connexion, and irreligiously sanctioned it by his subsequent ratification, choosing between exposure and vice. *Had he deliberated upon this alternative, he would have been a worse criminal than the man he prosecutes. He might have strove to have it hushed. Perhaps a man, whose sensibility was stronger than his reason, might waver in his determination as to this course.* But Mr. Berry had no choice. Even that expedient was denied him. The prisoner at the bar publicly claimed her as his wife. It was not left this unhappy father to bury the whole transaction in oblivion. He was driven to the last and sad alternative, to yield to the suggestion of his own feelings, to yield to the unanimous advice of his friends; for though his life may be embittered—though he and his family may never wear the cheerful smile, or appear with that unclouded hilarity which accompanied their former intercourse with the world—yet he must derive consolation from the recollection of his having brought a delinquent of his atrocious guilt to punishment, and in having provided that this man shall not repeat his crime, and bring sorrow into the bosom of other families; and if he does, it must be in that region of culprits to whom he has levelled himself as a fit associate. Gentlemen, we will prove this case to you. There cannot be a doubt of this double marriage. How

it can be vindicated, it is impossible for me to discover. It comes before you badged with every aggravation which sensibility would shudder at. But, if you doubt the fact of these marriages, *God forbid that anything I have said, or could suggest, should operate to supply the evidence—the very enormity of the crime should be a ground of favour in deciding upon his guilt; but, as to any cavilling points, and capricious doubts, not denying the turpitude of the case, or the commission of the crime, you cannot, gentlemen, feel warranted in entertaining them with favour.*"

The case of Miss M'Veagh, whose counsel he was, if our recollection rightly serve us, shortly after '98, was one upon which he was greatly distinguished. She was the daughter of a respectable family in the neighbourhood of Waterford, and, for some trifling offence, when she was little more than a mere child, was locked up in her own room by her stepmother, whose displeasure she had incurred. Indignant at what she thought severe and unjust treatment (she might not, probably, have deemed it either unjust or severe had it been inflicted by *her own* mother), she escaped by an open window, and directed her course towards Waterford, which just then, from an apprehended attack by the rebels, had been left without inhabitants. There she saw the shoemaker to her family, who was acting as sergeant to a corps of yeomanry, and from him she claimed protection. The monster took advantage of her unprotected state, and introduced her to a number of his brutal associates, by all of whom * * * We cannot proceed—nature revolts even at the imagination of such horrible depravity. For this offence two of them were put upon their trial, and to Mr. Burrowes was committed the prosecution on the part of this most unhappy young lady. We believe the trial was published. We know not whether any copy of it is at present to be found; and we have introduced this notice of the case for the sake of one sentence which has ever since haunted our memory. He thus describes the entrance of Miss M'Veagh into Waterford: "The shades of evening fell, as this young creature, foot-sore and alone, entered with a palpitating heart, that greatest of wildernesses, a deserted city." This, to our seeming, is simple, pathetic, sublime; and we give it as characteristic of this great advocate when in his happiest vein, and when the poetry of his nature was called forth by some tale of woe, such as that with which he had to deal in this prosecution.

We will shock the gentle reader when we inform him, that, atrocious as were the miscreants whom he prosecuted, they were hanged! Yes, indeed, gentle reader! hanged by the neck until they were dead! In that barbarous age we were unacquainted with our modern humanity. There was no sentimentalism to interpose between guilt and its punishment. Death by the rope was not then considered too cruel a punishment for those to whom death by the pike or the pistol, when directed against those whom they deemed their enemies, was a principle of duty or a matter of amusement. And our friend Peter, himself, whose humanity and kindness of nature were proverbial, did not feel the slightest compunction, or lose a single wink of sleep, when he learned that the brutal violators of that young lady were led to their death-struggle, and that their execution was witnessed by assembled thousands, who exulted in the punishment which had overtaken their crime.

In our day, what sympathy would have been excited in their behalf!—what denunciations of a barbarous code!—what petitions for their pardon!—what weeping and wailing if the executioner was suffered to approach them!—what canvassings for autographs, for likenesses, or any other souvenirs by which the dear condemned might be remembered! But in our state of exalted humanity let us not too much despise those who lived in a darker age, and were less refined and less enlightened: *our* posterity may yet outstrip us as far as *we* have outstripped them; and our condonation of offences, which they would have made the offenders expiate upon the gallows, pass into a positive inversion of the relation between crime and punishment; and nothing be deemed criminal but a compliance with the law, and nothing meritorious or laudable but that which provokes its vengeance.

Mr. Burrowes, in politics, was a Whig, and something more. With Grattan and with Flood he fully agreed, *as far as they went*; but he could not, with the former, have rested satisfied with simple Repeal, and he went beyond the latter in his desire for complete and unqualified Emancipation. Flood would have re-

formed the parliament without removing the legal restrictions which fettered the Roman Catholics in the enjoyment of political privileges: Burrowes regarded all improvements in the legislative body idle which left the bulk of the people still enslaved.

Flood's keen prophetic sagacity led him to see the difficulties attendant upon the removal of the Romish disabilities much more clearly than any other of his great contemporaries, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, alone excepted. When we consider that he was a man of pleasure, and not given to polemical disquisition, it is amazing how fully conscious he was of all the dangers which were involved in the admission of Roman Catholics to a full measure of legislative power in our Protestant constitution. All his leanings and all his instincts would be in favour of the measure; but his reason sternly forbade him to indulge in the hallucinations by which inferior minds were deluded. Liberty, in the true sense of the word, as far as it extends to security of life and enjoyment of property, he would amply guarantee to all his fellow-subjects; but liberty, as it implied a power of tampering with the foundations of our constitutional monarchy, he would deny to those who, if they were to be regarded as faithful members of their own church, must be considered as bound by a foreign and a paramount allegiance.

But Burrowes saw none of these difficulties—he only saw a prostrate population enslaved; and never was knight-errant more passionately desirous of effecting the forcible liberation of conscripts and convicts, than he was to strike off the fetters from the limbs of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Nor were the reasons few or unimportant which might be urged in favour of the policy of concession, at a period when the past misconduct of the Romish body was well nigh forgotten, and when, from their present peaceable demeanour, nothing but respect and confidence could be inspired. It was argued that angry polemics had ceased to exercise the influence over them which they formerly possessed; that all fears of a Pretender were at an end; that the Pope was practically a nonentity; that dogmas which formerly stirred men's blood, and set the world on fire, had now given place to the more interesting questions of civil government and constitutional privileges; that popery, in fact, was a superannuated superstition, more likely to be kept up than put down by penal enactments, which while they were useless and unnecessary to restrain, were sufficiently insulting to provoke and to exasperate those upon whom they were imposed.

It was also argued, that, if they were removed, the rapid conversion of the Roman Catholics to more enlightened views of Christian truth might be confidently expected; that as long as they were in force they must repel any approach to Protestant doctrines on the part of many in whom all respect for the peculiar dogmas of the papacy might have become extinct, but who would still be kept in the nominal profession of them by the point of honour. Thus, it was argued, the penal enactments were obstructing the very object which they were intended to promote; and that while time and the progress of reason had been gradually undermining the papal superstition, we were, by the continuance of absurd and preposterous restrictions, repelling the advances of the more enlightened members of the Roman Catholic communion towards a sounder faith, and inspiring with a deadlier rancour the masses of our countrymen who, conscious of no demerit which should cause a distinction to be made between them and their Protestant fellow-subjects, must feel aggrieved and insulted by the continuance of disabilities which were as groundless and unjust as they were grinding and odious.

That Mr. Burrowes should have been influenced by these and similar reasonings is not surprising; or rather, indeed, it would be surprising if views which were embraced by most of the leading members of the Whig party did not meet his acquiescence, who was every inch a Whig, and who could only see in the opponents of the measure a blinded and obstinate bigotry, which deserved every enlightened man's scorn and reprobation.

And, in truth, the cause of sound policy was not at that time championed by those by whom it might have been most fitly recommended. A selfish and angry spirit was too often exhibited by many who contended for ascendancy, but little calculated to win the respect of the advocates of general toleration. There is, upon the surface, something plausible and even captivating in the theory

which aims at universal brotherhood, and, overlooking peculiarities of sect and race, seeks to attain the common good by laws which bear with an equal pressure upon all who acknowledge a common allegiance; and to contend for the continuance of a state of things in which one class would seem to be exalted at the expense of another, must savour of illiberality and oppression, and indispose every generous mind to the measures of the party, or the faction, by which such ascendancy is sought to be maintained. A spiteful and contemptuous rancour towards those who have long been prostrate will never be admitted as a valid defence of their oppressors, or a sufficient justification of the grounds upon which the one have been humbled while the others are exalted. It is not, therefore, surprising to find a vast number of the ingenuous and the educated earnestly contending for the removal of the Romish disabilities. They encountered few but antagonists whom they despised; and discerned too much of selfish aggrandisement in the motives of their opponents, to regard their reasonings with much respect, or to pay any attention to their predictions.

Had the Church been respected by those who pretended to be its defenders, and its spiritual character duly regarded, there would have been a practical consistency on their part, which would have entitled their reasonings to much attention in contending against the removal of the penal disabilities; but when church patronage was so grossly abused, and the ostensible object of their veneration employed only as an instrument of power or an engine of corruption, it was impossible to give them credit for genuine sincerity in their resistance to a system of oppression by which the great bulk of their fellow-subjects were so cruelly aggrieved. And when this was contrasted with a meek and quiet deportment on the part of the Roman Catholics, who interfered but little in political concerns, while their clergy interfered not at all, except to express occasionally a strong indignation against certain agrarian outrages by which the country was disturbed, it was impossible that a strong feeling of sympathy should not have been excited on their behalf, and a belief should not have been engendered that not only would heart-burnings be allayed and peace produced, but that loyalty would be promoted and gratitude ensured, by one gracious act of complete and unqualified emancipation.

We do not forget that we write after events, and that in all probability the knowledge we have had of the practical working of the measure of '29 may influence our judgments. But it is our deliberate opinion, that even then the reasonings of Flood and of Fitzgibbon should have had far more weight than the flashy and plausible declamation of their opponents. In the mind of Grattan, and Burrowes, and others, the whole papal system, as a system, was ignored. They did not believe in its existence as a substantive reality. They regarded their adversaries as children who were terrified by stories of ghosts; and treated with contempt and ridicule any apprehension of a revival of exploded principles, which belonged, at worst, rather to the age than to the creed, and would be sure to lose all their power when the professors of the old faith were raised to a level with the other subjects of the empire. In all this there was much to captivate the superficial mind, and something that claimed attention from the highest reason; and we have no doubt that, had due attention been paid to what was strictly true in the foregoing statement, and a measure of emancipation applied upon a principle partaking somewhat of the character of the sliding scale, and Roman Catholics admitted to the possession of constitutional privileges in proportion as they had given indubitable proof that in their hands such privileges would not be abused, much good might have been done, and a full measure of enfranchisement would have been gradually extended to all the more worthy persons of that communion.

But it was a great error to suppose that the papal system was practically extinct, or that the community which it had so long overshadowed should be regarded, even when it lost much of its power, as in the same condition as that which had been living under the influence of an unadulterated gospel. Freedom of thought is absolutely necessary to a healthy freedom of action in the enjoyment of constitutional privileges; and those whose minds have been held in leading-strings by priestcraft, or bound down by superstition, will find it difficult, even in secular matters, to act upon their own unbiassed judgment, or to shake off altogether the authority of their spiritual tyrants.

In the Church of Rome obedience holds the place of faith: it is the great

cardinal virtue, and is suffered to cover a multitude of sins. And when a habit of obedience in things the most important has once been formed, it is easy to transfer it to things less important; and a cunning and ambitious priesthood will find but little difficulty in persuading the subjects of an heretical prince, that whatever privileges are conferred upon them should all be used for their Church's advantage.

It is unnecessary to follow the subject any farther. The times through which we have lived furnish a commentary upon what has been said that cannot be mistaken. Poor Peter Burrowes, who never through his whole life wavered in his enthusiastic desire to diffuse as widely as possible the blessings of civil liberty, until they were felt in their fulness by all sorts and conditions of men, was made to feel, in the case of his own nearest and dearest relatives, the horrors of that baleful bigotry by which all merciful compunctions were overruled, or extinguished. His eldest brother had entered into holy orders, and was a beneficed clergyman in the south of Ireland. During the rebellion his house was attacked by a party of rebels, headed by the notorious Priest Murphy. The little band within gallantly defended themselves, and for a long time kept their assailants at bay. At length, when their ammunition was almost exhausted, Priest Murphy came forward, and pledged his sacred word that if they consented to give up their arms he would guarantee the safety of their lives. Upon these terms the reverend gentleman capitulated; but an unguarded shot from an upper window (fired, in all probability, by some of the family to whom the terms of surrender were unknown) aroused the slumbering vengeance of the miscreants, by whom Mr. Burrowes was immediately put to death, and two of his sons so severely wounded, that, although they lived for some time after, the injuries which they received in the end proved fatal. Mrs. Burrowes, his youngest son, and two daughters, were unharmed; the rebels deeming that, by the death of the venerable father of the family, and the dreadfully mangled state in which they left his two sons, they had taken sufficient vengeance. We are the more particular in giving this *authentic* statement, which we have received from one of the members of the family, because a very different version of this sad occurrence has been very prevalent, to which the Marquis of Londonderry has recently given a conspicuous publicity in his "Life and Correspondence" of his distinguished brother, wherein he states that *nine* of the gallant defenders of the house were, after their surrender as above described, in cold blood brutally murdered.

Enough, however, had been done to arouse all the indignant feelings of the subject of this sketch, and cause him to see, under a new and most forbidding aspect, the cause which he had hitherto so devotedly championed. But this guileless and simple-hearted man, whose love of kindred was almost swallowed up in his passion for liberty, never thought of visiting upon the sect or the party to which the murderers belonged, the offence of which they were guilty. He became, if possible, even more ardent in his desire for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics than he was before, while he took upon him the entire protection of the surviving members of the family, who were thus so suddenly and so ruthlessly widowed and orphaned.

He had, early in life, contracted friendships with the leaders of the revolutionary party, which never suffered any interruption from any difference in their principles; and he thus proved, in his own case at least, that the "*idem velle, idem nolle*," was by no means indispensable as the foundation of a lasting attachment. Some inconvenience he suffered from this. A supposed identity of sentiment with such men as Addis Emmet, and Wolfe Tone, was a bad recommendation to Lord Clare, in whose hands was the disposal of much of the bar patronage in Ireland. Nor can it be deemed extraordinary that that functionary reserved his favours for his particular friends, and that he should have received with some suspicion one who was only, or chiefly, known to him as the intimate associate of his own great enemies, and the most pestilent disturbers of the empire.

Having had occasion, in the House of Lords, to allude to Wolfe Tone, who, by the clemency of the government, was suffered to expatriate himself, and took advantage of his removal from British authority, only to give a freer expression to opinions and sentiments the most seditious and treasonable, the chancellor referred to some expressions of his, by which some Irish barristers, Mr. Burrowes amongst others, were compromised, as having seen and approved of

the first declaration of the Society of United Irishmen. Others were prudent enough to wait upon him privately, and fully succeeded in disabusing him of the opinions which he entertained to their prejudice. This it never occurred to the subject of this sketch as necessary to be done, whose personal character stood so high, with whom the most loyal considered it an honour to associate, and whose conscience so fully acquitted him of all participation in the extreme views of the sadly-deluded men, some of whom he yet regarded as amongst his most valued friends. But not the less did the prejudice against him in high quarters continue to prevail; and while others, his juniors, and, in all respects, his inferiors, had the good fortune to recommend themselves to the chancellor, and to obtain professional distinction, he remained without a silk gown, although his standing and his merits so richly deserved one. This he felt as a great injury; and was certainly under the impression that to the personal ill offices of the late Chief Baron O'Grady, at that time a leading member of the bar, and high in the confidence of Lord Clare, he was indebted for this injustice.

We allude to this, not because it was even then so very extraordinary that a Lord Chancellor should not have interested himself in the promotion of a strong political opponent, but because of an explanatory letter, written by Mr. Burrowes to Lord Clare, at the instance of one of his most particular friends, and intended to remove any grounds which were supposed to exist for the prejudice which, in that quarter, prevailed against him.

To this he received no reply. We regret, for Lord Clare's sake, that a proper reply was not immediately given. But party spirit ran very high; and, at this distance, we cannot make due allowance for one who was kept in a constant state of alarm, or of fretful irritation, not only by the notoriously disaffected, but by the political body who lent them but too much countenance, and to which Mr. Burrowes belonged. It is certain that by the neglect of the chancellor, which he construed into contempt, he was deeply wounded; as well as by the fact that his juniors still continued to receive distinctions, which, to his great injury, placed them over his head.

Two terms elapsed, and still no reply. It then occurred to him that the chancellor had not received his letter; and he requested his friend, Marcus Beresford, at whose instance it was written, to ascertain from him, if possible, whether that functionary still continued to regard him as a disaffected man. To this he received an answer that the chancellor's prejudices were removed, and that he would make no objection to his promotion; and very shortly after he was called to the inner bar.

When the union began to be talked of as a probable measure of government, he was one of the most energetic of those by whom it was denounced; and his name is to be found amongst those of the fourteen king's counsel, who signed the memorable address at the bar meeting held at the exhibition-room in William-street, on the 9th of December, 1799, in which it was described as a surrender of Irish legislative independence.

His exertions on this occasion recommended him to the special notice of some of the leaders of the opposition, and he sat for an Irish borough in the last Irish parliament.

It had been resolved by the ministerial supporters of the measure, to make an unsparing attack upon their opponents, and to hurl the charge of disaffection against those by whom the measure might be resisted. And when Lord Castle-reagh made a violent attack upon the conduct and principles of Mr. Grattan, who had, for some time, seceded from the house, and was then suffering under great illness, Peter Burrowes rose to defend him, which he did with a feeling, an energy, and a dignity, which extorted universal admiration. He had scarcely concluded, when a shout was heard from the crowds who thronged the passages to the house; it was repeated with a thrilling effect; the members stood erect, and listened; when, suddenly, the doors flew open, and the venerable senator, attenuated almost to a skeleton, himself appeared (his feeble frame bearing evidence of the malady which preyed upon him), and, with tottering footsteps, was conducted slowly, by two of his friends, to his accustomed seat in that assembly which he had so often ruled as if with a magician's wand, to bear his solemn testimony against what he deemed a suicidal act, which must extinguish for ever the freedom of his native land.

He was permitted to deliver his sentiments sitting, as he was unable to stand, and was listened to with profound attention; the opposition, delighted beyond measure at what they deemed little short of a miraculous interposition in their favour, and the joy of Burrowes so exuberant, that his cheer was heard above all the others, whenever any of the felicities of the orator, whether of phrase or of argument, gave rise to an expression of approval or of admiration. But it was too late. The arrangements and the management of the minister had been too complete; and the measure was passed, which many of its fiercest opponents have lived since to recognise as the salvation of the empire.

So began and so terminated Mr. Burrowes's parliamentary existence.

In 1806, upon the accession of "all the talents" to power, he received the lucrative appointment of Counsel to the Commissioners of Customs; which he continued to hold until the year after, when his friends went out, and he resigned it.

In 1811, upon the trial of Doctor Sheridan, he was greatly and justly distinguished. That gentleman had been elected a Roman Catholic delegate, to represent that body in an assembly to be held in Dublin, in defiance, it was maintained, of the provisions of the Convention Act. For this he was prosecuted by the Crown, the law-officers being Mr. Saurin and Mr. Bushe. Mr. Burrowes was retained for the defence, and his speech was regarded as a masterpiece of constitutional argument. Two of the jurors were sworn Orangemen; and, after an ineffectual attempt to set them aside, he proceeded to expound the law, as he understood it, in so clear and forcible a manner, that he brought conviction to the minds of the most prejudiced, and obtained for his client a triumphant verdict. Our readers may remember that his sentiments and opinions on that occasion were unreservedly adopted by Chief Justice Pennefather in the case of the Queen against O'Connell and others in 1844, and were recited by that eminent judge with emphatical commendation.

By his efforts on that occasion, he lost any chance which he might have had of preferment. Saurin regarded him thenceforth as a political enemy, and would as soon have recommended Daniel O'Connell, or Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, for a seat on the bench, as him. Nor, however we may regret, can we be surprised at this. The maxim of every party is, to take care of their friends; and though we think a larger liberality would not have scrupled to recognise worth and merit in such an opponent as Peter Burrowes, and provide for him accordingly, this, we confess, would be to make him an exception to the general rule, at a time when it might have been thought that all the patronage in the hands of government was little enough for their own supporters.

Accordingly, with advancing years, he drudged on in the routine of his profession, more active and energetic advocates every day arising, by whom his clients were gradually drawn away. It was as a *Nisi Prius* lawyer he was chiefly distinguished; and the zeal of his advocacy, not his black-letter lore, was his principal recommendation. He was not, therefore, at any time, greatly resorted to as consulting lawyer; and when his business in the courts diminished, his income began gradually to fall away. And he must have felt a pang at witnessing the rapid advancement, to the highest professional distinction, of juniors, who might have been his children, whose early efforts he was himself the first to patronise, but who were enabled, by superior dexterity, or political pliancy, to leave him, in the race for preferment, far behind. But no taint of envy or malignity ever poisoned the generosity of his nature. His cheerful spirits never forsook him, nor, while he was himself conscious of having been unworthily treated, was there to be found a man who would do more generous justice to his enemies.

His convivial powers were rich and various. Although not overloaded with book learning, it was manifest to all competent observers that his mind had depastured upon classic ground, and was redolent of the freshness of the verdure, over which, in youth, he had ranged delighted.

But, over and above all merely intellectual or adventitious qualifications, was he valued by the friends who loved him, for the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his nature.

One evening, at a dinner-party at the hospitable mansion of the late Whitley Stokes, where Plunket, and Bushe, and Curran, and the late Archbishop of Dublin Dr. Magee, and Mr. Burrowes, and other distinguished men were

assembled, a question was started as to what constituted the chief qualification of an agreeable companion on such an occasion; upon which grave matter it was sportively agreed on that the company should deliver their opinions *seriatim*. One said that it consisted of wit; another, of humour; a third, of a combination of both; a fourth, of learning readily producible upon any question that might be started; a fifth, of a powerful memory stored with anecdote; a sixth, of sound philosophical views: at last it came to Mr. Burrowes's turn to give his opinion; and, when all eyes were turned towards him, he electrified them by pronouncing emphatically, "An honest man, by ——" We must not repeat the oath with which his judgment was accompanied, nor can we approve of it; but it did not detract much from the merit of his sentiment with those who then heard it, and who unanimously and unhesitatingly adjudged him the palm; thinking, no doubt, with Sterne in the case of Uncle Toby, that the recording angel, in writing it down, would drop a tear upon it, and blot it out for ever.

He was a singularly absent man. It is recorded of him, we believe with perfect truth, that a gentleman calling upon him in the morning, in one of the circuit towns, found him, as he thought, boiling an egg; for he was standing with something in his hand, and watching a saucepan upon the fire. But what was his astonishment when he found that it was the egg which he held in his hand, while his watch was boiling in the saucepan.

A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was to look in the glass. "Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!" "Bless me!" Burrowes observed, "I did not notice that before." Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and asked him what became of his looking-glass. "Oh! sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed *six weeks ago*."

On another occasion, as he was pleading in court, oppressed by a heavy cold, he occasionally sought to soften his cough, and lubricate the organs of utterance, by some lozenges which he carried in his pocket. The client whom he was defending was indicted for murder; and it was deemed important, in his defence, to produce the bullet with which, it was alleged, the murdered man had been killed. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand, and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardour of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and instead of the lozenge swallowed the bullet.

And here we must not omit one peculiarity, by which his friends were often greatly amused. He had a habit of thrusting all his papers, of whatever kind, into either his coat or waistcoat pockets; so that these receptacles were often filled to repletion with the various fugitive pieces which, in the course of his daily business, came to hand. To any one else all would be confusion: but he was always enabled, by a sort of unaccountable instinct, to lay his hand instantly upon the precise paper he wanted, at the proper time.

Mrs. Burrowes, who was a great lover of order, and possessed by an instinctive antipathy to

"Things deformed, or disarranged, or gross in species,"

resolved to effect a reform in this department, and took the trouble of emptying the pockets of their heterogeneous contents, and disposing the multifarious papers, properly ticketed and labelled, in a manner which, to any other human being, would be far more convenient. But it was not so to him; they were not to be found, as he wanted them, in the only way in which he had ever been accustomed to look for or to find them; and he complained so loudly of the "confusion worse confounded" which the new reform produced, that the good lady gave up the attempt as hopeless, and resolved herself, and gave strict orders to her servants, always to replace the contents of his pockets, whenever he changed his clothes, in the corresponding pockets, and in the exact order in which they were found, of those which he put on.

It happened, about the time of which we write (1794), that Lord Mountgarret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny, was teased by a series of what he deemed vexatious lawsuits; and resolving to put an end to them after an Irish fashion then much in vogue, had a notice posted in the bar mess-room of the county town in which the assizes were held, that he would hold any lawyer personally accountable who presumed to appear against him.

Well, duel after duel was the result, in which it sometimes happened that his lordship and his friends came off but second best. At last it came to Mr. Burrowes's turn most unconsciously to provoke his vengeance. He had accepted a brief from one of the litigant parties to whom his lordship was opposed; and he had scarcely done his duty in court when he received a letter from his lordship's son, the Hon. Somerset Butler, denouncing, in good set terms, his presumption for using his father's name, in his presence, disrespectfully in court, to which, in the judgment of men of the world, there could be but one answer. This Mr. Burrowes did not feel; and he wrote such an explanatory letter to the young gentleman as, he conceived, must completely disarm him of any resentment, and cause him to retract the offensive language in which his complaint had been conveyed. And so it would had the letter been a complaint, and not a challenge. But the complaint was the pretext—the challenge was the purpose. And he soon found that “neither words nor grass” would do; and that he must, according to the very reprehensible practice which then prevailed, “give him a meeting,” if he would preserve his reputation as a man of spirit and of honour.

Accordingly they met. At the distance of ten paces they stood opposed to each other, with deadly weapons in their hands. They fired. Burrowes fell heavily. He was struck about the centre of his body; and both he and his friends for a moment thought that his days were numbered. But he was lifted up; he felt able to stand erect; and found that he was without a wound. His adversary's ball was found flattened against a penny-piece in his waistcoat pocket! He had been the evening before at the post-office for his letters. Having received them, he shuddled them into his pocket with some change which he got when paying the postage. True to his lady's directions, his body servant transferred all carefully into the corresponding pocket of the full-dress suit, which it was, at that day, customary to wear on such occasions; and to that curious conformity to a whimsical and almost unaccountable peculiarity, he, in all probability, was indebted for his life!

Mr. Burrowes always blamed himself for the expostulatory letter which he wrote to this young gentleman previously to the acceptance of his challenge. It was, he used to say, the only act of cowardice with which he could charge himself during his life. We think unjustly. We believe that he really thought he had unintentionally wounded the feelings of the son, in stating his case against the father; and his goodness of heart, and his singleness of mind, not his courage, was in fault, when he addressed the young bully in language which only provoked his laughter and scorn.* It was like the tame lion attacked by a bull-dog, who could not for a moment believe that the *varmint* was serious in attacking him. But when, in a short time, he found his mistake, he soon did execution upon his puny assailant.

As it was, it was fortunate for his peace that this affair terminated as it did. Had he slain his petulant antagonist, he never would have known peace of mind again. His was not the heart which a pernicious custom could have seared against the deep and deadly guilt of having, no matter under what provocation, taken away a fellow-creature's life; and it would have been almost better for him to be the victim of such an adversary, than to have survived, and borne “the stings and arrows” which he would have felt, had that adversary fallen by his hand in such a contest.

During the election contest in college, when Mr. Plunket was opposed by Mr. Croker, we well remember the zeal with which he interested himself in the cause of his old friend. He might be seen moving through the college courts, addressing himself to every one with whom he was upon speaking terms, representing the honour of the University as bound up with the cause which he espoused, and denouncing the opposition which had so suddenly sprung up, and which was, as he contended, unhandsomely countenanced by the government, as a flagitious attack upon its integrity and its independence.

“Well, Mr. Burrowes,” said one of the electors, who, on a former occasion, was amongst the foremost of Plunket's supporters, but now, from some cause or other, was found on the opposite side, “always earnest for your friend. I suppose you are making great way amongst the students.”

“There was a time, Dr. —, when I did possess some influence with them; but it has passed away. Few of them know me now, as I used to be known

in this place ; and, indeed, I begin to fear that the world is not getting better as it grows older."

"Oh, sir," then said Dr. —, "we shall have the consolation of knowing that we are better men than our children will be."

Burrowes paused for a moment, and then looking sternly at him, replied, "If it be a consolation to a father to think that his son is to be more corrupt and profligate than himself, I do not envy him his consolation."

Throughout the whole of the canvass, his countenance was a perfect barometer of the state of the poll—it brightened at every accession of strength which his friend received, and again became overcast, when the adversary's cause seemed to be gaining the ascendant. Up to the very last, there was no certainty upon which side the balance would incline. Each party went to the poll, altogether unassured respecting the result ; and when, at the termination of an anxious day, Plunket was, by a narrow majority of four votes, declared duly elected, the delight of his friend was quite unbounded, and physical infirmity, we believe, alone prevented him from joining in the party who bore the successful candidate on their shoulders, from the hustings to his own home.

Joyous were the evenings which followed that election, when the future Lord Chancellor entertained his constituents at his mansion in Stephen's-green. And Burrowes was always present, as well to partake in the triumph of his friend, as to contribute, by his social powers, to the hilarity of the evening. We have, in a former number, in our notice of Lord Plunket, alluded briefly to the felicity with which he sometimes prefaced his toasts, when he presided at a festive entertainment, and mentioned, we believe, as one of them, his mode of proposing the health of his friend, Peter Burrowes. He commenced with a look of grave displeasure, and said, "that although he was going to propose his health, he was not inclined to conceal his faults, much less to describe him as faultless. He would not, however, dwell upon his minor peccadilloes, but only and very briefly allude to those by which he was constantly offending. There was one in particular which he could not but severely reprehend, and that was, that he spent his life in doing good to every human being who came within the range of his influence, except himself. He has been prodigal, he said, of his time, of his talents, of his professional services, of his money, to every human being who had any, and to many who had no claim whatsoever on his beneficence ; and this to the serious neglect of his own interests, which were damaged more than those of others were promoted. In short," added Mr. Plunket, in conclusion, "I can only account for this prodigal devotion to the interests of his friends, by supposing him perfectly destitute of the instinct of selfishness."

Nor was it very long before his distinguished friend had an opportunity of serving and gratifying him in a more substantial way. The partial change in the Irish administration, which took place shortly after the departure of George IV., who visited Ireland in 1821, introduced Mr. Plunket again to his old office of Attorney-General, and he was not slow in procuring for Mr. Burrowes the office of Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtor's Court, with a salary which left him at his ease for the rest of his life. It was a timely relief to the good old man, whose declining years and increasing infirmities would have no longer rendered him equal to the toils of bar practice, even if more active competitors had not arisen to intercept the profits which he had formerly derived from his professional labours. A very general feeling of regret was felt that he was not promoted to the bench. His blameless character, and his venerable presence, would have conferred dignity upon any seat of justice ; and the public in general would have recognised in him an impersonation of constitutional law, which, flowing from his lips, would have been received with a deference to which, from most other functionaries, it would not be considered entitled. But we question whether, on the whole, his happiness was not more consulted by placing him in the position which he occupied, and which he continued to fill for several years, until an arrangement was made by which he retired upon £1600 a-year.

He still continued the delight of his friends, whose society he was enabled to enjoy almost with his pristine relish ; and such was the gentle playfulness of his nature, that the young of both sexes were generally attracted around him, to listen to the stores of anecdote, or the innocent pleasantries, in which he loved to indulge.

His May-day had passed—he was now in the “sear and yellow leaf.” And it was not without a touch of melancholy interest that those who knew him well, used to see the dear old man walking through the streets, with an abstracted and vacant air, as one who belonged to a bygone generation. There he went, frequently passing by, without notice, his oldest friends—his thoughts occupied by the scenes in which he had once been a busy actor, and the great men with whom it was his privilege to associate, when Ireland possessed a legislative assembly, in which some of the first intellects of the age were to be found. But if he survived the troubled glories of that agitated era, he also survived its angry passions; and we believe there was no man of any party, of the least note or worth, who did not regard this venerable gentleman with feelings of respect and love. His constitution was naturally very strong. He used to say, with reference to the excellency of his digestive powers, that he had been trying in vain all his life to find something that would disagree with him. But growing infirmities sensibly admonished him that the time was near at hand when he should “shuffle off his mortal coil;” and he prepared for his latter end with Christian dignity and resignation. More in compliance with the wishes of his anxious friends, than for any desire of his own, he was induced to try change of air and scene upon the continent; but nothing could now long avert the great change which was rapidly approaching, and he expired in the year 1841, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, leaving behind him, we hesitate not to say, take him altogether as a public and a private man, a character for transcendent ability and unblemished integrity, quite unrivalled in the annals of his native land.

ADDRESS TO THE MARCH THAT IS JUST GONE BY.

March, March, thou com'st burly and blust'ring;
 Thou art the *Trumpet* of the year!
 March, March, thou hast flow'rets clust'ring
 Beneath thy garments everywhere:
 Thou art clad in green like April and May,
 Spotted with primrose and wake—Robin gay:
 Strange smiles are 'neath thy merry eye
 And thou hast such a *blue, blue* sky!
 The birds like a temple fill it now
 With a hundred notes from each naked bough;
 The Sun reigns from morn to eventide,
 And soft airs, like Pages, leave thy side.
 Then thou hast soft and passing showers,
 Like messengers to call forth flowers.
 Hark to the soft and musical rain!
 How it comes down on the sounding pane;
 Then 'tis sporting on the barren trees
 With its accompaniment—the breeze.
 March, March, thou art Winter again,
 Hoary thy mantle, thy girdle a chain!
 Hast thou caught the flowers in thy net-work drear,
 To feast on, or bear to an early bier?
 Where are the sweet birds?—all hush'd their strain—
 Oh! *theirs* is a song of *joy*, not *pain*.
 They have nothing to say to us in death—
 God hath given them *no lamenting* breath.
 See! on the green hills the *snow* is come—
Hark! for the winds are all shackled and dumb.
 There's a sparkling robe on the earth below,
 And myriad stars in the dark skies glow.
 Methinks thou hast waved a magician's wand,
 Wert *tired* of sameness, and wouldst change thy hand—
 Thou art March, and December, and April anon—
 Surely thou art all *three* in *one*!

VITTORIA COLONNA.

MY FIRST LEGACY.

I THINK I have been fated to behold more of the bad and good influences of money than most other people around me in the world. I could tell strange stories of a poverty-stricken childhood; I could tell of children born to parents who already knew not how to procure bread for their own necessities, and wondered why the little stranger was not sent to some richer place; I could tell of the writhings and agonies of poverty in all ages, from helpless babyhood to equally helpless old age, and paint the longings for money—the unutterable yearning wishes and prayers for a few pieces of precious metal, as if the very joys of heaven were bound up with those coins. Very great numbers, I well know, must have much of the same knowledge—the same sorrowful knowledge—in this age, when the tastes and wants of the large majority are above their means; but I have been particularly doomed, I believe, to see, and know, and feel the deep evil. In my own fortunes I have experienced it strongly, and in all my intercourse with others, in the course of a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the world, the same wretched experiences of the power of money always have been my lot.

I have but to look musingly for a moment on the bright fire beside me, which, with many other luxuries, I now at last enjoy, and I can summon up scenes which make me shudder, even in fancy, to behold again. Fair faces are there, and goodness looks from every lineament—goodness and beauty, the two glorious angels of heaven; but the temptation appears: gold glisters, and falsehood, and hardness of heart, and sin, and guilt, have come to the fairest mind and form. High and thoughtful brows are there, which seem filled with their own most mighty wealth of intellect, to the utter exclusion of every meaner dream, as incapable of producing the lasting happiness which is the grand aim of humanity; but the tempter comes—riches, great riches, the temptation to some, must be high, and the intellec-

tual natures come down from their lofty imaginings, and struggle, and pant, and groan, and become selfish, and, perhaps, unjust, if not base, even like the most degraded worshipper of mammon; and there, too, rise before me the sallow aspects of sickness, and the wrinkles of age, and the dull, dead eyes, which are closing on the whole world, open wide, and sparkle yet with sudden kindling of the dying cinders of life, when money, the magical word, is mentioned, and trembling hands, which many years have shrivelled, stretch eagerly forth, as if from the very touch of coined gold a new life awoke within—yes, multitudes of such figures, and faces, and innumerable scenes in which they have acted, seem starting again into existence around me, even though I would fain never again call them up. But here and there, at long intervals, are some brighter things, visions of some few who have been tried to the utmost and remained untempted by even the most powerful influences of gold and all its glorious dominion over earth; and on them I love to gaze, and cherish every memory in which they live and move, and of their struggles and final triumphs I could also record much.

The brief incident I am now about to relate, is connected with my own early life, and my personal experiences of the dangers and evils which the possession of money, as well as the want of it, occasion.

One winter evening, many years ago, I lay ill of a slow fever in a solitary room in a lodging-house in London. All day long, all night long, I had lain there, without one single friend, in the wide bounds of London, to sit beside me for even a single hour, and say a kind word of hope and sympathy. My relations were all in another country; they did not even know of my illness; they were thinking, probably, at that very moment, that I was becoming famous and rich, for I had left them with high expectations of the glory and money I should win in the literary land of London. Glory and money won by a poor un-

friended writer, who, overrating his genius, plunged, without other means of support than his pen, into the glutted writing market of London—I had only severely injured my constitution, and had passed two years in perpetual dread of starvation.

I well remember how, on the evening in question, I raised myself for a moment in my sick bed, of which I had grown sorely weary, and put aside the curtain which, held up by a worn, ill-contrived loop, was always falling down, and closing out the small quantity of air which, from the thousand chimney-tops of one of the most densely-inhabited quarters of London, entered my small attic room. I think at this moment I can see the emaciated arm I stretched forth, as I thrust back the old curtain, which felt falling to pieces even with the touch of my nerveless fingers. I looked out on the little aged, mean table, on which my medicines were placed; and a candlestick, containing one of the smallest ranks of candles; and the walls, whitewashed at some remote period, but stained, crumbling, and cobwebbed in every corner; and the floor, broken, carpetless, and soiled; and the little, old, rusty grate, and two ill-kept cane chairs, and my own writing-desk, filled with manuscripts of plays of all descriptions, from extreme tragedy to more extreme comedy, for writing for the stage had been my aim and my failure. I looked on everything appertaining to that miserable room, and then looked up to heaven, and prayed for health, that I might make new and wiser exertions to place myself in a better fate, for my mind had been busy acquiring wisdom during the long prostration of sickness.

Then I listened to the loud street noises, for London was in an even more than usually stirring mood, some public event being celebrated—some thousands of active men slaughtered by our army in glorious war, if I remember rightly; shouts, and laughter, and at intervals, the noise of artillery, with the ringing of bells, and all the countless sounds which contribute towards making the great uproar of a vast rejoicing city, ascended up to me in my lonely, quiet room. At first I listened with a feeling of gladness at all the excitement, while everything around me was so monotonously dull,

and, for one moment, the languid blood rushed with more of life through my veins; afterwards I became sick at heart, when I thought of how the world always went on bustling and mirthful, no matter how many poor solitary individuals lay in helpless, miserable sickness, even in the very streets and public places through which gay processions were passing in utter forgetfulness, apparently, of suffering and death. My own extreme insignificance was impressed on me then in an almost overwhelming degree, that in periods of health no neglect from the world could ever make me feel; but my long illness had made me weak and childlike. The extreme depression of spirits under which I laboured brought on a kind of half slumber, in which I dreamed that I was in the last agonies of starvation.

It was a wonderfully vivid dream; I went distinctly through all the stages of dying from hunger—I felt the first sharp gnawings—the unendurable longings for all the kinds of food, I particularly relished, every one of which fancy seemed to place before me so palpably that I stretched forth my hands, always endeavouring to grasp them—I felt the fever, the burning thirst, the utter prostration at last, with an intensity that actual experience could hardly do much more than parallel, and all the time I was alone, without one to watch or tend me—without one who might chance to be passing by to pause and pity me.

“A letter for you, I say—do you hear me?”

The sharp voice of Mrs. Savall, my landlady, recalled me from my dream. I looked up, and saw her standing over me with a letter, which I reached for eagerly, as the few letters I received from home were the only consolation I had in my solitude. Mrs. Savall did not take her departure immediately, as usual, when she had given me the letter; she stood and gazed on me in a manner I thought annoying. Her face was naturally pretty and soft—I thought it indicative of goodness and kindness in a high degree when I saw it first. So it was, indeed, all smiles and sweetness as long as I regularly paid my lodging account; but now I was two whole months in arrears, and I had learned that Mrs. Savall had

one face for those who had money, and another for the unfortunates who, like myself, had none.

"I want to know," she said, tartly and decidedly, "when you are going to pay your arrears—it's two good months due now."

I looked up, and wondered how I could ever have thought that face gentle and handsome; it scowled on me like the impersonation of hatred and malice. I knew not what to say to her. It was no use telling that I had not a farthing in the world, seeing that, to judge from her looks, she was well aware of it already.

"You must be paid," I said mechanically, opening the letter, and shifting my position nearer the light.

"Must be paid, indeed, immediately, I say. We've hard times of it now, and can't want our lawful money any longer. Savall's business is gone next to nothing, so you'll please make it convenient to let us have the money in three or four days at the furthest."

"I shall do what I can," I answered, looking at the letter, and perceiving that the handwriting was new to me. Where could it come from? The very first line engrossed me so entirely that to Mrs. Savall's eloquence there was no listener."

"I say, there, don't be dreaming, but listen—your money *must* be forthcoming—you've relations somewhere, haven't you?—get the money out of them—get it how you please, but have it *we* must, and shall, and that without any more delay."

"Mrs. Savall," I said, interrupting her, as I caught the last words of a harangue which must have been of some length, seeing I had read my letter twice over, to make myself absolutely certain of the contents, "this letter announces to me that, by the death of an uncle in South America, I am become heir to property amounting to eighteen or twenty thousand pounds."

"Eighteen or twenty thousand pounds!" she repeated, clasping her hands forcibly, and looking on me as if she was struck by some electrical power.

"Yes, Mrs. Savall, eighteen or twenty thousand pounds, the letter states."

"Good God! the fortune of some people!" she half whispered, turning of a livid hue, I thought, for a second.

I looked silently up to heaven in my inward soul, most deeply thanking God for my good fortune.

"You don't scream, or faint, or make any noise; you take it quite calmly. As Mrs. Savall spoke, she looked wonderingly on me. "If I had got a legacy of twenty thousand now—oh! if I had the very house, the street—London would hardly hold me—oh! if I had!"

She wrung her hands, and paced up and down before me in a strange, excited manner.

"But *we* shall never, no never, be so fortunate—I, nor Savall my husband—we shall never get any legacy, much less twenty thousand pounds. We have no prospects that way—nobody in the whole world would leave us a single, solitary shilling. Were every creature of our relations dying this very night, not one pound would be willed to us—no, no—we're the most unfortunate of people—the most unsuccessful in every way; and to look at some how they chance—eighteen or twenty thousand—I could go half mad when I think of it."

Her eyes were distended—every feature was convulsed with powerful feeling. I was frightened at the same time that I was disgusted at such an exhibition of discontent and envy.

In a few seconds, however, her face became composed, and she seemed much ashamed of the emotions she had exhibited. The soft expression returned to her lips and eyes, and, in a wonderfully brief period, she stood beside me, the same Mrs. Savall, pretty and smiling, as I had thought her before she discovered that I had no money.

"Let me congratulate you on such delightful, good fortune," she said, grasping my reluctant hand; "you'll soon be well now—nobody could be sick with a legacy of twenty thousand pounds coming. I must go and tell Savall the good news—he was just coming to see how you were recovering; he has been very anxious about you all the time you were ill. But what will you have now?—is your wine done?" She glanced at some empty bottles on the table. "You know the doctor said you should have so much of the best wine. Well, I shall send you up a bottle of my own till you order in some for yourself;

and will you have tea soon—I shall come and make it myself—I must get you well as soon as possible, that you may enjoy your twenty thousand.”

Smiling and cordial she left me, and walked hastily to the door—she paused there—

“You must leave this poor, little room this very night, of course; the best bedroom is at your service—we have no other lodger just now, and shall be able to give you every attendance.”

“I thank you, but I shall occupy this bedroom as long as I remain in your house,” I said. The coldness with which I spoke caused her to depart immediately.

Wonderfully was the poor attic lodger changed in Mrs. Savall’s eyes.

Extraordinary, mysterious medicine art thou, money, even to those who most calmly and wisely receive thee! The low fever departed at once almost from my system. When my medical attendant called the following day, he thought a miracle had been wrought on me, so much had one night of placid, happy, mental feelings changed my face and my whole frame for the better.

On the evening of that day I was seated in the very little, gloomy, dark, parlour, which I had occupied on my first coming to Savall’s house, when my pecuniary affairs were a small degree better than they had latterly been. It was a back parlour, a shabby, ill-furnished room; but I selected it in preference to the drawingroom, which Mrs. Savall pressed me to occupy, because there in that retired back parlour had I often sat in long reveries, inspired by poverty, pondering how I was to escape from the doom—by which of the ways leading to riches I should strive to enter—pondering, struggling—until all the blood became poisoned, and health at last departed. Not one single article of the furniture of that back parlour but was associated to me with sad remembrances. There was a daubed landscape, with glaring bad perspective, in a varnished frame, over the chimney-piece; I could only think of it in connexion with one particular evening, when a play, on which I had built many hopes, had been finally rejected by the manager of one of the leading theatres, and, with the manuscript in

my pocket, I sat down exactly opposite the picture, and fixed my eyes on it, and examined every part, with a minute and lengthened inspection I had never previously bestowed on it, though at times I had hard work repressing tears, which all at once would start so childishly, so weakly. There was an old sofa, with a patched, faded, chintz cover. I had thrown myself down on it once, with a letter in my hand from one whom I loved—whom I had left in Ireland, when, deceived by the false inspirations of a mocking genius, I had proceeded to London on the road to fortune, as in my folly I believed. The writer of the letter took it for granted that I was succeeding—that I would shortly, very shortly, become a star—a glory to the quiet locality where I was born—an honor to all my friends, and an especial blessing to those whom I loved; just then I had become utterly hopeless of any success, and the letter stung me to the depths of my feelings, and I lay writhing in misery on the old, faded sofa; and always afterwards when I looked on it, I could think I beheld lying there the flushed brow and aching head of that evening. The very tables too were associated with poverty, procured breakfasts and dinners.

Now a rich man, I sat and looked on them all. It was worth enduring years of poverty to procure that sensation of gladness.

On the evening after I had received the announcement of my good fortune, I sat in the back parlour, engaged with the solicitor to whose management my uncle had left his affairs. I wished to settle any business as soon as possible, that I might leave London whenever my health could bear it, which promised to be in a very few days. My uncle’s affairs were all clear, and easily arranged; the legacy was sure and available at any moment—I had no anxieties nor fears. When, at an early hour, I ascended to my attic chamber, I thought, as I surveyed my face in the small, cracked looking-glass, that I would very shortly lose the appearance of an invalid.

Two days afterwards I was seated in my back parlour for the last evening which I intended to spend in London for some time. I had invited Savall—Charles Savall, the master of the house, to take wine and a light sup-

per with me, previous to my departure—good fortune opens the heart to charity; I had forgiven Savall and his wife for their neglectful and harsh treatment of me during my poverty and sickness. Of Savall I had, indeed, seen little or nothing during my illness, and therefore could not judge exactly of his conduct. He was unchanged now from what he had been; he did not cringe, and fawn, and become meanly servile, like Mrs. Savall: his manners were respectful, quiet, and dignified. He was of Italian extraction, and had spent much of his early life in Italy. He was a druggist by profession, but was very unsuccessful in business, a circumstance which accounted, in my eyes, for the gloom which frequently rested on his large-featured and remarkably swarthy face.

All my wine, and wit, and high spirits, could not keep the cloud away entirely from his face, on the evening in question, though even the melancholy back parlour looked bright and smiling, with the combined influences of a burning fire, and clear, cheerful lights. I poured out sparkling wine for him; he made no objection to drink it off, and he made some efforts, too, to seem gay; a sudden smile would dart over his face, like a sunbeam over a bleak, wintry landscape, only serving to throw out more palpably the gloom of the scene; and he would give now and then a laugh so abrupt and startling, that more than once I paused to speculate on the evil mind which I fancied it betrayed, and then blamed myself for thinking hardly of human nature, on such slight grounds.

Neither his smiles nor his laughter reached his eyes; they had a perpetual hard, sinister look, particularly when they fixed intently on me, as they did at times, which annoyed and even disturbed me—I even caught myself thinking of a pocket-book, containing bank notes to some amount, which I had about me at the moment; but I chid myself severely for the foolish alarm.

The simple supper, suitable for an invalid, was early brought in, and with it came Mrs. Savall, whom I had invited, though with considerable repugnance, which I made a point and a merit with myself to overcome; for I knew that she had known poverty, and

I was aware how the whole nature grows often unconsciously hard and selfish, when want and misery become fixed circumstances in life; and, remembering my own sufferings, I pitied her, and strove hard to forgive. She was all smiles, and sunshine, and softness, and sweetness, and prettiness—every one of the feminine amiables seemed existing in her. I knew the hypocrisy of the woman, and only wondered that she should again strive to give me false impressions of her character, after what I had witnessed of its real nature. She had innumerable apologies to make for Savall and herself being my guests, stating, what she had previously informed me of, that they had determined to have me to a nice little bit of supper with them that evening, and had made preparations, and were, indeed, sadly disappointed that they could not get shewing me so much attention before I left them. I had received such an invitation from her in the early part of the day, but had declined the honour.

“Savall and she were also going to leave London,” she said; “they had been disposing of various concerns in the shop, and were ready to remove at any moment.” At this, Charles Savall gave her a sudden sharp look—it was more than sharp, it was malevolent. She smiled and took no notice, apparently; but, as soon as supper was over, she rose to take leave of me; she bade me a most affectionate—a most flattering adieu.

Savall was talking loudly, and, as I thought, unconnectedly, when she closed the door; yet I fancied I heard the key turned on the other side, locking us in; and then again I believed it must be imagination, for what motive could she possibly have in so acting.

It was my usual hour for going to rest, and I wondered that Savall was not leaving me. I became silent, thinking to give him a hint to go, but still he sat, with the black shadows more thickly than usual gathered on his dark face; and his gloomy, but at times singularly bright, or rather glaring eyes, were fixed movelessly on me. I looked on the fire—I looked on the candles—on the ground—on the daubed picture over the chimney-piece; but when again I glanced at Savall, there were his deep eyes still turned fixedly on me.

I became uncomfortable, uneasy : the man's looks had, I thought, something of the singular power of mesmerism in them. I determined to endure it no longer—I was an invalid, and therefore to be excused for waiving ceremony. So I told Savall that it was my usual hour for retiring, and that I felt drowsy.

"You feel drowsy?" he said, slowly, and mitigating in no degree the intolerable scrutiny of his looks.

"Yes," I said, somewhat angrily, I believe, "I do feel drowsy, and shall be glad to retire to rest very shortly. I have been too long acquainted with sickness not to try to preserve health now that it is returning."

"Yes ; it is worth while to preserve health when twenty thousand pounds are to be enjoyed by one who was in poverty," he said, in a deep, deliberate manner, but without any appearance of taking his departure.

I made no answer. I thought it insolent of him, in the circumstances, not to leave me at once. I rose and stood by the fire.

"You are not going yet," he said, with, as I thought, a marked sneer.

I was much surprised at his manner, and looked at him in wonder and dislike. My first impression was that he had drank too freely ; but there was no flush in his bloodless face, nor any indications to warrant such a supposition.

"Mr. Savall," I said, "you will oblige me by now taking leave ; and you need not take offence at my request, as I am in delicate health, and must keep early hours."

"Oh, surely," he answered, sarcastically, "your health is worth preserving now, for you have much happiness before you with your lately-acquired money. You are a fortunate man, for, let me tell you, there are hundreds—ay, thousands—in London who exist always under the black weight of poverty, as grinding and crushing, and worse by twenty degrees than that you have lately cast off ; and they have no hope—no, not even one glimmering of hope—that legacies of twenty thousand pounds shall ever be left to them." He paused, and looked on me with a peculiarly-excited, and sad, and reckless expression, which I have since more than once beheld on the faces of insane or partially insane persons, par-

ticularly those under the dominion of strong evil passion. I was silent. I knew the man was himself poor, and I had learned how to sympathise with such.

"I," continued Savall, "am one of those to whose long, deep, dark poverty there comes no break of hope—no probability of good fortune. I have been a poor man my whole life—ay, my whole life. You did not think so, because it was not *very* apparent ; but that is the real misery—to be condemned to hide every outward sign of the cancer which is eating away our heart—to stifle every groan—and look contentedly and quietly on rich people, who squander on useless luxuries what would make, perhaps, a heaven of our poor pinched life. But you are rich now—I am poor, very poor, and in debt : but that is no matter—you shall assist me now out of *your* wealth."

The earnest, but by no means supplicating look which he kept fixed on me did not contribute to dispose me to listen to his rather peremptory demand on my charity. I informed him that if he was so extremely poor I should be glad to assist him a little, but could not promise to do much in that way ; as I had many poor relations who had prior claims on me ; and, besides, the whole world of poverty at large was at least fully as much entitled to my consideration as either he or Mrs. Savall.

A smile, which at the moment was incomprehensible to me, passed over his face ; he seemed, however, to take but little notice of my allusion to the unkind treatment which I had so recently experienced in his house.

"If fortune is blind," he said, "that is no reason why we, who are forsaken by fortune, should be also blind to our own interests. Might we not rise and struggle for an equal distribution of good things?—might we not clamour justly when we see so much going to one, and nothing to another whose necessities are perhaps greater ; and strive even by force, if we can do nothing else, for our portion—for an equal balance to be preserved amongst those who all come into the world equal? I now assert my claim to you—in one house, suffering equally from poverty, wealth comes to you ; therefore divide it in some degree with me, or ——"

There was a pause ; but I was not yet alarmed, though I was much startled.

"I believe you are mad," I said, "or you have been drinking to excess, which is the only way I can account for your conduct. You had better go to sleep immediately, and you will have juster views of things in the morning."

"We shall settle this matter now," he answered, with a calm effrontery which perplexed me. "My portion of the good fortune which chanced to you in this house, I shall myself limit, seeing I know I could not bring you to the point. You shall give me the contents of the pocket-book which you have now on your person. I am easily satisfied, and shall be content with it." The words, but still more the looks, caused a momentary thrill of trepidation to pass through me.

"What pocket-book?" I asked, with some confusion.

"The pocket-book which you have this moment concealed in your safest, most hidden pocket, I suppose ; and what it contains—something about thirteen hundred in bank-notes, I should think. I am very moderate in demanding only so much out of twenty thousand, which happened to alight on this house of mine."

I was silent from astonishment. I knew not how he could know of the pocket-book and the very sum it contained, which had been brought to me only a few hours previously by my solicitor. He must, I supposed, have overheard me directing the solicitor to bring me such a sum.

"Well," said Savall, rising, "give me the pocket-book ; and I shall leave you at once when I get the thirteen hundred safe in my hands."

"Fool ! madman !—go, or I shall give you in charge," I cried, much excited.

He laughed—a startling, sharp, hard, discordant laugh. It fixed indelibly on my memory, that laugh. Often in sickness, in fevers, when the nervous system was highly wrought on, have I since fancied I heard it ringing in my ears. Even then that laugh had a peculiar and indescribable effect on me : I walked about as if the delirium of recent illness had returned on me all at once more powerfully than ever. There was a long pause, I think ; but at last I walked close to Savall's side, and said—

"Mr. Savall, have the goodness to leave the room immediately ; I can bear your presence no longer."

"When I carry the pocket-book with me, and not till then. Listen to me. I swear, by every drop of blood in either of our bodies, I shall not leave your sight until the pocket-book is mine." He neither smiled nor sneered as he said this. A savage ferocity was in his looks—I thought I saw plainly the word "murderer" written on his brow.

My blood boiled with anger, at last. The thought of challenging him to personal combat first struck me ; but then he was too infamous—too much beneath the level of honest men. I went to the door, determined to call in assistance and have him secured. He did not say one word whilst I tried to open the door ; but in vain, for it was firmly fastened outside. At length, he burst out into another sudden discordant laugh at my long-continued abortive attempts.

"Mrs. Savall fastened it secure enough, you may depend on it—trust Mrs. Savall for that," he said.

I made violent efforts to force the door, but it was strong, and I was weak and enfeebled by sickness to an extreme degree ; I called aloud, but no one answered.

"You need make no noise," Savall said, with great coolness ; "there is not a creature in the house to hear your noise ; they are all sent off except Mrs. Savall, and she is sitting laughing at your outcries, I suppose, in the front parlour ; you need not think the people in the street could hear you either, for you are a good way from the front of the house here, and besides your voice is none of the strongest."

"I shall be heard," I cried ; "I shall not be quietly robbed by you in the very midst of thousands of people, all ready to give assistance, did they know my situation. I have a chance of being heard from this window," and I proceeded to the window which looked out to the rear of the house. "I should quietly stay here, and endure your insolence till the morning, but that I wish to get you punished for your conduct."

He rose quickly, and suddenly placed himself between me and the window—

"I want no noise—no womanish-

looking outcries—I must manage the business quietly.”

I made a momentary demonstration of trying to obtain forcible possession of the window, but it was only for a moment; I shrunk from personal contest with a man so base.

“Yes,” he cried, with a malignant sneer, “you would fight—you! and where is your strength?” He looked from my emaciated, enfeebled figure to his own square and very strong proportions. “What chance could such a creature as you have with me?—could I not crush you with the most extreme ease, if I so wished, but I want no violence—I hate the sight of blood—I do, indeed; I only want that little sum in your pocket-book, to which I have proved to you that I, a poverty-stricken man, have a right. However, I must let you see that, if I please, I can shortly settle your puny noise and resistance. Look,” he drew out a pistol, “it is ready loaded, and fit for use at any moment, so look to yourself—the pocket-book I *must* have without force, if I can.”

Every lingering doubt of the man’s intentions vanished as this, and I saw before me the determined robber and murderer.

“You shall not have the pocket-book—you shall murder me first,” I said recklessly, as I seated myself on the old chintz-covered sofa.

He made no answer, but still grasping the pistol, he fixed the hard, peering looks on me which had at first disturbed me, and filled me with vague fears. I knew not whether it was the effect of his singular gaze, or of the over-excitement acting on my weak system, but I felt stealing all through my frame a subtle, drowsy, sick sensation, such as in all the long illness I had endured I had hardly experienced. My head became giddy, and I was conscious that my face was blanching, my lips particularly becoming dry and white. At that moment the hour of midnight—one o’clock—was struck in various parts of the great city, and the sound vibrated on my ears with a strange distinctness.

“The effects are beginning to appear at last,” muttered Savall, in a kind of half soliloquy, but still watching me without ceasing.

The words seemed to me hardly to have been spoken by his lips, so deep

and striking was their intonation, and I involuntarily uttered—

“What effects?”

“The effects of the poison,” he answered, calmly.

“Poison!—what poison?”

“Poison which I administered to you in the negus, which you will recollect I prepared for you in the Italian manner, as I said at supper.”

At this I sat without speech or emotion.

“Don’t be very much alarmed,” he continued, in the calmest tones, “it is a peculiar narcotic poison I administered to you, and if you drink the antidote, some of which I have in this phial, the poison will only operate as a medicine, a most excellent medicine even, the only unpleasant effect being a slight stupefaction at first. I knew well that unless I drugged you in some such manner, I could not obtain possession of your pocket-book without violence; and now shall I pour you out some of the antidote?” He held up the phial.

“Give it to me,” I cried, with the instinct of self-preservation.

“Well, when you hand me out the pocket-book, the phial shall be yours.”

“The pocket-book—villain! you shall not have it.”

As I said this I felt, or fancied I felt, the symptoms of a horrible stupefaction through my frame; there was a whirl of dull, dream-like confusion in my head, a strange sounding in my ears, and my eyelids, despite my efforts, weighed down at times with leaden heaviness, the very agony which naturally possessed me when I heard and believed I was poisoned had nothing of the activity and wakefulness of healthful agony; it was plain that I was beginning to labor under the effects of some powerful narcotic.

“Fool!” exclaimed Savall, “you must be aware that I shall certainly have the pocket-book now, whether you like it, whether you consent or not; you are rapidly becoming incapacitated, and before long you will be totally unconscious, and I shall meet but little resistance, indeed, in taking the pocket-book.”

After this, I distinctly remember how the whole scene became like a delirious fantasy. I thought I had suddenly gone back again to the worst period of the fever from which

I so recently rose ; I drew out the pocket-book, I think, and said I would burn it, and then, when I should die, he, Savall, would at least get no benefit from it ; but as I spoke I had hardly strength to rise from my seat. I did rise, however, and tottered to the fire-place, but there close to it stood Savall, with the bare, cold pistol raised in his hand.

"Any disturbance—any attempt at disturbance, and your death shall be speedier," he said.

I do not know what I answered, or whether I answered at all. I looked at the fire, however, and saw that it was to all appearance dead, not a single glimmer appeared—there was only a pile of cinders and ashes. How I longed for a strong blaze, that I might suddenly throw all my bank notes into it, and see them consumed at once before my face, and then Savall would be disappointed of the money, though my life he might have. My first feeling was one of heroic indifference to life ; I thought I could die with ease, provided Savall were balked in his expectations of obtaining the pocket-book. But how could it be removed from his grasp ? Feeble, sinking as I was, I thought on the matter until an utter incapacity of thinking and planning settled down on my brain. But what could I do ? There he sat, with his moveless gaze—I could not breathe without his noting every respiration.

As the cold, horrible numbness and drowsiness crept gradually over me, and something like the presence of death came, a feeling of fear and dislike to the grave awoke. Life suddenly seemed warm, bright, and delightful ; innumerable happy scenes, which I had recently been planning, appeared to come into very existence around me with a most tempting brilliancy, which thrilled all the powers of grief and despair within me ; for I had known so little of happiness yet in life, I reasoned, and now at last, when I might be capable of gladdening others and myself, just now to die.

"Fool—fool, do you yet choose dying ? Will you not swallow this ? You will have money enough remaining after you give me my share—you will have a number of thousands still, and you are young, and made for enjoying happiness."

Though I knew Savall must have

uttered the words, yet even now, as I recollect them, it seemed as if invisible spirits around me had spoken them, divining my thoughts, and counselling me accordingly.

Next I recollect there was a deep, frightful silence ; I heard no other single sound—no clock striking—and no voice speaking or calling—not one intimation that I was in the midst of a many-peopled, noisy city ; I could not believe that I was in London. I thought I had been carried away to some deep abyss, down, down below the surface of the living world, in the centre of the cold, voiceless earth, away far from all human society, with only one of the black spirits of evil guarding me. For some moments I fancied I was condemned for ever to that terrible fate, with the eyes of Savall alone to look upon me without ceasing throughout all duration.

Afterwards a widely-different imagination possessed me with even stronger power. I thought I beheld most vividly all the scenery connected with the solitary country place in the north of Ireland where I was born ; the narrow river, the rocks and trees hanging over it ; the very boat in which I had so often rowed with a well-remembered oar ; the rough, uncultivated mountain, rising abruptly from the water, with the rich, luxuriant, yellow furze, and the goats browsing, just as they used to do when I was a boy, before I had dreamed of leading a literary life in London—even the glass in the windows of my father's house shone and sparkled exactly as it always did in the beautiful summer sunsets. I could have sworn that the whole scene was before me ; but I was not gazing on it with the human feelings I had when there last—it was with such emotions as the disembodied may be supposed to experience that I now looked.

"Miserable fool !—idiot !—you still persist in choosing death in preference to life. Come, it is not even yet too late for wisdom ; one draught, and you are safe and better than you were before—here."

My intellects had become so confused that I was barely conscious of the presence of Savall, and aware that he had come close to me, that he was standing over me, and holding a tumbler almost to my lips.

Again the strong feeling of immediate death came overpoweringly upon

me, mingled with a vision of all those whom I loved; my relations and friends in another country, they came to my very side, I thought, with anxious, fearful looks, for they seemed aware that I was dying; and there close, very close, was my mother's pale face, and her sobs were loud and convulsive; and there was my old and attached uncle, from whom I had been named, and who had always been so deeply interested in me, and so anxious to hear of my making a noise in the world, he was hanging over my shoulder, and he was weeping quietly without saying one word; but there was such deep agony in his eyes that I would have given worlds to comfort him—but, more striking to me than any even of the forms of my nearest kindred, was a fair, soft, young girl's face—the face of one I loved. She came close, very close to me, I thought, and laid her hand on my brow, and the pressure of that hand was so warm and life-like, that death became still more fearfully dark and repulsive.

At this period I think I had no remaining consciousness, in the way of reasoning, all my faculties were existing merely in the life of dreams. I cannot, therefore, state with any certainty what passed for many hours afterwards, but I have a kind of recollection of a glass being held to my lips, it must have been by Savall, and I drank with no reluctance, but with delight, a cool, delicious draught, and then fell back on the sofa much happier than I had been.

At last I awoke to perfect consciousness. I started up, wondering at first why I was there in a darkened room, with broad daylight streaming in through the shutters. It took me some moments to remember the scenes of the preceding night. My first thought was to search for my pocket-book—it was gone. Next I missed my watch, it was a new and valuable one; not one sixpence of loose cash was left in any of my pockets, so well had Savall ransacked my person during the period of my unconsciousness.

I opened the shutters, and looked around; there were the glasses standing on the table precisely as they had been the night before—the silver spoons, and some other valuable articles, however, were not there.

A strange sensation of giddiness was

in my head, and I felt as feeble as when first rising from my sick bed; but I was not apprehensive of danger, for I believed, and I suppose truly, that Savall had administered to me not poison, but some powerful narcotic or stupifying drug, in order that he might possess himself quietly of my coveted pocket-book. I supposed that he had represented to me that he had given me poison, for the malignant purpose of frightening me. His story of the antidote he possessed, I hardly believed, though, on examining a glass which stood on the table close to the sofa, I found the remaining drops of some, pungent but pleasantly-flavored mixture, nothing resembling which I ever remembered to have previously tasted; this tallied exactly with my dreamy recollections of the draught I had swallowed, and I knew not what to think.

The house seemed altogether deserted as I walked out of the back parlour, the door of which was now unfastened. Not a sound of life was heard in any direction. I opened the front door, and discovered that it was far past noon.

I gave immediate information respecting Savall, and a vigilant search was immediately instituted; but not a trace either of him or his wife could be found, and I have never since even heard of him.

I have experienced many deep emotions during my life, but none are more indelibly imprinted on my memory than those connected with the night I have attempted to describe. I have never since been able to open a pocket-book containing bank notes, without the vision of Savall arising for a moment before me, as if to claim his part. So pertinaciously has this idea possessed me, notwithstanding many efforts to root it from my mind, that I have sometimes been almost tempted to believe that Savall had been long dead, and that his spirit, still doomed to feel the lust for money which in life filled him, is fated to haunt perpetually every place where pocket-books and bank notes appear. I would often have given much more than the sum of which he robbed me, to get quit of the fixed impressions of him which are in my mind; but disagreeable recollections are, and ever will be, some of the miseries of human nature.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHOROUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER X.

NATIONAL RELIGION—ANTIQUITY OF BUDDHISM—TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS—ANECDOTE—FABULOUS BEINGS—MYTHOLOGY OF THE CINGALESE—HEAVENS—HELLS—GODS—DEMONS—DEVIL-DANCES—THEIR ORIGIN—HOW PRACTISED—PUNISHMENTS—ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BUDDHA WHICH APPEARED—BIRTH, MARRIAGE, LIFE, AND DEATH OF GOUTAMA BUDDHA—TENETS OF BUDDHISM, &c. &c.

THE national system of religion in Ceylon is Buddhicaical, and although there are many of the natives who profess either Protestantism or Catholicism, we have been assured by a Bloodliar holding a high official appointment, there is not one of the professed converts that does not make offerings to the gods, temples, and priests.

We shall now proceed to give an outline of the system of Buddhism, its belief, rewards, punishment, and other matters connected with this form of worship.

Tradition cannot trace back, nor history assist in fixing the date, when Buddhism first asserted its sway over a vast portion of the human race; but it is certain that, from the earliest ages, Ceylon, China, India, Thibet, and Burmah, acknowledged the yoke of the Buddhicaical religion, and deeply is it to be deplored that, at the present day, millions prostrate themselves before the shrines of Buddha, in the portions of the world before named, acknowledging the code of morality prescribed by this system as their sole guide through life. Buddhism, it is asserted by ancient records, was first promulgated in a region of Northern India, called Magadha, and the language in which the sacred books are written, now termed Pali, is affirmed to have been the language of the people of Magadhi; this language is looked upon as being of great antiquity—Buddhists declaring that it is the root of all other tongues. In Kachayana's grammar of Pali, we read, page 22 of the introduction—"There is a language which is the root of all languages; men and Brahmins who never before heard, or uttered a human

sound, spoke it at the commencement of the creation. The Buddhas themselves spoke it—it is Magadhi." The Buddhists do not believe in the existence of a Creator, but are absolute materialists, asserting that all created things are formed of the four elements—their gods, demons, men, and animals, all proceeding from the same source. In "Davy's Ceylon," p. 188, we read—

"Prani and Hitta, life and intelligence, the most learned of them seem to consider as identical. Seated in the heart, radiating from thence to different parts of the body, like heat from a fire—uncreated, without beginning, at least that they know of, capable of being modified by a variety of circumstances, like the breath in different musical instruments—and like a vapour, capable of passing from one body to another—and like a flame, liable to be extinguished, and totally annihilated."

They believe in the transmigration of souls; that a good man may become a god, a bad man a demon, and that man may be a god, demon, animal, or reptile, in various stages of existence; that when death seizes on one body, the principle of life immediately enters another form; that when a man or god has become perfection, the principle of life is totally annihilated, which, with Buddhists, is the highest altitude of bliss. The belief in the transmigration of souls is frequently curiously illustrated in the present day, for when a criminal is condemned to death for murder, he will at times threaten the judge that he will next assume the form of a wild beast or venomous reptile, for the purpose of being revenged. A Cingalese was

found guilty of a heinous murder, and condemned to die; before passing sentence of death upon the criminal, Sir Anthony Oliphant, the Chief Justice of Ceylon (who is as honest and benevolent a man as ever held a responsible office), asked him if he had anything to say. "Yes," said the culprit, "I have. You can make me die as a man, if you choose; but if you do, I shall assume, in one moment, the shape of a cobra copello, and will return and sting you to death; the Queen's advocate, his wife, the jury, their wives and children—not one shall escape my vengeance. So now condemn me to death if you dare."

Destruction of life is also forbidden by the Buddhist religion; therefore a good Buddhist will not take life, even from animals or reptiles, affirming that it is impossible to be assured that one of their near relations may not have assumed that shape. The Buddhists state that the world never had a beginning, never will have an end; that the universe is composed of innumerable worlds, each one like the other, but that the whole number of these worlds are constantly undergoing alteration; that when they have arrived at the highest state of perfection they decline; that when again reduced to chaos, they are re-invigorated, and gradually again arrive at perfection, again to undergo the same change or revolution. Each world, according to the Buddhist, is a system of heavens and hells, seas, rocks, and islands, being inhabited by gods, demons, and fabulous beings, who are mortal, having the same passions and desires as ourselves. The heavens or places of bliss vary, and before their gods can attain the highest heaven, they must undergo death, appearing in our world under a human form; then, if they are *perfect*, they go first to the highest heaven, after millions of ages have elapsed, they become totally annihilated. The gods and goddesses in these heavens are stated to be gigantic in stature, well formed, of a red complexion, very beautiful, and rays of light emanate from their bodies; as these beings are gradually promoted from one heaven to another, so do they increase in stature, beauty, and effulgence, until in one of the heavens the light which emanates from a single finger, is equal in dazzling splendour to ten thousand suns shining at

mid-day. In the various heavens the natures of the gods vary; in the higher ones, the sense and enjoyment of existence is more keen, the bodily powers greater, the physical beauty extreme, and all passions are subjugated more than in the lower ones, until in the highest heaven life itself is annihilated, being absorbed into space. The centre of these series of worlds they believe to be a rock, Maha-meru-parwate, which is placed under the lowest heaven, there being in all twenty-five heavens. We cannot give a correct idea of this system of worlds, heavens, and hells, without quoting from a most interestingly curious ancient Cingalese work, which has been most obligingly placed at our disposal:—

"The mountain of rock, which has ever existed before time was, and has been, for millions of ages, called Maha-meru-parwate, stands in the centre of the universe, under the lowermost of the twice ten and five heavens. This rock reposes half in ether, and half in the water, and measures more leagues in circumference than man could number, were he to count from the morning until the evening meal, or from the rising of the sun until the setting. This stupendous, beauteous rock, is of five colours, and has four sides; that which is nearest the sun when he rises is the colour of the heavens; the northerly, of the talipot flower in full blossom; whilst the centre is of the colour of a stream of molten gold. Maha-meru-parwate is supported by three rocks; under these three rocks is the abode of the serpents, whose varieties no living man can tell, nor the beauty of their skins. The serpents' dwelling-place is called Naga-bhaw-na, and is twice ten thousand leagues in circumference. Naga-bhaw-na rests upon a rock, which rests upon the water, which water rests upon air: thus the world is finished by air. Around Maha-meru-parwate are five and two rocky circles; between each circle runs boundless, bottomless salt water; and around the whole of these five and two circles, on the outside, is again the salt water. Who could measure its depth or width? Beneath this mighty body of waters are twice five places of torment: they are called Aivichi-maha-nara-he. About these twice five hells are twelve times ten minor places of torture: the name of these last is Osoput-narake."

It is most extraordinary that so irrational a system should have subsisted for ages. Every Cingalese and Kan-

dian scholar is as perfectly acquainted and conversant with this system, as he is with the household names of his gods and family. When asked to give some definite reason or explanation for this fabulous, unreasonable account, they will quote some Pali record, or say they know not why they believe the tale, but their fathers said it was all true. Maha-meru-parwate belongs to the god Sacrea, who sometimes quits his heaven to reside there in his beautiful ivory palace, which is surrounded by a garden, in which is a tree, a white cow, and an elephant of the same colour. The cow and tree possess the power of gratifying the desire of all those who wish as they gaze upon them.* The white elephant has the power of flight, and can pass from one heaven to another, when Sacrea wishes to visit his brother gods, provided that the heaven visited is inferior to the one in which Sacrea dwells, as the power of ascending stops when the elephant has reached Sacrea's dwelling-place. On Maha-meru-parwate reside the attendants of Sacrea, who are all accomplished musicians: these bear the human form; but those which serve as the body-guard of the god Sacrea, have square faces, one eye in the middle of the forehead, a hawk's bill for a nose, whilst wings issue from their shoulders. The king of one tribe of the gods who dwell under the rock of Maha-meru-parwate, at one period, in a paroxysm of rage, swallowed the sun and the moon, and now causes eclipses by stretching forth his left hand. In the Naga-bhaw-na dwell the snakes, who when on earth, in the form of man, were good and pious people, and were almost worthy to be made gods; but the sin of malice crept into their nature, and they will be snakes for a thousand million of ages, when they will become a superior race of gods. The snakes dwell in well-furnished houses, have a king, temple, and worship, according to the rites prescribed by Buddha: their castes are numerous, and the beauty of the females extreme. A flame plays about the bodies of these snakes, so there is no darkness in their region at night. Whatever they desire immediately appears before them;

but, if it is food it assumes the shape of a large frog. If these snakes were irritated they could exterminate the whole race of man, by one blast of their poisonous breath; but being kind and benevolent by nature, they only allow a small portion of breath to escape from their nostrils; and only when mankind are acting sinfully, by neglecting the ordinances of Buddha, then a slight blast ascends to the earth, which causes disease.

The beings or gods which dwell in the other rocks are of a different race; but as their history is of the same fabulous nature, we shall omit their names (which, although jaw-breaking, might easily have been simplified by giving all the one generic cognomen of legion), and proceed to describe the demons and places of torment or hells.

There are five ranks or classes of demons. Those of the first class, RAWKS-NA-SA, resemble men in form, but are of gigantic stature, being as tall as palmyra trees. Their propensities and dispositions are most savage, being furnished with lion's teeth, they seize and devour human beings, avoiding the seat of life to enable them to revel in the screams of their victims as they eat them. When men cannot be procured to be devoured they eat earth: These demons can walk upon and under the sea, but they cannot fly or ascend in the air. The YAK-SHY-AYA-YE are the second class: these demons possess neither the strength nor stature of the preceding; they have not the power of walking, but float upon the air. These creatures are found to inhabit houses, jungles, and caves, making hideous wailings and noises; they suck the blood of men and animals, causing sickness and death. The third class are the BUOO-TA-YO: these demon are *formless*, resembling a blast of hot air; they reside in tombs and the jungles, their sustenance being dirt; and their power is limited to causing alarm by their hideous yells. The fourth are the Prayta: these demons are hideous skeletons, with a tawny skin, through which every bone and muscle can be seen. They float upon the air; and although suffering continually from hunger and

* In the poetical works of Ceylon, a kind, charitable man is invariably compared to the umbrageous tree in the garden of Sacrea.

thirst, the food which is always before them vanishes as soon as they attempt to touch it; and their power of doing evil confined to alarming old people by their appearance. The fifth and last are the Pi-sat-cha: these demons are numberless, and resemble a blue cloud; their desires and powers are the same, in every respect, as the preceding class of demons. These evil spirits are worshipped by the Cingalese; and dances, called devil-dances, are continually taking place, to appease the wrath of some offended demon. Thus, if one of the family fall sick, or misfortune attends their undertakings, they call in a priest of the devil, offerings and dances being given to allay the anger of the demon. These devil-dances were introduced into Ceylon, in the third century of the Christian era, by one of the kings, Sri Sangabo, who attributed a plague and famine which desolated the island of Ceylon, to the aroused malignity of a red-eyed demon; and this superstitious worship of the devil was then established, and remains in use to this day. When a village or district is said to be under the influence of a demon, one or two pulpits are erected, which are made by tying together split bamboo: these are decorated with various ornamental devices, formed with the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree and flowers. The priest of the devil makes offerings of money, fruit, and flowers to the demon, in the name of the whole village. Tom-tom beaters attend—the kapua, or dancers, being also priests of the devil, who dance, in honour of the demon, before the pulpit, where the first-named priest reads a species of incantation, imploring the demon to be appeased, and depart from the village. The kapua, or devil-dancers are usually well-grown, active men, and wear on their arms and ankles several hollow brass rings: they keep time to the tom-tom beaters by shaking their head, whilst the clanking of the bracelets and anklets make a species of accompaniment. The evolutions of the dancer are rapid; his gestures lascivious and indecent; as he becomes excited with the music and the dance, his flesh will quiver, his eyeballs become fixed and staring, as if he could, or would, discern the

form of the offended demon: whilst in this state he will predict the cause of the aroused wrath of the demon, the fate or fortune of individuals. These dances are held at night, by torchlight; and no scene can be imagined more painfully impressive than to witness the frantic gestures of the devil-dancer, with his long, dishevelled hair streaming over his shoulders, the blue flame from the torches flickering and casting an unearthly light on all around, whilst the dusky spectators remain motionless, gazing, with staring eyes, on the dancer; the huge tropical trees waving over the heads of all, as if calmly deriding, although compelled to witness, these unhallowed rites and vicious orgies, which invariably wind up a devil-dance. When a member of a family is sick, and a devil-dance is held, to mollify the tormenting demon, it usually takes place in the garden which is attached to every dwelling in Ceylon, however humble. A temporary altar is erected and decorated as before described—the same rites being enacted, the same scenes of vice too frequently ensuing. Whilst sojourning in the land of the heathen, how frequently have our hearts mourned over our domestic servants, when they have solicited permission to attend a devil-dance: remonstrance was useless; for if permission were not granted, they would quit the service rather than forego attending this unhallowed rite. Missionaries boast of the multitude of converts made in Ceylon. Alas! alas! strangely do they omit to mention the number of these professed converts who attend devil-dances, and make offerings to Buddha, his temples, and priests.

The places of torment are described to be a series of hells, made of copper, and of a square form, piled one above the other. In these burn unextinguishable fires of intense heat and fury; each hell in descending becoming a degree hotter than that which is immediately above, until the lowest is reached, where “the fire is more intense than can be even thought of; for could we convey the idea to our mind, we must inevitably be consumed by the reflection of the thought.”* Those who have transgressed the laws of Buddha are con-

damned to different hells of greater or less heat, according to the magnitude of their crimes. Thus, those who have only erred in thought are placed in the hell of the lowest temperature; and as the crimes deepen in turpitude, the culprit is placed in a hotter hell, until the one which is the hottest is allotted to the murderer. Every sin has punishment assigned, usually of a retributive nature: thus, for murder, the culprit is condemned to be butchered perpetually by the same means which were used to deprive his victim of life. Thieving is punished by the thief having continually before him what appear to be jewels and gems of inestimable value: by an irresistible impulse he is compelled to seize them, when they turn to fire in his grasp. Adultery is punished by the man being compelled to climb up a tall and jagged tree after the partner of his guilt, who allures him up the tree, by standing on its topmost branch, which he no sooner gains than she eludes his grasp, and appears at the foot of the tree, which he quickly slides down, tearing his flesh fearfully in the descent; when the bottom of the tree is attained, the female again is at the topmost branch—this scene being perpetually repeated. The adulteress is perpetually punished, by attempting to throw herself into the arms of her paramour, who immediately becomes a venomous snake, inflicting a painful wound on her breasts. Those who have drank spirituous liquors, or indulged in drunkenness, have constantly a molten stream of burning lead poured down their throats. Liars have their tongues perpetually gashed with burning shears; in short, every offence has its own peculiar punishment allotted. Those who have broken Buddha's laws one hundred times, or as the Cingalese express it, "on ten times ten occasions," are to endure continual hunger and thirst, to be impaled on red hot stakes, to be chopped and chipped like wood, and to have the eyeballs, hair, and nails, plucked out with burning pincers. Those who have sinned more frequently are to be very fat and fleshy, their tormentors being ravenous beasts of prey, who will tear out their bowels without injuring a vital part; and this last punishment is added to the former ones.

The most terrible of all the places of torment is the *Locarnan-tarika*.

This hell is made of moist clay; no light being admitted, the criminals here suffer from intense cold, darkness, ravenous hunger, and consuming thirst, which compel them to tear each other to pieces; devouring the living flesh to appease hunger, and drinking the warm blood to allay the unquenchable thirst. They suffer the pangs of death constantly, immediately afterwards returning to life, to undergo the same torments, which never diminish in duration or agony. Those who are condemned to suffer in this place of torture, are criminals who have committed unpardonable sins, such as those who have defied or scoffed at Buddha or his ordinances, defiled or injured his temples, or opposed his worship, did not worship the gods, or murdered a priest, parent, or teacher—all of these offences are looked upon by the Buddhist as the most heinous sins which human nature is capable of committing.

In accordance with the preceding irrational system are the physical causes by which, the Cingalese contend, that the universe is governed, every phenomenon of nature, they affirm, being produced by the means or with the concurrence of, various gods, or *because it was to be*—never attempting to adduce reason or proof in confirmation of their assertions. The sun, moon, stars, meteors, and the whole of the heavenly bodies are asserted to be various gods, who live in magnificent mansions, which are continually illuminated, and are drawn about from place to place in the heavens, at fixed periods, by deer, horses, and elephants; thus, when the sun rises, he is commencing a journey; when setting, he is gone to the other side of *Maha-mara-parvate*, which is under the water; and the same theory is applied to the moon, stars, meteors, planets, comets, and the whole host of heavenly bodies. When the gods quarrel one with the other, then storms or whirlwinds are produced, by the elements being set in commotion, through the noise and turmoil which is occasioned by the loud voices of the gods. Their will or caprice causes rain to descend in a genial shower to refresh vegetation, or to deluge the earth with torrents, which cause floods, destroying plantations, and inundating houses. A shooting star they affirm to be the spirit of a

god which has just quitted the body, and is about to enter another form; the milky way is produced by a huge snake, who leaves in the path already traversed innumerable illuminated scales, or portions of skin. The phenomena of the tides is accounted for by the Cingalese in the following unreasonable, absurd manner—they state that over the uppermost hell is an immense pit, which could contain the whole ocean if necessary, and by this means, prevent the land from being inundated; the water which is in the pit is heated from the fire that burns in the uppermost hell; the tides being produced by the heat and vapour, arising from the hot water mixing with the cold, as the former leaves the pit. The system of the constant changes of the various worlds is thus accounted for—as man becomes wicked, so the world degenerates, until all is involved in ruin; then a new world arises from the chaotic mass, which gradually reaches perfection as mankind improve in virtue. When arrived at the highest acmé of perfection, man is sure to become wicked, when the world again degenerates; between each chaos and regeneration millions of ages elapse, which, let them be defined by numbers as they will, no mortal can duly estimate. The period which elapses between one chaos and another is called *Maha-Kalpé*. We must again resort to the ancient Cingalese work before alluded to, to give an adequately correct idea of this extraordinary and singular system, which, from its very strangeness, we believe and trust will prove as interesting to our readers as it has to ourselves:—

“*Maha-Kalpé* is ended by chaos; this is caused by fire, water, and the wind, which destroy all; but fire will consume to a cinder all vestiges of the world which wind and water have left unscathed. No part of the world is spared the *Brach-mea-lo-ches*.* The fire burns for ten millions of years; the rain then descends from *Brach-mea-lo-ches*, which inundates the earth, and extinguishes the flames. For ten centuries does the rain fall; after that time it ceases, and the whole earth is a mass of mire and rocks. In due time the

flower *Na-loon*† pushes its graceful stem from out the earth. Upon the branches of the *Na-loon*, which grows until it reaches the *Brach-mea-lo-ches*, are suspended robes and clothing for the Buddhas, which are to appear in this world during the *Maha-Kalpé*; the number of Buddhas may be five, or it may be a single one. When *Na-loon* has reached *Brach-mea-lo-ches*, then ten gods descend to the earth. The gods are soon actuated by the same desires which dwell in the heart of men. Are not lust, gluttony, and anger, inherent to the heart of men? The gods catch these passions from dwelling on earth. The gods' persons assume the human shape—some are males, some are females; they eat of the fruits which spring up spontaneously. Children are born, these multiply; families soon are numerous, they choose rulers and chiefs, laws are made, castes are formed, and the human race goes on multiplying in numbers, and increasing in sin, until for their crimes all earthly things degenerate; the *Maha-Kalpé* ends, again all things are chaos.”

In a *Maha-Kalpé* to come, they believe that men will become sinful in the extreme. *Buddha's* laws will be neglected, and his shrines desecrated; murder, rapine, and plunder, will take place at noonday. The number of man's days on earth will gradually decrease until his age will not exceed *twice five years*; then a scroll will be found affixed to a virgin talipot tree that has never borne fruit, on which will be written the following words:—“In five and two days a mighty rain will deluge the land; all those upon whom this rain falls will be changed into ravenous beasts of prey, and devour each other; those that have but one seed of virtue remaining, keep your bodies dry.” “In those parts of the world where a virgin talipot tree is not to be found, then a sonorous voice will be heard to announce the warning. Nearly all will be wetted with the rain, be changed into wild beasts, and will devour each other; the few that remain on earth will gradually amend their ways, and as they improve in virtue, their lives will be prolonged until they attain immense length of days, powerful mental capabilities, and extreme personal beauty,

* This is one of their numerous heavens.

† A most beautiful species of the pink lotus.

combined with gigantic stature. According to the Cingalese belief, nothing remains stationary. When arrived at perfection, mankind will again degenerate, until all again is involved in destruction and chaos, again to be renewed. We have endeavoured to give, as briefly as possible consistent with necessary information, an outline of the fabulous history of the Cingalese system of worlds, which we believe will be found interesting alike to the antiquarian and general reader.

Buddha is a derivation from the *Pali* word *Buddi*, which signifies wisdom; and this term is applied to a man, or men, who is, or are, distinguished beyond his or their fellows for mental capability, learning, and piety. The Cingalese belief is, that in every *Maha-Kalpé* a certain number of Buddhas are to appear on this earth, who from their good example will cause mankind to reform, and restore religion to its primitive purity. The Buddhists compare their religion to a tree, which is occasionally in full health and vigour, bearing leaves, flowers, and fruit: at other times the tree is destitute of verdure, leafless and almost lifeless; and this natural comparison is simply and beautifully poetical.

We have previously remarked that the introduction of Buddhism into the world is buried in the obscurity of past ages; but from the early period at which Buddhistical tenets reigned dominant in the breasts of a large portion of the human race, no doubt can remain in the mind of the inquirer, that Buddhism was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of all human religions, codes of morality, and forms of worship. The Buddhist asserts that the laws and system have been handed from generation to generation, by a succession of prophets, who appeared on earth at fixed intervals; centuries elapsing between the visits of these prophets or Buddhas. Six hundred years before the Christian era, twenty-four of these prophets or Buddhas had visited this world, when the son of one of the kings of Northern India, for his learning, piety, and sinless life, was raised to the rank of Buddha: through him the ancient

religion was restored to its original purity; he instructed priests in its tenets; and when he quitted this world, to be absorbed into the first principle of all things, these priests remained to instruct the world, and inculcate the principles, doctrines, and laws of Buddha. It is utterly impossible to affirm whether the twenty-four prophets or Buddhas which appeared on earth, are fabulous beings or not; but the two last Buddhas, prophets (what cognomen to apply to these beings we know not) were men and mortals, is fully proved from history. *Kassapo* was the Buddha which appeared before *Goutama*, whilst *Goutama*, the last Buddha which appeared, did not become Buddha till the sixth century antecedent to the Christian era. We read in Knighton, p. 66:—"Whether the preceding Buddhas had a personal existence or not, cannot now be decided; but we can scarcely doubt of the humanity and substantiality of the two last—*Kassapo* and *Goutama*—inasmuch as the faith of the first had extended to China before the appearance of the second; whilst the latter was, in fact, unknown in that vast empire till about the second century of the Christian era."* Five Buddhas are to appear in the present *Maha-Kalpé*; four have appeared, the last being *Goutama*; the one to come is *Nitra-Buddha*, who is predestined to appear on earth at a stated period, but the precise time is not known. The last Buddha, *Goutama*, is the chief object of veneration and worship with rigid Buddhists, although the whole number of Buddhas, with many of the gods, are worshipped by multitudes. To give a correct idea of the belief and principles of Buddhism, we must sketch an outline of the life of the last Buddha; by so doing, we shall impart information concerning the history of the preceding three Buddhas, as the principal occurrences in their lives exactly coincide. The history of *Goutama* Buddha is most voluminous, the Cingalese asserting that ten hundred thick books have been written, and they do not contain the whole history of his life. The style of the work, like most Asiatic writings, is high-flown and hyperbolic.

* This interesting fact is proved by the account of Buddhism as then existing in China, given by Fa-hian, in his collection of Buddhist tracts.

cal, abounding in extraordinary relations and exaggerations. We shall be as concise and matter of fact as will be consistent with the manner and style of the work; and should our readers feel disposed to yawn and call out "*trashy nonsense*," we entreat them to apply the term to the Buddhist writer of the life of *Goutama Buddha*, and not to the Christian translator and condenser of the same.

The being who became *Goutama Buddha* previously underwent every variety and stage of existence, having been born many millions of times. To confirm this assertion, the Cingalese writer says—"Were the bodies collected merely in each instance of abortion, which occurred to him in the common course of things, they would form a mass which would surpass in size the magnitude of the earth."

In the state of being which preceded that of *Buddha*, he was a god of *Tvasitaderiulorhe*, his name being *Svata-katu*. A thousand years before *Svata-katu* became *Buddha*, a man with a golden branch in his hand flew through ten thousand worlds, announcing to the gods that *Buddha* would appear at the expiration of one thousand years. As soon as this intelligence was heard, the gods in a body went to the heaven where *Svata-katu* dwelt,

inform him that the period had arrived when he must quit his heavenly home, and descend to earth to become *Buddha*, as his piety, learning, and spotless life had qualified him to fill that post. Time does not exist in the heavens of a Cingalese, thousands of years being but as a moment, and millions of ages but as one week. Thus no sooner had the gods heard the messenger proclaim that *Buddha* would appear on earth in a thousand years, than the prescribed time had elapsed.

On receiving the deputation of the gods, *Svata-katu* desired a moment for reflection, to be enabled to examine himself as to his fitness and capability for becoming *Buddha*. After due deliberation, *Svata-katu* declared his willingness to become *Buddha*, more especially as mankind now lived to be one hundred and twenty years of age; therefore they must be virtuous, or they would not have attained the privilege of living unto that advanced age—consequently the world was in a fit state to receive benefit from pious precepts and example. *Svata-katu*

declared that he should be born of the queen *Maha-ya-davea*, the wife of *Sodo-den Rajah-Roo*, who lived at *Kapilla-wastoo-pooro*, and that the world in which he should become *Buddha* should be *Damba-diva*. Immediately afterward *Svata-katu* vanished from his heaven, and entered the womb of the queen *Maha-ya-davea*.

Towards the termination of the period of gestation, the queen, whilst walking in one of the pleasure-gardens of the palace, felt an irresistible desire to gather some flowers that grew beyond her reach; scarcely had the wish flashed across her mind, when the bunch of flowers fell over towards her hand. The instant the flowers touched her person the pangs of childbirth commenced. Immediately the queen *Maha-ya-davea* was surrounded by gods; and in one instant the child was born, who, the moment he was in the world, walked seven steps forward in a straight line; but to the assembled circle of gods, the child appeared to be advancing towards each individual god. The king *Sodo-den*, lost in amazement and consternation, sent for his most renowned astrologers to unravel the meaning of these remarkable circumstances. After much deliberation, the astrologers declared that the child then born would be either *Buddha* or a god. A renowned astrologer, who dwelt in a far distant part of the kingdom, called *He-male*, whilst gazing on the heavens, heard sounds which were expressive of great joy—the gods proclaiming that the child just born, which was called *Sidhartha*, the son of *Sodo-den*, would become *Buddha*. Off hies the sage in the greatest haste to the court of *Sodo-den*, and entreats that he may be allowed to see the precious infant. As the sage was a good man and renowned astrologer, *Sodo-den* granted his request, ordering his attendants to fetch the new-born infant. As soon as the child was brought into the king's presence, *Sodo-den* tried to make the infant salame the sage, by joining the little hands together; but the child, instead of salame the sage, placed his feet upon the head of the good man. The sage then examined the infant, and found upon his person the distinguishing marks of *Buddha*—namely, the thirty-two spots of beauty on his body, and two hundred and sixteen emblems on the soles of his

feet, and the eighty inferior symbols, which were indicative of his destiny. This aged sage wept tears of joy and sorrow; of joy, at beholding the infant which was to become Buddha—of sorrow, because he must quit this life before the child should become Buddha. "Know, mighty *Sodo-den*, Rajah-roo, that thy son *Sid-harte*, before he can arrive at the felicitous honour of becoming Buddha, will forsake the world, giving up thy kingdom, and all its attendant grandeur, to prepare himself, by meditation, for the great honour which has been in store for him for tens of millions of centuries. Four events will cause thy son *Sid-harte* to quit the luxuries which surround him and thee. When he beholds a man debilitated by disease and sorrow, an aged man whose hair will be white as the running stream, a lifeless body, whereon the land-crabs are banquetting, and a *Tapissas*,* then will *Sid-harte*, thy son, leave thy dwelling never more to gladden thy sight." The astrologer departed on his homeward journey, and shortly afterwards died. *Sid-harte* grew up, was a dutiful son, studied deeply, and paid profound respect to the good and learned. At that period the religion of *Brahma* was the one that was followed by *Sodo-den* and his subjects: the king, not appreciating the high destiny to which his son was called as Buddha, and wishing him to ascend the throne after his death, exerted his authority and influence to prevent *Tapissas* from gaining access to the young prince—bearing the prophecy in mind, *Sodo-den* caused the sick and aged people, and those who were likely to die, to be moved outside the city walls: every rampart was put into a thorough state of repair, and fifteen hundred men were stationed at each of the four gates to prevent the ingress of the sick, aged, or *Tapissas*. *Sodo-den* sought to bind *Sid-harte* to the world by every possible means; thus when his son had entered his seventeenth year, the king sought the hand of a most beautiful and fascinating princess, to be to him given in marriage. This princess was called *Yassa-deva-davie*, and was the only daughter of the king whose realms bordered on those of

Sodo-den. She was so exquisitely lovely in face and form, that no mortal man ever gazed upon her without becoming the slave of her fascinations. The marriage was celebrated with all due solemnity, and great rejoicings took place on the auspicious occasion; but these rejoicings were redoubled when, in nine months and three days after the marriage, the lovely Princess *Yassa-deva-davie* presented *Sid-harte* with a son. The king, *Sodo-den*, now was happy, and in his felicity appeared to forget the sage's prophecy and his former fears, and for years nought occurred to cause him an uneasy thought. Upon the day the Prince *Sid-harte* had entered his thirtieth year, he determined to visit a member of the royal family to acknowledge the gorgeous present which had been sent him. *Sid-harte*, who had resolved to pay this visit in all due form, desired the attendance of the chief or prime minister, *Chan-na*. As *Sid-harte* was about to enter his howdah (which was borne by his favourite elephant, who was most richly caparisoned, the trappings being one mass of gold and precious jewels), his gaze was attracted and arrested by the appearance of an aged man, whose tottering, attenuated limbs appeared unequal to the task of supporting his body. *Sid-harte* asked *Chan-na* to explain to him the meaning of this wonderful spectacle.

"Know, mighty and powerful prince," said *Chan-na*, "that the spectacle thou beholdest, although new to thee, is what ordinary mortals witness daily; that tottering man is but borne down by the weight of many years. He is old, *Sid-harte*, and all born of woman must become infirm under the burden of numerous days."

The words of *Chan-na* sank deep into the heart of *Sid-harte*, for his mind was filled with the thought that all that he loved—wife, children, mother, and father—now revelling in all their full bodily powers, must even become a piteous spectacle, like unto the aged, infirm, tottering man whom he had just seen. The visit was paid, but *Sid-harte* returned to his father's palace with a saddened brow. On the first day of the following moon, *Sid-harte* resolved upon visiting his favorite pleasure-garden. On his way

thither, attended by the chief officers of his household, he beheld a man lying on the ground, moaning piteously.

"Why does that man give utterance to those sounds?" inquired *Sid-harte* of the minister, *Chan-na*.

"Because, mighty master, he is sick and racked by agonising pain. All that are born of woman are liable to disease and suffering."

"I go not to my garden to-day—my heart is sad. My adored wife, my beloved offspring, my honoured and revered parents, may be suffering from bodily agony, whilst I might be enjoying and inhaling the sweets diffused around from the perfume of my flowers."

On the last day of the same moon, *Sid-harte* yielded to the solicitations of *Yassa-deva-davie*, and ordered the court to attend him on an excursion of pleasure, to his favourite garden. The gorgeous retinue stopped at the entrance of the garden; the coming of *Sid-harte* had not been announced, therefore guards were not at the garden to receive him. Lying before the garden entrance was the putrifying body of a man, the features completely destroyed by the filthy and abhorrent land crabs, who were disporting in myriads over and about the body, on which they had feasted.

"What horrible object is that which meets my eye? The eyeless sockets appear to glare on me, as the reptiles creep from out the cavern of the skull. Unfold to me this mystery, learned *Chan-na*."

"*Sid-harte*, that horrible object which meets thine eye is the putrifying body of a dead man; the casket, that now is a disgusting and unsightly object to gaze upon, but one moon ago was full of life, energy, and vigour. Know, mighty prince, that all that are born of woman must die. Some live for many years—some only to the period when the mental and bodily powers are at their zenith; but old and young, high-born and humble, the strong and the weak, the learned and the ignorant—all alike are born of woman, and must die."

As *Sid-harte*, wrapt in profound thought, prepared to enter his howdah, a *Tapissa* passed by, dressed in the robes of his office.

"Of what caste is that man, and why is he thus attired? Canst thou

answer me these questions, learned *Chan-na*?"

"Powerful prince, that man is a *Tapissa*, and he wears the robes of his office. By a spotless life, meditation, and benefiting his brother man, he seeks to overcome the five great evils which attend man—disease and pain, old age and infirmity, and the loss of life. All, *Sid-harte*, that are born of woman are subject to these evils."

"Then, learned *Chan-na*, if a spotless life, prayer, meditation, and performing acts to benefit mankind, can overcome these five great evils, it were well did I and thou follow in the *Tapissa*'s steps. I, *Sid-harte*, the son and heir of the mighty king *Sodo-den*, devote the remainder of my days to overcome these five great evils; I, *Sid-harte* the son of *Sodo-den*, will become a priest. I have said it—who shall try to make me lie, or attempt to induce me, by persuasion or force, to break my word?"

The retinue of the prince returned to the palace. *Sid-harte*, buried in profound thought, sought the privacy and solitude of the innermost chamber of his princely abode. The noise of rejoicing and revelry resounded through the palace, as the king had ordered the attendance of his nobles, the most celebrated dancers, singers, and musicians, as he now gave an entertainment, by which he hoped to dispel the melancholy of his son. When the shades of evening fell on all around, *Sid-harte* desired his chief eunuch to summon the minister, *Chan-na*, into his presence. The summons was obeyed. Before *Sid-harte*, in an attitude of salutation, stood the faithful minister.

"*Chan-na*, I am about to leave my palace, to behold it no more—wilt accompany me?"

"Mighty prince, I am but the slave of thy bidding—thou hast but to command, I to obey."

"*Chan-na*, the sight of age, disease, and death dwell on my mind—I must conquer these great evils. Ought I to dwell here, surrounded by all which can minister to my pleasure, whilst my fellow-men suffer?"

"Mighty prince, it is thy destiny; thou art the son of the powerful king *Sodo-den*—care and sorrow dare not molest thee."

"Hold thy peace, *Chan-na*; wouldst thou flatterer? Though I, *Sid-harte*,

am the son of the mighty *Sodo-den*, am I not a man born of woman—therefore subject, like all human beings, to disease, old age, and death? I tarry here no longer—follow me.”

“*Sid-harte*, mighty master, this night canst thou not depart. Heardest thou not the song of joy, sang by the princess’ women, to celebrate the birth of thy son? This night the great *Yassa-devu-davie* has brought into the world an infant. *Sid-harte*, thy humble slave, *Chan-na*, greets thee—thou art again a father.”

“*Chan-na*, this intelligence saddens me; but my resolve remains unshaken. I depart—but I dare not see my beloved spouse or my children; I can leave them, but I cannot say farewell. The sight of my new-born son, nestling on his beauteous mother’s bosom, would unfit me for my task—perchance my babe might entwine his tiny fingers around mine—I could not withstand this silent appeal to my heart. The little fingers, that one rude pressure could snap in twain, would prove to me more binding than chains of adamant or iron. My beloved wife might speak of the future bliss that we were to share—together; for *Yassa-devu-davie* and *Sid-harte* there can be no future—we are twain. Wife, children, parents, throne—I sacrifice at the shrine of duty. The flood-gates of my heart are opened—tears of agony roll down my cheeks at the bitter thought, that I no more shall behold the cherished, beloved wife of my bosom, my offspring—and her children—the honoured parents who gave me birth, and all I hold dear; but *Chan-na*, I, *Sid-harte*, must throw aside all human feeling, to be enabled to conquer the five great evils, to which all born of woman are subject. Let my steed, *Kan-dek-ka*, await me at the eastern portal of my private garden. Adieu, all that I love! *Sid-harte* thou ne’er will see more; but the memory of past happiness is enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart’s core. Wilt thou follow me, *Chan-na*? To exile and poverty—I lead thee.”

“To the portals of suffering and death will I follow thee. Should thou, *Sid-harte*, enter the portal, I *Chan-na*, thy humble, unworthy slave, tread in thy footsteps.”

Mounted on his favourite black steed, *Kan-dek-ka*, *Sid-harte* and

Chan-na quitted the city—the gate through which they passed flying open to allow them free egress. *Sid-harte* allowed his horse to follow which path he chose: on bounded the noble *Kan-dek-ka* until he came to the river *Anoma-ganga*, which the horse sprang over, then voluntarily stopped. *Sid-harte* and *Chan-na* alighted: the prince then cut off his long tresses with his scimitar, throwing the severed hair toward heaven; the god *Sacrea* caught the tresses, and caused them to be sent to *Tonsita*, to be preserved in a Dagobah. *Sid-harte* then proceeded to take off his royal robes: in a minute the king of a tribe of gods, called *Maha-Brachmae*, stood at his side with the necessary apparel and equipments for a priest. These consisted of two sets of yellow robes, a scarf to gird about the loins, a girdle, a bowl to contain food, a coarse cloth through which water was to be strained, a razor to shave the head, and a coarse needle to enable *Sid-harte* to repair his own robes. All these articles had been taken from the flower *Naloon*, at the commencement of the *Maha-Kalpe*, and been carefully preserved by the god *Maha-Brachmae*. *Sid-harte* attired himself in the priestly robes, solemnly abjuring rank, power, and grandeur; and ordered the minister to return to the palace, informing the king that he had abjured for ever his former position, and had become a priest; and to bear the royal robes to *Yassa-devu-davie*, as a farewell gift from him who had been her husband, but who now was a priest. *Chan-na* implored his master to allow him to follow him, but *Sid-harte* would not accede to this; but insisted that *Chan-na* should return, and desired him to mount *Kan-dek-ka*. Being compelled to obey, the minister returned to the king *Sodo-den*, and imparted the sorrowful intelligence. Deep was the grief that filled the hearts of *Sodo-den* and *Yassa-devu-davie* when *Chan-na* told them they would not again behold *Sid-harte*, and nought but sounds of wailing were heard in the palace. *Sid-harte* now wandered from place to place; his only means of support being the alms that were bestowed upon him by the charitable. He performed various acts of devotion, such as remaining motionless for a lengthened period, looking upon the sun at noon-day, standing in the midst of fires,

and, at times, for weeks together ate nothing save the leaves of trees. These acts of devotion or penance are termed *tapass*; and it was whilst performing a most painful *tapass* that *Sid-harte* had five dreams, which led him to believe that he speedily would become Buddha. The demons tried to seduce *Sid-harte* from the path of virtue by every means in their power, and when allurements failed, intimidations were resorted to; but these proved as unavailing as the temptations. One night *Sid-harte* was assailed by the demons, who showered upon him missiles of every description: but the gods came to his aid, the demons being completely vanquished and subjugated. Before the morning dawned, *Sid-harte* had become conversant with every description of knowledge; he had gained the wisdom which made him Buddha; he could recite the whole number of his previous births, his acquirements, and great virtues; he had the faculty of diving into the secrets of futurity, and unravelling the events of past ages; the keenness of his perception, and great wisdom, enabled him to understand every thought of the human heart, and all sciences; all lust and worldly desires were subdued or banished from his heart, and the capability to appreciate the extreme bliss of his present condition was bestowed upon him. *Sid-harte* was now called *Goutama Buddha*, having twelve thousand other appellations, which we will not attempt to give. For the first nine weeks after becoming Buddha he took no food or sleep, remaining wrapt in meditation. Disciples and adherents flocked from every part of the world to become followers of *Goutama Buddha*—many miracles were worked by him, and his life was most exemplary. The principal part of *Goutama's* latter days were passed at *Kassu-ratta*, living in a magnificent temple which had been built for him by one of his wealthy followers. Here he passed his time in inculcating the doctrines of Buddhism, and benefiting mankind. Occasionally he travelled into strange lands, and visited *Lanka-diva*, Ceylon, three times; and upon quitting Ceylon the last time, he left the impress of his

foot upon the highest mountain in the island, which is called Adam's Peak.* *Davy's "Ceylon,"* p. 215, contains the following account of *Goutama Buddha*:—

"His days he devoted to men, in preaching to them, and converting them, and his nights to the gods, who assembled to listen to him. He was so successful in convincing those whom he addressed of the truth of his doctrines, that he often daily converted many *Asou heyas* (a number too immense to be comprehended). The powers which he exercised in reforming mankind were more than human, and were quite miraculous. He could assume any form he chose. He could multiply himself many hundred times, or produce the appearance of many hundred Buddhas, in every respect like himself, with rays of light issuing from every pore of their skin, differently occupied, some standing, some sitting, and some preaching. He could go any distance in a moment, even as fast as thought, through the air, under the water, or under the earth. When he preached, his face appeared to all the audience, though surrounding him in a circle.† People of all languages understood him: and all, however distant, heard him distinctly, excepting those who were as the dead, and though close to him heard nothing. A learned man who followed him, during six months, to ascertain if he were the true Buddha, never saw the impression of his foot, nor even a flower bent on which he trod, or a cushion pressed on which he sat. His good qualities, his extraordinary powers, are said to have been boundless, and to baffle description."

Goutama died in his eighty-ninth year, after having been Buddha forty-seven years, during which period he had made many converts, and reformed a large portion of his fellow-creatures. The god *Sueru* attended the death-bed of *Goutama Buddha*, and promised to watch over his religion for five thousand years. At the expiration of that period, *Goutama* promised to reappear on earth to perform miracles; after which the elements of his being would become absorbed in space, and annihilated for ever. As soon as *Goutama Buddha* died, his body was deposited in a golden coffin, which

* A full description of Adam's Peak will be given in due course.

† Does the reader remember the miracle of his birth?

was placed upon a pyre of sandal-wood one hundred and thirty cubits in height.* The flames did not consume the whole of the body—a tooth was preserved; some of the flesh became particles of gold, a portion of the bones pearls, the remainder being distributed about various parts of the world, more especially Ceylon, where the relics are preserved in a dome-topped building called *Dagobah*; and a *Dagobah* is considered as sacred as a *Widhare*, or temple which is dedicated to the service of Buddha. Tradition states that *Goutama Buddha* is now, in *Ni-wane*, which is the ultimate reward and resting-place of all Buddhas and good men. The priests will not give any definite idea of *Ni-wane*, saying that it is a religious mystery which they are forbidden to enter upon or discuss. *Ni-wane* is a compound of two Cingalese words, *ni* and *wane*—the first signifies “no,” the last “thirst.” Some suppose that *Ni-wane* means utter annihilation; and from the opinion we have heard expressed by Cingalese scholars, who were learned men and rigid followers of Buddha, we coincide in the definition of the term. The state of supreme bliss is invariably alluded to as complete absorption or annihilation; and the natural conclusion must be, that one who from his virtues had become *Buddha* must enjoy the most superlative degree of happiness promised by the sacred writings. This heathen idea of bliss appears extraordinary to a mind which has been blest and enlightened by the truths of the Christian religion: the Buddhist looking for reward and bliss in absolute annihilation of spirit and being—the Christian, in dwelling to all eternity in the mansion prepared for the pardoned sinner.

The Cingalese date from the death of *Goutama Buddha*; and although it is most difficult to ascertain the exact year in which he lived or died, we believe that this year 1849 is reckoned by the Cingalese as 2393 after Buddha; and we are borne out in this belief by Davy, who states that 1821 of the Christian era corresponded to 2364 after Buddha.

We will now proceed to give an outline of Buddhism, the tenets and

principles which were inculcated by *Goutama*; and, as far as it is practicable for a heathen code of morality or religion to be good, we believe Buddhaical doctrines and precepts to be the best pagan religion known. The principal tenets of Buddhism are, that mind and matter are both immortal; that mankind have come into their present condition from a numberless series of transmigrations, which extend backwards for an immense period; and these transmigrations will continue for ever. We have previously stated that Buddhists are absolute materialists—the dogma of eternity of matter being continually inculcated; they believe this world always has existed, and will exist for ever; that it will be frequently destroyed, and will be reproduced. In one respect the religion of Buddha resembles that of the Christian—the Buddhist affirming that sin, sorrow, disease, and death, were not always the portion of mankind, but were caused by the ungovernable passions of disobedience, lust, avarice, and lying, being indulged in by man. The gods, according to the Buddhist, are spirits of an immortal nature, whose power and knowledge, although vast, is limited, and although far superior to mankind in intelligence and wisdom, are immeasurably the inferiors of the successive Buddhas which have appeared on earth. In a Cingalese work, entitled “*Sutra Pitaka*,” which contains some of the precepts and sermons of *Goutama Buddha*, we read the following accounts of the gods:—

“Living beings first appeared by an apparitional birth, subsisting on the element of felicity, illuminated by their own effulgence, moving through the air, delightfully located, and existed in unity and concord. This was the original condition of man; but human nature could not remain in this condition—sin and lust entered the world, and man became a wicked creature. Twenty-four god-like men appeared in succession, whose lives were holy and pure. In the revolutions of countless ages they appeared; their sojourn on earth, although fraught with misery to themselves, did not materially benefit mankind, when I, *Goutama Buddha*, ap-

* A cubit in Ceylon is the length of a man's forearm, measuring from the elbow to the top of the middle finger.

peared on earth in my present form. I am the most exalted in the world—I am the chief in the world—I am the most excellent in the world. This is my last birth; hereafter there is to me no other generation. One more Buddha is yet to come—then shall cease the present order of things."

It is stated that *Goutama* did not write out either his precepts or discourses, and that written records did not appear until centuries after his decease. The Cingalese antiquarian scholar affirms, that *Goutama's* doctrines, precepts, and traditions, were handed down by his disciples from one generation to another, until, in the reign of *Wallagarn Bahoo*, king of Ceylon, which was four centuries after *Goutama Buddha's* death, the whole of his precepts, discourses, and doctrines, were collected and transcribed by learned priests, who dwelt in *Aloolena*, in the district of *Mutele*. This collection comprises the complete system of Buddhism, but the works are so voluminous, that no living man has ever been able to read the whole. The works, although rare, are still to be found in Ceylon, and these sacred writings are the authorities resorted to by the Buddhist in all disputed or doubtful points in their religion; and the Cingalese maintain most positively that the establishment of their religion, mode of worship, and doctrine, are in strict accordance with these works. The number of these sacred works are five—the names as follow:—

Sangoot-Sangia—the valuable collection; *Angotra-Sangia*—the elementary collection; *Dik-Sangia*—the long collection; *Medoon-Sangia*—the middling collection; *Koodoogot-Sangia*—the remaining collection. The whole of these works are written in countless volumes, and are complete, with the exception of the *Angotra-Sangia*, which was in twenty-five volumes, but unfortunately some of the volumes are missing.

The life of *Goutama* was in strict accordance with Buddhicaal tenets; he was chaste, temperate, and humble; he went from village to village preaching his doctrines, and permitted his disciples and followers to write down his discourses. The doctrines inculcated by *Goutama* were faith in the *Buddhas*, confidence in the gods, and the efficacy of charity and good works. Invariably followed by multitudes,

and attended by innumerable priests and disciples, *Goutama* travelled from place to place, asking no alms, but receiving all that were freely offered; simple in manners, humbly austere in deportment, he courted not the smiles of the great, nor did he heed their frowns when he deemed it necessary to administer rebukes, or admonish them concerning their sinfully licentious lives. The discourses and doctrines of *Goutama Buddha* would not have disgraced a more enlightened age; he inculcated the necessity of subjugating the passions, charity to our poorer brethren, good will to our neighbours, and kindness to animals. We subjoin a few of his precepts, and the substance of one of his discourses. The precepts are extracted from the *Damna Padan*, or the Footsteps of Religion:—

"All the religion of Buddha is contained in these three precepts: 'Purify thy mind; 'abstain from vice; 'practise virtue.'

"He is a more noble warrior who subdues himself, than he who in the battle conquers thousands."

"True nobility is not of one's parentage, but is the offspring of a virtuous mind and spotless life."

"Religion is the road to immortality; irreligion the road to death. A religious man dies not; but he that is irreligious is, even whilst in this world, as one that is dead."

"A wise man will so establish himself in industry, perseverance, prudence, and mental control, that he is never borne away by the turbid waters of licentiousness."

"Shun the practice of irreligion; shun sensuality; shun the evil speaker: by shunning these sins man is a gainer, for the religious and meditative experience supreme happiness."

"As the mighty rock *Mahu-meru-parvate* remains unshaken by the storm, so is the wise men unmoved by praise or disapprobation."

"To the virtuous, all is pure; therefore think not the going unclothed, being defiled with dirt, fasting, lying on the ground, or remaining motionless, can make the pure impure—for the mind will still remain the same."

"Let those who bestow all their thoughts and attention on their bodies, gaze upon the skeletons of those departed; then let them say if their carcase is worth the care. Kings, their pride, greatness and grandeur decay; but truth is immutable and eternal."

"Conquer anger by mildness, evil by

good, avarice by liberality, falsehood by truth. Evil passions cannot be eradicated all at once; it is a slow work, and must be done gradually, just as the jeweller removes rust from gold."

"The wicked man is like a decayed leaf; the harbinger of death is near, and yet the sinner stands at the gate, without having made provision for his future life."

"Know, oh! sinner, that wicked actions cannot be hid; avarice and wrath will bring long-suffering upon thee."

"No flame burns so fiercely as that of lust; nought has a grasp so powerful as hatred; no net is equal to the meshes of folly; no flood is so impetuous as desire."

"Men ever have been, and ever will be, subject to unjust praise and unjust censure; and that man is the most skilful of all charioteers who can guide the chariot of his mind."

"Sin is oftentimes clothed in the garb of virtue, but the effects uncloth it speedily; then vice is seen in its naked hideousness."

"Mental control and the subjugation of the passions is the road to happiness and eternal bliss."

"Man should perform those deeds which time will not cause him to repent; therefore be not desirous of discovering the faults of others, but zealously guard your own."

The following extracts are from a discourse entitled *Mangala* :—

"Thou art not to serve the unwise, but to attend on the learned, and to make offerings to those who are worthy of homage; thou shouldst live in a religious neighbourhood, to be a performer of virtuous actions; thou must be well informed in religion, mild in manners, subject to discipline, and of pleasant speech; thou must honour thy father and thy mother, provide for thy wife and children, follow a sinless vocation, give alms to those who stand in need, act virtuously; assist relatives, and lead a blameless life. To be free from sin, abstain from intoxicating drinks, to persevere in virtue, to be respectful and kind, contented, grateful, and to listen at proper seasons to religious instructions; to be mild, subject to reproof, to have access to priests, and to converse with them on religious subjects; to have a mind unshaken by prosperity, or adversity, inaccessible

to sorrows, free from impurity, and tranquil; these are the chief excellences. They who practise all these virtues, and are not overcome by evil, enjoy the perfection of happiness, and obtain the chief good."

The following prohibitions or commands were delivered by *Goutama Buddha* :—

"Abstain from fornication and adultery; abstain from stealing; abstain from taking life from man, bird, beast, or reptile; abstain from coveting; abstain from all foolish conversation; abstain from betraying the secrets of others; abstain from all evil wishes to others; abstain from slander; abstain from lying; abstain from all unjust suspicion."

The precepts, discourses, and commands which we have quoted will show that the doctrines inculcated by *Goutama Buddha* are those of purity and strict morality. Although reason convinces us there is much fable intermixed in the account of his birth and life, still historical facts prove that the son of a powerful monarch did abandon his throne, and, in the full vigour of health, manhood, and intellect, became a wandering pauper, roaming from place to place, inculcating piety and virtue. Can we feel astonished that the being called by the Cingalese *Goutama Buddha*, is looked upon as a prophet, and worshipped as a god? In "Knighton," page 79, we read "The rise and progress of a later faith may convince us that there was nothing improbable in his (*Goutama*) assuming the character of a prophet, and, still less, in his being received as such. In the prime of manhood he renounces the pomps and vanities of the world, retreats to an unfrequented forest, and there submits to want and privation, regardless of the hopes of ambition, or of the softer feelings of affection."

We believe that we have given a clear outline of the Buddhist religion, and in future chapters propose describing the gods, priesthood, ceremonies, and all matter that is connected with the Buddhistical form of worship.

THE TIMES, LORD BROUGHAM, AND THE IRISH LAW COURTS.

"To excite hatred and ill-will among different classes of the Queen's subjects," is a misdemeanour at common law, punishable by fine and imprisonment. It may appear singular that, while Irish journalists have been prosecuted, with exemplary rigour, for sceditious and felonious publications, the Attorney-General for England has never proceeded against the *Times*, for these mischievous libels in which the Queen's English and Irish subjects have been daily, for several years back, excited to mutual hostility in the columns of that journal. There can be no doubt that the offence has been, and is, day by day, committed and repeated with enormous audacity; and as little can it be questioned that any jury empannelled to try the publisher of that newspaper on an indictment for such sedition, would be compelled either to bring in a verdict of "guilty," or to violate their oaths. No London jury, however, could be found to say that the *Times* has committed a legal offence, by any amount of insolence, falsehood, or provocation, towards the inhabitants of this part of the United Kingdom.

For jurymen in London are not made of purer materials than elsewhere; and often, when they have found their duty as jurors conflict with their judgments or prejudices as citizens, they have preferred what Blackstone delicately calls a "pious perjury" to finding verdicts according to the evidence. When forgery was a felony punishable with death, scarce any amount of evidence could wring a verdict of guilty from a London jury; and the well-known and avowed determination of jurors there, and elsewhere in England, not to convict in forgery cases, so long as death remained the penalty, was the main reason assigned for the alteration of the law, and the passing of that new enactment by which the punishment of forgery is now reduced to transportation; for, whenever public opinion, in England, has declared itself so unequivocally as by jurors refusing to find unpopular verdicts, the hint has been taken by the legislature, and the cause

of complaint, whatever it may be, has been removed.

So far, therefore, as respects punishment before the legal tribunals for the trial of offences of this nature, the *Times* is safe in the lax principles of those to whose bad passions it panders. But it is not safe from the condemnation of the good and loyal subjects of the Queen, who lament to see her Majesty's influence and authority weakened with her people, by provocations and contempts which are not the less criminal because they are practised with a scandalous impunity.

But, besides the inducement of a depraved public opinion, the *Times* has had another motive in the more flagrant of its late excesses. The centralists believe that the "reduction of Ireland" will never be complete till our superior courts of law are transferred to Westminster. They consider, and not unwisely, that, so long as Dublin remains the place of residence of five or six hundred men educated for the bar, with large attainments and a superfluity of leisure, there will never be wanting abundant elements of resistance to their provincialising and plebeianising policy. It is with this view they improve every occasion of disparaging our Irish courts, and of bringing the administration of justice in Ireland by Irish law authorities into contempt. With this view the *Times* offered that gross insult to the Queen's Irish judges at our December Dublin commission, and raised with so much malignity the cry of incompetence against the Irish Attorney-General.

The affront to the judges was not more insolent than mischievous. The Irish have been habitually reviled for their lawlessness; for their want of respect for constituted authority, the last commission in Dublin may fairly be taken as a test of the justice of that accusation. Two judges there pronounced an order, the legality of which has never been disputed, against publishing the proceedings on Mr. Duffy's indictment pending the trial. The Irish press, with exemplary respect for the Queen's judges, submitted to that order, although it was an inconvenient,

and, as it appeared in the end, an im provident order; but the *Times* not only violated and defied the order—as, indeed, the whole press of London did—but added contumely and personal insult to its contempt—delighted, doubtless, at the opportunity of damaging the Irish bench, at whatever risk to society here, provided only another ingredient could so be procured for the case against the Irish law courts which they have in preparation.

The complaint against the Attorney-General, if less mischievous than the contempt against the judges, was more unjust. If the *Times* had complained against Mr. Monahan for lending himself to practices which have diminished the confidence of the Queen's Irish subjects in the administration of justice; or for an unworthy participation in the pretences of a government who, while they practically violate the first principles of the constitution, claim credit for administering the affairs of this country according to law, we should have little to offer in his defence; but when the *Times*, after approving of Mr. Monahan's conduct in these respects—after applauding all that has been, to say the least, questionable in his proceedings—turns upon him with the charge of incompetence, because, in the conduct of ten arduous state prosecutions, he has fallen into one technical and one material error, and invidiously contrasts him with the British law authorities—to whose mis-carriages in their Chartist prosecutions we need not refer—it is no more than justice to Mr. Monahan and to the Irish bar, to protest against the monstrous unfairness of the accusation.

We have no doubt Sir John Jervis himself would be the first to disclaim the invidious comparison, and to declare that if he had had to contend with the same amount of legal ability as has been arrayed against the crown in the late state prosecutions in Ireland, his records would exhibit as questionable an appearance as any that are ever likely to go up to the Lords from this country.

When the counsel for the prisoners make no points on their behalf, it is not surprising that the course of law should run smoothly; but where half a dozen of the ablest men of either

bar set themselves to detect flaws in the proceedings of the prosecutor, with an ardour and devotion unexampled, we will be bold to say, in the history of counsel and client in either country, he would be a singularly adroit practitioner who should thread his way through the maze of Irish, English, ante-Poynings, post-Poynings, and imperial acts of parliament, which surround every statutable proceeding in our law courts, without, at least, as many slips as have hitherto marked the progress of Mr. Monahan. To the ingenuity of counsel for the defence, not to any fault of the attorney-general, we owe the suggestion on the record of the various questions with which he has had to contend. Mr. Monahan could not help the return, on the grand jury panel, of citizens residing in a particular quarter of Dublin, which imperial legislation has left a debateable land between two jurisdictions. It was by no default of his that King Henry V. gave the goods of felons to our corporation; nor could any watchfulness of his have foreseen or prevented either objection. If he had recognised the English practice of high treason at the trials at Clonmel, by giving the accused their lists of witnesses ten days before the trial, the *Times* would have been the first to charge collusion; and all the government press here would have exclaimed against the violation of the imperial statute, which directs that Irish traitors shall have but half the facilities in that respect which are given to Englishmen.

If they blamed Mr. Monahan because he has too devotedly, and with, perhaps, too little regard for himself, done, in their service, what must have been painful to his feelings, their censure, however ungrateful and unbecoming, might not have been undeserved; but when they break into this indecent fury against him for not providing for the inevitable chances of every state prosecution when defended by men of ability, we must conclude that either frustrated vengeance has driven them mad, or that a deeper policy than appears on the surface causes them, to make the most of the occasion, to disparage the bar and bench of Ireland.

If any one should be slow enough of understanding to ask what motive—or if any one inquire why Lord Brougham, with such indecent haste, should have

besought God and the parliament to confer the inestimable blessing of good lawyers on the Irish, because Mr. Monahan had asked for final judgment on the overruling of Mr. Duffy's demurrer, declaring that no tyro of Westminster Hall would have made a demand so untenable (although two Irish judges, either of them a better crown lawyer than Lord Brougham, had deemed the question worth a week's consideration), we can tell the reason. It is because the party of whom Lord Brougham and the *Times* are, in this instance, the representatives, have a project for abolishing the Four Courts of Dublin; and, as a preliminary, wish that their satellites should omit no opportunity of bringing the Irish bench into contempt.

The misconduct of a juror on Mr. Duffy's last trial has, unhappily, enabled Lord Brougham to renew his animadversions on the administration of justice in our courts on better grounds. A passage of unusual eloquence in the address of the prisoner's counsel called forth a burst of applause, in which a juror so far forgot himself as to participate, by clapping his hands in the jury-box. This impropriety, sufficiently gross in itself, Lord Brougham is represented by the newspapers to have exaggerated in a manner utterly indefensible, alleging, as it would appear, without the least warrant, that the juror had led the riot by shouting "Hurrah for Repeal;" and on this fabricated case, had the temerity to suggest that the queen's Irish subjects at large should be deprived of trial by jury. Then, turning on the prisoner's counsel, he is represented as having charged them with offering insults to the bench—a charge which everybody here knows to be utterly untrue, and which was palpably made for no other motive than through the licentiousness of the bar to imply the imbecility of the judges. The delinquent juror has since expressed his contrition. His was an unpremeditated impropriety. Lord Brougham's statements, suggestions, and implications all appear to have been made on deliberation. We cannot but think that, on the whole, he

is more to be censured than Mr. Burke, even assuming that his exaggerations and misstatements were the mere results of excitement, made without premeditation and forgotten as soon as made.* Taking them, however, as we believe them to be, as parts of a systematic design for the disparagement of the Irish law courts, the misconduct of the commoner in the jury-box appears trivial in comparison with that which the newspapers impute to the lord in parliament.

If Lord Brougham had been able to say that the suspicion of unjust family partialities so prevailed with regard to the Irish judges, as to lead to scandalous criminations between the bar and the bench in open court at Inns-quay, to the delay of suitors and the opprobrium of justice; or that the list of records for trial in the principal commercial town of Ireland was a year in arrear, he would have had a better case for prefacing his project.

His bill for the fusion of the English and Irish bars, although in other hands it might not perhaps be regarded with so much suspicion, as introduced by him was manifestly a step towards the cross-channel extension of the western circuit, and the drawing of all Irish pleas to Westminster. The mode suggested by the advisers of the present administration is less direct, but not less certain to end in the same result, at least so far as the interests of Dublin are concerned. They would first draw away all country pleas from the courts on Inns-quay to certain new county courts which they have in preparation; and when the hall of the Four Courts shall be deserted, would superannuate the idle judges, and close the doors. A suspicious mind might easily imagine how the jurisdiction of the newly-erected tribunals might again be narrowed, when the superior places of resort for suitors in Ireland were no longer open, and how the surplus business, having nowhere else to go to, should, perforce, find its way to Westminster Hall. But we do not think it is their own aggrandisement so much as the destruction of Dublin, the promoters of this policy desire. Dublin is the stumbling-block to their

* Lord Brougham, in a correspondence with Mr. Burko, denies that he charged him with hurraing for Repeal. The newspapers all reported it otherwise.

economy. Dublin stands between them and consummate centralization. Seeing this, they now openly assume, as the motto and catch-word of their whole policy, *DELENDA EST EBLANA*.

This is the true key to the eagerness with which all the difficulties of our state prosecutions are exaggerated into miscarriages, and the judges, juries, and prosecutors reviled for incapacity and corruption, as often as the abilities of Mr. Napier, Mr. Butt, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, or Mr. John O'Hagan, interpose the least obstacle to the march of judicial vengeance. It matters not that public confidence in the purity and firmness of the bench may be shaken; that a belief in the incapacity of the crown officers to protect society may be propagated amongst a dissatisfied and suffering people; the *Times* and Lord Brougham care not a jot what present mischief may result, so as they shall secure for London the ultimate enjoyment of the half million per annum now spent in law business in Dublin, nor the party at large, so as they succeed in carrying the project at least so far, as that that half million shall be spent anywhere else than where it now maintains so inconvenient an amount of hostile and obstructive ability.

It is no new device, but a part of the original scheme of absorption into England of everything worth drawing away from this country, as old as the Union. If Lord Castlereagh had had means sufficient to buy up the city of Dublin itself, as he did the parliamentary representation of the boroughs, a transfer of the Irish courts of law would have accompanied the transfer of the Irish courts of legislation.

If the current formula against agitation—that is, as now understood in government circles, against Irishmen of any class looking into their public affairs—have made any of our readers

so blind to what is passing as to need proof of the existence of this design, we would refer them to a sufficiently significant authority. In the year 1824, the Record Commissioners published, at vast expense, the "*Liber Munerum Municipalium Hiberniæ*," in two vols. folio, being a digest of all existing records respecting the public establishments of Ireland from the conquest. At page 128 of vol. i. of that work is given a synoptical schedule of the different Irish departments of Civil Administration, Religion and Public Instruction, Law, Revenue and Public Defence. It will be sufficient for the present purpose to extract the introductory paragraph which prefaces the details under each of these headings in the table:—

"1. STATE OFFICERS, AND OFFICERS FOR CIVIL AFFAIRS.—In this department, as it stood in 1760, or immediately before the Union, while Ireland was a distinct kingdom, many offices have been abrogated by act of parliament, and many more have now, by process of time, become obsolete. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, and that cannot come too soon, this department may be very advantageously consolidated with the principal one in London."

"2. RELIGION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—The union of the Irish sees, at least of the archiepiscopal ones, with some one or other in England, would seem the most natural way of consolidating the Church of Ireland with ours in England. Though the articles of both are the same, their canons are different. At present they stand in the anomalous relation in which the two parliaments stood before the Union of 1800. By the union with the parliament of Ireland, we have put our Protestant STATE in safety: by a similar course with the ecclesiastical establishment of Ireland, it remains to put in equal safety our Reformed CHURCH in that country.

"3. LAW.—Much of this department

* Lower down in this column, under the head of "Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower," our antiquarian friends, who have indulged the expectation of founding in Dublin a National School of Historic Literature, may see on how frail a basis they have built their hopes, if the plan of which what we are now about to cite is but a subordinate detail, is to be suffered to proceed to its consummation. "An office analogous to that of the Keeper of the Records at the Tower of London, having the care of such as are consulted by the historian and curious antiquary rather than the man of business. It is clear that, since the Union, all these kinds of records, as well as papers and books of the old privy council, should, for more reasons than one, be kept in the capital of the United Kingdom, at or near the office of the Secretary for the Irish Department at Westminster."

has been abrogated by acts of parliament, and much more must and will be so. This and the two preceding departments are still too much in the old spirit of a distinct kingdom, and cannot too soon be consolidated with the parent establishment.

"4. REVENUE.—Almost the whole of this department, as it stood in 1760, that is, so far as it had not even then become obsolete by non-usage, may now be considered as abrogated by act of parliament. The revenue establishment is now, as it ought to be, *one and entire*, for the whole United Kingdom.

"5. PUBLIC DEFENCE.—This whole department, so far as it has not already become obsolete by non-usage, may now be considered as abrogated by act of parliament. The war establishment is now, as it ought to be, *one and entire*, for the whole United Kingdom."

Besides this tabular digest, the work contains an introductory disquisition, from the concluding part of which we shall make one other instructive extract:—

"It is good to repeat here, once for all, and for the last time, a truth which ought not for a moment to be dissembled or overlooked, that UNTIL THE LAW AND CHURCH DEPARTMENTS ARE INCORPORATED WITH THE PARENT ONES IN ENGLAND, THE UNION IS BUT HALF ACCOMPLISHED. Nor should there remain any office of Lord Lieutenant, or any separate state department at all; while, to administer the national law and religion of England impartially in Ireland, English judges only, and English high clergymen and bishops, should be commissioned in ordinary."

These avowals, however, were found so inconveniently candid that, after all the expenses of the work had been incurred, its publication was suppressed, and the few copies which have found their way to the hands of students in Ireland, are now only to be consulted in the libraries of learned bodies; but the policy remains the same; and we constantly witness the manifestation of it in suggestions now for the removal of the Ordnance Survey Collections to Southampton—now for the transfer to Chelsea of the Royal Hospital—now for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant—and now, again, after a long intermission, in the revival of this destructive scheme, for the suppression of our law courts.

It is true, no one has as yet had the boldness to put it forth authoritatively;

but, concurrently with those attacks by the *Times* and by Lord Brougham on our courts of justice, judges, and law officers, there has commenced in Dublin the same kind of tentative process among the ambitious young men of our bar, which, before the Union, was tried with so much success among our ambitious young members of parliament. London is a greater field; a man of talent might there gratify his political as well as legal ambition—might represent a borough on his own circuit, and, after gaining wealth at court in the morning, might gain reputation, perhaps power, in the house in the evening. At least one Irish lawyer should be employed on each side in every Irish case, while the whole field of British practice would be open to their competition besides. The circuits would go on as usual: it would be but the addition of a few hours to the journey to the first assize town. Then there would be the whole legal patronage of England, besides the numerous new appointments incident to the creation of county courts of large jurisdiction. We know not what more besides; but we suppose, if the scheme were ripe enough, money would not be wanting.

To the public, the justification of the measure would be cheap law brought home to every man's door. What is it to the litigant who lives in Cork or Donegal, whether every second house in Merrion-square be let in tenements to indigent roomkeepers? Are they to continue paying forty or fifty pounds for the trial of a record, that Dublin may enjoy the advantages of a quasi aristocracy, when five shillings would pay the costs of a summary decree, for which they will need but an occasional appeal to Westminster? In reference to such suggestions as these, we can do no better than repeat what has been very well said on the same subject by a writer in the *Press*, a new Dublin paper, which has the credit of leading the way in what we hope will be a national resistance to this new overt act of metropolitan rapacity:—

"Our attention has been called by a correspondent, 'An Attorney,' to the project of extending the jurisdiction of the Courts of Quarter Sessions to one hundred pounds in civil cases. If there be, it is manifest that that measure is

but another form of that principle of centralisation which has been so incessantly and so insidiously employed in the abduction of the institutions of this country. This course has been pursued without any regard to the obligations of truth or the conditions of treaty; and with no higher object in view than the immediate aggrandisement of London, and the temporary reduction of Ireland. The worst of the mischiefs that have followed from this centralisation policy have been usually inflicted under cover of some other name, less startling than its own, and the travelling title of reform or retrenchment has often served the purposes of an incognito for its disastrous operations. The result has been the disappearance of public bodies and institutions, one after the other, until at last the country has been completely denuded, and Dublin has lost almost every feature by which she ought to be recognised as a metropolis. The success of the designs of centralisation is to be explained by the existence of intestine animosities rather than by popular apathy. As these animosities decline, the more distinctly will be perceived the truth, that a country without institutions is no more than a soil without interests, and that patriotism is as essential to the prosperity of a people as honesty is to the character of an individual.

"If this design of centralisation succeeded, the courts will be carried away to Westminster, and if so, the Irish attorneys must make up their minds either to follow them or to distribute themselves throughout the different counties of Ireland. The latter alternative, which would equally result from the loss of business or from the abstraction of the courts, would give very nearly two thousand practitioners to thirty-two counties to scramble and struggle for the paltry fees to be yielded by the mass of mischievous and miserable litigation forming the staple of the inferior courts. An instant's reflection upon such a condition of things can lead to no other conclusion than that before the measure should have had three months' existence the attorneys, as a body, must degenerate, and that a period very little more remote would witness the utter degradation, if not extinction, of both branches of the legal profession in this country.

"It has been very artfully contrived to present this subject as one in which the legal profession alone is concerned, and to lead the public mind to suppose that the question was altogether one of *cheap law*. But this is a mere pretence, a sheer illusion. It is not '*cheap law*,' it is *cheap litigation*, and *cheap litigation*

is at best a pernicious economy. Quite beside the mischievous character of the political motive of the measure, the social evils with which it is pregnant are to be dreaded and avoided. The facilities for litigation and the temptations to loose swearing afforded by these courts have been most destructive to the moral and industrial habits of the peasantry. The scenes of fraud and perjury which their proceedings exhibit make it incumbent on every moral mind to resist the extension of such a jurisdiction."

A common danger teaches men the policy as well as the virtue of forbearance with one another. These affronts to our judges have not been ventured on in parliament till after some of ourselves had shown the example. And there is nothing more mischievous in imputations on judges than this, that continued accusations of partiality will make the most honest man unconsciously incline against the side of his accusers. Respect and obedience from the suitor are the proper guarantees for that tranquillity in the breast of the judge, without which no man can be perfectly just. As their written patents place them above the influence of the crown, so the higher diploma of public trust and confidence should place our judges above the influences of their own feelings. If any of them be conscious of having suffered the censures of thoughtless assailants to cloud the serenity of his breast, or disturb the operations of his judgment, let him profit with us in the lesson with which our present weakness and danger may instruct us. As regards the question of a withdrawal of our law courts, we now stand in the same position as Bushe, and Plunket, and Saurin stood in relation to the project of withdrawing our parliament. Virtue alone and respect for ourselves can save us. A new duty of forbearance, of mutual deference, and scrupulous abstinence from anything savouring of levity, is imposed on those who frequent our courts, whether as pleaders, suitors, or spectators; and, with the deepest sentiments of respect for the judges who preside there, we would humbly remind them that the public will expect, on their parts also, a demeanor which shall not compromise our claim to the continued maintenance of their authority and presence amongst us.

THE SEAMEN OF THE CYCLADES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ENTERPRISE OF THE HYDRIOTE WIFE.

A MONTH had elapsed since the sun of nature had been for ever hid from the eyes of Athanasi Ducas—a month of comparative inaction to the Greeks, which was now to be redeemed by an immediate engagement. The port of Hydra presented a scene of great activity and excitement; the vessels which were manned and equipped were already sailing out of the harbour in the direction of Spezzia, where the fleet was to assemble, whilst the others were hastening their preparations as much as they could. The town was nearly deserted, and the house of Athanasi Ducas was perhaps the only one from whence the inhabitants had not gone forth that morning to witness the departure of those friends who were in all probability never to return. But there, alone, in a darkened room sat the blind man and his faithful wife—darkened, because Soultanitzza refused to look upon the light which was denied to her beloved husband, and upon whose melancholy, distorted face her eyes were fixed with an expression which, could he have seen it, might almost have compensated for his misfortune. He grasped her hand tightly, as though to assure himself that he was not alone, whilst from time to time a heavy sigh, amounting to a groan, burst from his lips. Occasionally Soultanitzza endeavoured to rouse him from the bitter despondency into which he had fallen, by uttering a few soothing words, but he either let them pass unheeded or answered with angry irritability.

"Athanasi mou," she said at length, "how long is this darkness which has fallen upon your eyes to hang upon your spirit also? It can avail us nothing now to mourn! you suffer, and I suffer with you, but shall we who are Greeks give our enemies the power to forestall the horrors of the grave for us, and encircle us with its gloom before the time. Zoi mou, you can feel the warm sunshine, you can hear our children's voices sounding merrily; you must give up this dark and deep despair!"

"Potè, potè (never, never)," groaned Athanasi; "oh, Christiani, how can you ask me even to live! It is not because I never more shall see the sunshine or your face, save in my dreams, nor because those children at my side shall grow up to be men, whilst I remember but the infant faces which I last beheld—all this is nothing; but to-day—to sit here with my strong arm, and willing heart, and the fierce blood boiling in my veins, all ready to be shed for Greece—to sit here crushed and tortured, more useless than an old man bent with years, or a child not yet come to its strength—this is more than I can bear! yes; to be here groping with my darkened eyes for your weak arm, on which I lean in manhood's prime, whilst I hear the shouts of those who are going out to battle, unaccompanied by him who should have been the foremost of them all! to think of my three brave vessels, for which I beggared those poor children and myself, left useless in their strength to-day, when our country needs their aid tenfold!"

"But why should these lie useless?" said his wife, "can you not send another to command them in your stead?"

"And whom would you have me trust?" said Athanasi, fiercely; "have you forgotten that there is treachery amongst our very countrymen? and all those we know to be the faithful sons of Greece have gone with their own ships to join Miaulis; since this vile plot showed how even Hydriotes can be corrupted by the love of gain, there is not one to whom I dare entrust the gold with which my seamen must be led—that gold which is in fact their master, and which they would obey, though bought by it to serve the enemy! Yes! this were indeed the climax of my sufferings, if my own vessels were taken by some traitor to fight against us! No, Soultanitzza, it is all in vain; my heart burns within me, and let the fire prey upon it undisturbed, for nothing can save me from my misery."

"Oh, that I might take your place,

and suffer for you," said Soultanitzza, with a heavy sigh.

"Might take my place!" exclaimed Athanasi, "and so you might, had you the will and the courage of the Spartan women in the days of old! You might indeed take my place in leading out my vessels to the combat; it would matter little that your hand is weak, and that your woman's heart would sicken to shed blood, if you could nerve yourself to look on death, and meet it where I would have met it, how gladly to you I could entrust the gold with which you could guide my sailors where you would, and to gain which they would fight as though I led them on. But this is folly; unless the tomb of the Queen of the Amazons could open to give up its fearless dead, no trembling woman now could brave the terrors of the battle, though she brought the needful succour even to Greece."

"And wherefore not?" said Soultanitzza, rising calmly from her seat, and folding her arms on her breast—"why should not a woman find that death most sweet which saved her husband from despair? Do you not think the thunder of the cannon were far less terrible to her than his least sigh? The horrors and the din of war less dreadful than his silent sorrow? Athanasi, if by going forth in your stead, empowered by your authority, to lead your vessels to the coming strife, I can one moment soothe the gnawing regret that dwells within your soul, with deepest joy do I accept the mission—unworthily shall I fill your place, when the wisdom of the warrior is required to direct the efforts of your soldiers, or his iron hand to strike the furious enemy, but worthily, inasmuch as wherever the peril is most deadly, or the death that comes hand in hand with victory most sure and certain, there will I conduct your followers to give their lives for Greece!"

"Oh, Soultanitzza, can it be?" exclaimed Athanasi, his face lighting up with a wild exultation, "could you indeed for my sake thus forget your nature. Would you indeed have nerve to take my place and save your husband from dishonor; and wherefore not, indeed; brave women have done such deeds before! Soultanitzza, your words have awakened the first gleam of hope that has shone upon me in this

great despair. Yes, the first, the only hope, for if my own soul's brother proved a traitor, to whom could I confide this charge save unto you, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh? Oh, how willingly would I dwell here in darkness and in solitude, could I but know that the wealth I sacrificed, and the vessels I have manned were doing service to my country in her need; but, light of my heart, is it possible? Can you really cast away your fears, your horror, at the sight of blood?"

"Athanasi, what are a woman's terrors to a wife's true love?" said Soultanitzza; and though her voice was firm as she spoke, the tears gathered slowly in her large dark eyes, for her heart sank within her to see how her husband's patriotism overruled all other sentiments, how eagerly he could sacrifice her to his country's good; but this powerful enthusiasm was common to all Greeks during the wild delirium of the revolution; the claims of the nearest and dearest of ties were not only secondary, but utterly without influence, where the welfare of Greece was concerned.

"The Aghios Nicholas himself inspired you this good idea, my thrice beloved," continued Athanasi, who seemed as though renovated with new life, "and, after all, the peril to yourself may not be great. Where Miaulis leads, it surely must be to victory, and there is not one amongst our countrymen who would not with his life defend the noble wife, who took the blind man's place. Only you must steel your heart, my bird, to hear the cannon roaring round you, to walk through streams of new-shed blood, to look upon the mangled dead, and see the living die; but these you will brave, will you not, for Greece, and for your husband?"

"For my husband," said Soultanitzza, "and for Greece, I am ready;" showing thus how secondary was with her the patriotism that weighed so powerfully with him. She calmly sat down at his feet, and began to consult with him on all the arrangements which now became necessary after the strange resolution they had taken. Athanasi was quite right in feeling certain that his seamen would readily consent to follow and obey his wife, if she were armed with the gold, the talisman which they did, in fact, obey;

and equally so in fearing that, if he did not delegate his authority to one thus possessed of power to enforce it, some other might, indeed, turn the aid he had, at so much cost, provided for his countrymen, to act most powerfully against them. Nor was the bold resolution of the Hydriote wife so unusual in Greece as it would have been elsewhere; in more than one instance, during the revolution, the women had rushed to the rescue of the men, when they saw them about to be overpowered by numbers, and had fought side by side with their fathers and husbands! And Soultanitz, energetic and devoted as she was, spent the remainder of the day in making preparations, under her husband's direction, for taking the command of the three vessels at once, and sailing, if possible, with the rest of the squadron the next day. She was anxious to start thus early, as by so doing she could place herself under the protection of the aged Archbishop of Modon, who had voluntarily offered to accompany the fleet, in order to encourage the troops—a sacrifice scarce less great than that of the noble wife herself; for the storms of life had assuredly raged long enough around that venerable head to entitle him, in these his last days of earth, to a peaceful rest in his monastery by day, and by night to slumbers rather haunted by visions of that world to which he was hastening fast, than broken by the tumults and the strife of this!

The vessels of Athanasi Ducas had for some time been equipped and ready, and the three captains to whose direction they were entrusted received, with the stoical indifference peculiar to the East, the singular intimation that their master's wife was to be their commander. Amongst men of their rank in Greece cupidity is the all engrossing passion, to which even patriotism must give way. Provided she paid them as handsomely as Athanasi would have done, they were ready to follow wherever she chose to lead. A large sum of ready money, raised formerly by Athanasi from the sale of almost all he possessed, was concealed on her person; and then her husband, his features, for the first time, assuming an expression at once of deep anxiety and profound affection, placed in her hand a small two-edged dagger,

such as the Greeks habitually wear concealed in the long, loose sleeves of their dress, telling her, at the same time, that he gave her this, not to attempt to do with her weak hands a warrior's murderous work, but that she might use it only when despair should give her strength, if fortune turned against them, to plunge it in her own heart, rather than become a Moslem slave! At these words the beautiful face of the Naxiote lady, usually so mild and gentle, assumed an expression of disdainful triumph; with a glance of fire, such as an Eastern woman alone could have caused to flash from her eyes, she grasped hold of the dagger, and thrust it into the folds of her dress, while her lips parted in a fierce, proud smile. But just then the door opened, and her two little children bounded in to kiss the hands of their father before they went to rest. At once the mother's heart gave way, dauntless as she was; flinging aside the dagger, and clasping them in her arms, she burst into tears like a very woman.

Once more, over the gloomy little isle of Hydra, there arose a sunlit morning, from whose joyous beams the wife of the blind man would fain have veiled her tear-dimmed eyes. Throughout the sleepless night her resolution had not wavered, though, for the last time perhaps, her little child had slumbered on her bosom; but there is a stern influence in the solemn midnight which purifies the soul from much of the clinging selfishness, the earth-born hopes and fears, that degrade its immortality by day; these dark and silent hours are, in some sense, like to those more awful still when the mortal career is about to terminate; for they, too, draw aside for a time the thick veil which our folly and our fancy weave over this vain world; they force us to look upon it in its utter littleness, and they drag us close to that which is unseen, from whence alone we draw the high and holy thoughts whose invariable fruits are acts of self-devotion and bitter sacrifice, such as that which Soultanitz was about to accomplish now.

In the lonely vigil we dare not let the earthly terrors for a darkening morrow efface from our undying spirits the foreknowledge of eternity; but when that morrow comes, when we

can trace out again upon the earth, which in the darkness seemed most dim and vapour-like, the path of our own pilgrimage, so steep and rugged, all strewn with stones and thorns to wound our weary feet—when the bright heavenly hopes that drove all clouds terrestrial from our life's horizon make themselves wings, and return to their native sphere, then the sentiment of our individuality comes back on us with redoubled vigour—once more our sufferings are all our own; we have no part in the bustle and activity of the beings round us—no sympathy with the light which is awakening thousands to joy and gladness! But, however much all this may have been the actual state of mind of Soultanitzá Ducas, when she rose from her sleepless pillow, to enter on her unnatural and perilous duty, there was certainly no trace of her inward struggles on her calm and beautiful face.

It is very rare that such self-command, or still more that such self-devotion, is to be found among the Greeks; but it is a peculiarity of this people that they can never know lukewarmness either in good or evil; there can be no compromise in their resolutions; whatever they determine on doing is done without reserve or limitation—whatever they feel is felt to the very uttermost. Soultanitzá had resolved that she would save her husband from dishonor, by going forth to the battle in his stead; but she was not less decided that none should know what the resolution cost her! Her step was firm, and her dark eye tearless, as, leading her blind husband by the hand, she walked through the town to the place of embarkation, followed by her dependents and children. All the vessels which yet lingered of the vast Hydriote fleet were now ready to start together, and the city was as one laid waste by a pestilence!—not a man was to be seen—all had departed to join the troops; even the aged, whose withered hands seemed fit for little else but to be joined in prayer, chose rather to bestow the last of their wasted strength on their beloved Greece, than to use it in order to eke out the brief portion of their remaining life. The doors of all the churches stood wide open, and before every altar the priests and the

women were laid prostrate, wrestling in supplication for Greece and her defenders! Soultanitzá averted her head as she passed them, for there should have been her place also.

Her fearless resolution had become known over the whole town; and the Greeks are ever quickly and powerfully moved by any noble deed which excites their admiration. As Soultanitzá stepped on the deck of the vessel she was henceforward to command, and her husband, tearing the bandage from his eyes, turned round his disfigured face to the people, that all might see why she occupied so singular a post, one universal shout of enthusiasm rose on the air, coupled with the name of the devoted wife! But high above it all, on the mother's cars, rang the wail of her young children, as they were borne from her last embrace. There the aged archbishop, whose ship was the first to weigh anchor, lifted up his arms to heaven, to invoke a blessing on the expedition; and the fleet, taking advantage of the fresh morning breeze, sailed out of the port, and dispersed itself over the blue sea beyond, till from the watch-towers of Hydra, the white sails (lessening in the distance) looked but like snow-flakes sprinkled on the waves.

The rendezvous which Admiral Miaulus had appointed for the assembling of the united fleet was the island of Spezzia; but Soultanitzá, before proceeding thither, had received orders from her husband to pass by the island of Naxos, in order to carry away and appropriate to her own use two brass guns, which had been thrown up on a deserted fort of the shore from the wreck of a Turkish vessel.

With the first dawn of light next day, Soultanitzá stood, and gazed upon that beautiful isle, her own native home, as it rose up from the beaming waters before her—the home she had left as a joyous bride! And deeply did she feel as she stood there with the armed soldiers all around, and the dagger hanging at her side, the strong power of the mysterious link that connects our two-fold nature, and causes the purer spirit to be for ever clogged with our humanity. Go where we will, be our purpose what it may, we carry within us our earth-born individuality, and our thoughts (wheel with-

in wheel) revolve around that centre, though they have wings to compass at will a universe itself! In the boundless desert, with the eternal sky overhead, where the uncounted worlds are plunging the limitless ether with their fiery tread, still does our heart rise and fall with the restlessness of our own finite hopes and fears;—amid the mighty glaciers, breathing the keen air of the inaccessible mountains, we feel no chill except the fountain of our human tenderness have frozen within us, turned to ice by death or treachery;—on the deep sea, where its billows rise on wings of foam to howl defiance to the angry sky, soft as summer winds shall the thunders of the tempest fall upon our ears, if the dove-like peace have nestled in our own narrow breast; and on the precipice of eternity, where death itself stands ready to draw back the curtain that veils a Creator's mysteries, yet do we turn within to listen to the echoes of the songs we sang in childhood, and of the voices which were the music of our lives! Never, till it is corroded by the corruption of the grave itself, can the strong tie be dissolved that binds our human heart to the earth, from whose dust it was formed!

Soultanitzta knew that shortly she must stand amid the battle and the strife, with swift destruction rushing to her in the fire of the pealing cannon; yet not for this did her heart grow faint as the rich perfume from the orange gardens of Naxos stole over the wave towards her, but rather because she remembered how, amid these bowers, had dawned and brightened in her soul the earthly love for which she was about to perish; and now she felt that he who then had grown to be too much her idol, would, if she fell, grieve far more over the grave of his patriotic hopes than over the lifeless form of the wife that had, indeed, been faithful to him, even unto death.

But the vessel drew rapidly nearer to the shore; the exquisite outline of the violet-coloured mountains grew less tremulously faint; the green woods might be seen waving in the morning breeze; soft sounds, rising in mingled music from the murmuring streams, and ceaseless tones of the singing birds, rushed through the air, and Soultanitzta was right in feeling that it was not alone that peculiar brightness which

ever hangs round her childhood's home which made this sunny isle of Naxos seem to her so very lovely. It is lovely, indeed; and not only is it the most beautiful island of the Cyclades, but it is so totally different from all the others, that one would almost fancy it a fragment cast adrift from some fairer world—a stray garden of paradise floating on the waters. Its beauty is like that of a sweet face, ever changing in expression; for it has great majestic hills clothed in everlasting verdure, rearing their heads aloft to catch each passing sunbeam; and deep cool valleys, peaceful and still as those we see in our slumbers, when, fainting in our earthly pilgrimage, we sink to sleep, and dream of worlds beyond the grave. And everywhere it is a very wilderness of flowers, for the burning sun seems to have no power over it, and summer and winter alike its luxuriant vegetation retains its fresh bright green. Then there is the range of sparkling sunny shore, where Ariadne, the beloved of Theseus, lay reposing in the treacherous slumber whose awakening was to be despair, as over this same billowy sea she saw her god-like lover speeding from her side for ever; and so close upon the beach that the spray often dashes on the windows of the houses, lies the fantastic little town, all white and glittering in the sunshine; but this sweet isle is no portion of another world; it is but a part of this most restless and crime-laden earth; and, therefore, quiet and smiling as it appears, for years it has been the scene of contention and continual anarchy. Why is it ever thus?

Was there no spot, in all the unimaginable range of unknown creation, less fair, less beautiful, than this our earth, to which the spirit of strife might rather have flown to make itself a nest? Were there no regions of chaos over whose shapeless horror the creative word has not yet gone forth—no wreck of an extinguished world drifting aimless through infinity—no realm of darkness replete with silence only, till eternity shall bring forth some new universe to people it?—no better victim, in short, than this our mother earth, that floats so bright and beautiful upon the blue ether, begirt with those pure skies that are the mirror wherein she sees reflected the glory of her Maker, thus to be laid

waste by that most deadly power which steals into the breast of every man, and breathes forth in poison from his lips, till over all things it spreads an unseen blight, causing the creation, that to us appears so calm and bright, in angels' eyes to seem most dark and foul. No! here in her labouring breast by *sin* the seeds were sown of everlasting strife; and wherever her bowers are most green, her flowers most bright, that fatal germ seems to hear the deadliest fruits!

If none of the isles of Greece are so fair as Naxos, none, certainly, are so distracted and miserable. The pretty little town, built on a rising ground, is divided into two parts, connected only by a huge strong gate. The upper portion is inhabited solely by Venetians, the descendants of those conquerors who once added the possession of most of these islands as so many jewels to the crown of their queenly city; and the lower part is peopled exclusively by Greeks. The animosity and feuds between the two render the united towns a scene of perpetual warfare. The Italians have retained, with the most extraordinary tenacity, through the lapse of so many ages, all the customs and manners of the country that was once their own; they have rigidly avoided all intermarriage, have strictly adhered to their own language, and still more tenaciously have clung, not only to the doctrines, but to the minutest form of the Roman Catholic Church. During the revolution, this latter peculiarity caused the enmity of the Greeks to take the form of actual persecution; for as Romanists, the Latins professed to live independent of the Hellenic authorities, and openly declared their good will to Turkey.

Soultanitzza remembered many sad details of this civil war, as we may justly call it. The circumstances of her own life had, indeed, been greatly influenced by it; for she had, when very young, inspired an attachment, as lasting as it was sincere, in the son of one of the most noble of the Venetian families.

Isolani had vainly endeavoured to overcome the prejudices of all parties, in order to obtain her as his wife. Soultanitzza's father, a sturdy old Greek, declared he would sooner de-

stroy her with his own hands, than see his child a renegade to Greece, and she never forgot how, from that hour of disappointment, the young Italian became a changed and miserable man, with bitter words ever on his lips, and a restless death-seeking evident in all his actions, though to herself it was a matter of comparative indifference, as, in common with all other Greek maidens, she was duly impressed with the belief that the person whom her parents should present to her as her future husband would certainly be one peculiarly fitted to be loved, honoured, and obeyed—a principle which she found it easy to carry into effect when she was eventually given to Athanasi Ducas.

Soultanitzza entered the harbour of Naxos only to communicate to the inhabitants the probable approach of the naval combat, which might decide the fate of Greece; but she there heard of an event which, although it had occurred some time before, had only now become known in the more distant islands. This was the murder of the Sciote hostages—a deed of horror committed, it was said, at the instigation of the sultan himself, which had drawn, as it were, a veil of blood across the eyes of every Greek, and turned each one rather into a resolute and desperate assassin, than a generous defender of his country. Soultanitzza had ample proof, in the exasperation of her own seamen at the news, of the effect it was likely to produce in the fleet; and feeling convinced that matters had now reached a crisis, and that a general and immediate engagement would be the result, she gave orders instantly to proceed to the spot where the guns lay embedded in the sand, in order to join without delay the allied forces at Spezzia.

It was on a desert spot of the shore of Naxos that the wreck had taken place, and it was evening, long before the sailors had succeeded in transferring the weighty spoil to their own vessels. Soultanitzza sat on the deck watching them while they laboured, and to all appearance she was calm and serene, though in a few hours she would, probably, seek in vain with her delicate feet to escape from a scene of carnage, and her feeble hands to struggle with some butchering

enemy. Yet dauntless and resolute as she appeared to her followers, heavily beat the heart whose life-blood soon might be drained to the last drop by Moslem knives! Her thoughts were dark with that nameless dread—that unconquerable shrinking of the human flesh from its mysterious decay—which haunts the soul through every stage of life, and deepens as the closing scene comes on. She felt that she was drawing nigh to the presence of the Great Mystery that sits enthroned on the threshold of eternity, veiled in the impenetrable pall, beneath whose sombre folds each living mortal passes, and is seen no more; and there is not a thought more bitter than that which now oppressed her, in the dread that she should die unpitied and alone amid the tumult of the battle strife, without one gentle friend at hand whose breast might be a pillow to her dying head; for more than ever at the gates of death we yearn for the human love that brightened our departed life; though it is assuredly a strange ambition with which we are possessed, that thus constrains us, when we fall beneath the sure and universal doom, to claim the sympathy of those who, like ourselves, must share the curse.

As thus the patient wife sat dreaming over her approaching fate, among the rude and noisy sailors, suddenly she heard the sound of an approaching vessel, though in the darkness she could distinguish nothing, till, gliding beneath the prow of her own frigate, a white-sailed mistico appeared for an instant within the circle of their lights, and passing on within the shadow, came to an anchorage alongside. Before Soultanitza had time to ascertain whether the new-comers were friends or foes, one of them, whose dress she could distinguish as being that of a Greek, leaping from the deck of the mistico, swung himself by a rope up the side of the frigate, and in another instant stood motionless before her. With a single glance she recognised the companion and friend of her youth, the Venetian Naxiot.

"Isolani here!—can it be?" she exclaimed, in astonishment, for the Italians of Naxos disdain to wear the

Hellenic costume, and at the town she had been told that of late they had actually risen in arms openly to favour the Turks.

"Did you expect to see him elsewhere when Soultanitza Ducas was in danger?" he said. "I come to receive (till life is exhausted) every blow which is destined for you!"

"Phile mou, this must not be," said Soultanitza. "You are no Greek, and wherefore should you waste your young existence for a cause in which you have no interest?"

"You say truly that I am no Greek," he answered; "I have no country—I belong to none; I have no hope—no home on earth! You do not know, perhaps, that since you left your native Naxos, your countrymen have risen up against our people, and well nigh driven them from the town. In the affray our house was burnt to the ground, my father slaughtered, and our little property destroyed! I alone of my family was left friendless and aimless in this world. There remained for me but to choose between the refuge of the Catholic monastery at Santorin, where they say men learn so strangely to forget the worst evils, and that far surer asylum which a quiet grave can offer! I have chosen the rest in which there are no dreams; and I never knew how bright a thing an earthly hope can be till now, when it whispers to me that I shall lie down in that last slumber at your feet, my soul's sister!"

Soultanitza would still have remonstrated against the young Italian thus sacrificing his life on behalf of the people whose feuds with his race had so embittered it; but he interrupted her by saying—

"Soultanitza, remember this! Had Athanasi besought you not to peril your life for his sake, he would have spoken in vain."

Then she felt that his resolution was not to be broken, and that there remained no alternative but to accept his offer of such welcome aid. She turned away, rejoicing in the thought, that amongst the fierce and restless crew over which she was placed in command, there was, at least, one on whom she could rely for assistance and advice.

CHAPTER V.—THE FULFILMENT OF THE SCIOTE'S ANATHEMA.

A FRESH breeze sprung up in the night, and early next day the three vessels sailed in amongst the fleet assembled before the barren, uninteresting island of Spezzia. Soultanitzza was at once sent for on board of the admiral's flag-ship, to assist at the conference which was to decide their future proceedings. The few simple words with which the good Miaulis addressed the assembled troops were amply sufficient to spur them on to energetic deeds, when every man amongst them was fired with such enthusiastic ardour.

"Countrymen!" he said, "we are about to fight for all the most precious advantages in the world—our faith and our freedom! The first is holy, and God is with us; the second is our inheritance, and the inalienable right, not only of Greeks, but of every enlightened nation. To arms! my friends! for our only hope is in heaven, and in our own resolution to live victorious, or die fighting!"*

Then gravely they proceeded to examine into their present position. Everything now tended to prove to the Greek commanders that some bold and resolute measure must speedily be taken. The Turkish fleet had been reinforced from Constantinople; and they were aware that if, by some decisive blow, they did not paralyze it before it was further strengthened by the Egyptian squadron, the destruction of their islands must be inevitable. Even as it was the odds were fearfully against them: the largest of their vessels did not carry above twenty guns, whilst the Turks had six line-of-battle ships alone. The flag-ship of Kari Ali was an eighty-four gun-ship, and the murder of the Sciote hostages had awfully proved what mercy the Greeks might expect if overpowered, though it rendered them, at the same time, greedy of death, if they might but obtain it as the price of their revenge. They were, therefore, unanimously agreed, without delay, to attempt at once some bold attack, by means of their fire-ships,

in which their principal force consisted, as they possessed eight of them.

But while the archbishop, the admiral, and the several commanders, stood pondering on the manner in which this resolution was to be carried into effect—remembering, perhaps, that he who should suggest such a deed of daring as alone could save them now, would also, probably, be called upon to execute it himself—a young Psarriote sailor stepped modestly forward, and requested permission to carry into effect a plan which he had formed. Every eye was instantly turned on him with respect and attention; for this quiet and unassuming person was one who had already distinguished himself by various noble exploits—one whom a well-informed writer states to have been "the most brilliant pattern of heroism that Greece in any age has had to boast of—a heroism springing from the purest motives, unalloyed by ambition or avarice;" and who at this day occupies a high post in the ministerial cabinet of the country, to which, up to the present hour, he has been so fortunately preserved.

Yet even the naval captains, accustomed as they were to expect the most reckless bravery, and complete self-sacrifice, from Constantine Kanaris, were thunderstruck at the proposal he now made. He demanded that he should be put in command of a brulot, with a crew of some fifteen men; that another fire-ship should be similarly equipped, with a bold commander provided, and with an escort to follow at a distance, and pick up the brulotiers when the conflagration commenced; he proposed to run right into the midst of the sultan's armament, and set fire to the flag-ship of the Capitan Pasha himself!

This project of extraordinary daring might be, if successful, the decisive blow which should at last shiver to atoms the chains that bound the Hellenic realms in the Moslem sway; but it was one of these desperate ventures by which men, playing with a

* A literal translation of the admiral's speech.

bold hand at the game of life, win to themselves at once a noble fame of a sanguinary grave. There seemed little chance that those who were dauntless enough to put the scheme into execution would be spared to behold either its failure or success. But Kanaris appeared to consider the loss of a few lives, including his own, a matter of perfect indifference where the interests of Greece were concerned. The admiral and his counsellors were necessarily too happy to accept his offer, provided he could find others as resolute as himself to join the expedition. But there is no mere natural influence so irresistible to our weak humanity as that of example. It is, indeed, a dreadful power which we do, each one of us, possess, by this means, to move the souls of others to good or evil. The unpretending courage and enthusiastic patriotism of Constantine Kanaris had not been displayed in vain. George Pepinis, an experienced Hydriote captain, advanced, and volunteered to command the second *brulot*, whilst thirty-two sailors offered to accompany them. Kanaris further asked that two corvettes, a brig and a schooner, should be given him as an escort; and as this also was a service of great danger, the admiral again refused to single out himself any of the captains for such a post, preferring to accept the voluntary offer of their lives.

To the astonishment of all present, the first to demand so dangerous a preference was the wife of the blind Hydriote! Even while the admiration of all was excited by the noble resolution of Soultanitzza, as she stood there, calm and serene, awaiting the permission to enter on the terrible strife, against which, doubtless, her whole nature revolted; they were constrained, in very pity, to dissuade her from so perilous an excess of self-devotion.

"*Cori mou* (my daughter)," said the old archbishop, approaching her, "thrice favoured of heaven is your husband, whom men call so unfortunate! Who would not barter the light of their eyes for a wife so devoted and so true! But is it not enough that, through your faithful love, his name will be honoured by posterity as the defender of his country? Why should you, unasked, take

on yourself the very post that is most difficult and dangerous?"

"*Despoti mou*," answered Soultanitzza, as she bent submissively to kiss his hand, "I am little fitted to know how the warrior's duty should be performed. This only do I know, that wherever the danger was certain and most terrible, there Athanasios Ducas would have been, and there his substitute must be! My task is easy to be understood, for I have but to carry his name unstained wherever death is, and victory may be."

"*Pethia* (children)," said the archbishop, turning to the assembled people, "what, I ask you, ought the sons of Greece to be, if her daughters are like this woman?"

Soultanitzza's request was granted, and three other ships having been appointed to accompany her, the hazardous expedition was fixed to take place that very night, for there was no moon; and as the Turks never fight in the dark, they were the more likely to take them by surprise.

It was now early in the morning, but they prepared at once to set out, for the Ottoman fleet lay in the roads of Scio, and even the fresh breeze that now favoured them might barely bring them in contact with the enemy in time. Kanaris gave all the necessary directions calmly and promptly, with a stern and settled resolution imprinted on his countenance, which made him look as though, unconsciously to himself, the power of the terrible anathema which the Sciote mourners had sent up in the face of that heaven where eternal justice is enshrined, had come forth and settled upon him, constraining him to be their swift avenger.

All was ready at last; a barrel of gunpowder was placed in the boat, that they might blow themselves up, rather than be taken if unsuccessful, and the admiral's ship was already crowded with the crews of the various vessels who assembled to take leave of the adventurers. Then those thirty-four brave men, the probable term of whose mortal life had shrunk suddenly to so brief a space, advanced, and kneeling down before the archbishop, demanded from him the pledge of that which is everlasting. In the prime of strength and energetic manhood, lit up by the full blaze of the

glorious sun, whose setting each one believed he never more should see, they made themselves ready for death, and for its dread offspring, immortality, receiving the holy communion from the trembling hands of the aged bishop, whose tears rained down upon their noble heads as he blessed them. When they had concluded, he lifted up his voice in that solemn old chant which, from century to century, amid all the degradation and the infamy of Greece, has still ascended from her violated altars, as the confession of that true faith, which, once implanted in the land by divine authority, no mortal power has been able to expel; and as the old man's feeble tones arose, the thousands all around caught up the strain, and answered back, till the wide expanse of heaven seemed to fill with the sacred melody.

And there was music sounding also on the flag-ship of the Turkish admiral, on the night which followed this same day, as the countless vessels of the Ottoman fleet lay motionless on the dark bosom of the midnight sea. All was still and silent round them; pleasant was the soft darkness of the moonless sky to the eyes of the luxurious Moslems after the fierce glare of day, refreshing the breezes that floated over them, as they reclined upon their downy pillows; and they had vowed that this their last night of rest should be one of boundless amusement, for they designed next day to sail from their resting-place, to carry swift destruction on the three devoted islands. There was music, therefore, sounding from the flag-ship—sweet music, for it came from the soft, low tones of women's voices, and it sounded not the less melodious that the words they spoke were false as the smiles with which they met their dreaded master's eye.

Here lay Kara Ali, the sole commander of this royal armament, listening, in dreamy idleness, to those gay, light songs, while his strong hands (to the unveiled gaze of angel's eyes, so foully stained with inefaceable blood) were employed in recklessly tearing to pieces the fragrant flowers, that his slaves had toiled over the burning Sciote mountains to find for him that day; and his fancy caused to mingle with the soft, harmonious strains the sweeter music of the day-

dreams on which he pondered—the cries, the prayers of the rebels, whom he hoped to crush beneath his haughty feet so soon. Once that evening, about sunset, his pleasant reverie had been disturbed by the sudden appearance of what seemed to be two brigs, followed by four small vessels at a considerable distance. As they approached, the Turks had perceived that they had the French and Austrian colours flying, but they had come so near that in spite of this friendly signal, they had hailed them, and warned them to keep off. The strange vessels tacked accordingly, and almost instantly disappeared in the deep shadows of the brief tide-light. Then the rose-coloured lamps had been lit, the banquet had been spread, and the Turks abandoned themselves undisturbed to the festivities of the night. The only persons permitted to remain on the quarter-deck where Kara Ali lay, were the Imaun, who had consecrated his splendid banner, the astrologer, who had predicted that it should go before him to innumerable victories, and Diamantis, reclining on a mat, with his young child by his side.

It is an undoubted fact that there cannot exist a nature altogether depraved. Some one redeeming point must always remain, some pure impulse, unwillingly fostered, it may be, by the guilty man, in which we shall find the link that connects them with all the noble and the good among his fellow men, proving him indeed to be a partaker in that same humanity, whose capabilities, at the outset of existence, are so wonderful, for sinking to the deepest corruption, or rising to the most exalted holiness—the first germ of evil may come to a terrible fruition within the soul; the taint may spread and spread, till that undying spirit presents the foul image of the plague-stricken victim; but still one place unsullied will remain, one green spot in the desolate wilderness—a feeble clue, by which we can trace back its origin to the immaculate Creator. The worst and deadliest of passions had made a frightful havoc in the heart of Diamantis, turning it, as it were, into a horrible sepulchre, where all things good and pure lay dead—all bitter thoughts, all generous qualities. Yet there was a touch of a noble nature still in his deep absorbing

love for his gentle boy, and he clung all the more fondly to the object of this one holy affection, that to all other human beings he seemed to bear a fierce revengeful hate.

Diamantis held the soft hands of his child within his own; he loved to feel the beating pulses of the strong young life that promised length of days to the existence he so passionately cherished. He gazed into the clear dark eyes, and smoothed the hair upon the spotless forehead. Suddenly he started; for a strange sound seemed to him to rise above the melody of the young slave's songs!

It was then just midnight, the darkness was intense, the lamps, hung on the cordage, alone cast a faint circle of light round the flag-ship. Beyond this Diamantis could not see, but the sound was as of the rushing of a vessel through the deep dark waters. He saw that the Capitan Bey heard it also, for he started up, and at a sign from him, the slaves ceased their music.

Diamantis advanced to his side, and they listened. Now could they distinctly hear the bounding of a light ship through the dashing waves, and even the rustling of its sails in the fresh night breeze! The countless numbers of the Ottoman fleet lay each one motionless on the black waters; yet surely it could be no enemy who thus came rushing headlong through the very midst of that tremendous fleet. Nearer and nearer comes the mysterious tread of the invisible ship; they can distinguish by the sound that it is bearing down right on the vessel of the Turkish admiral. In a voice of thunder, Diamantis gives the word of command that rouses into action all the slumbering crew. It is too late! From the thick darkness that envelopes still this flying mystery, a voice answers back that warlike shout as with an echo; but it is no echo, for Kara Ali springs to his feet as he recognises the ancient war-cry of the imperial arms of Byzantium—the triumphant call of “Victory to the Cross.” In another instant the swift bark, freighted with destruction, sweeps round the stately line-of-battle ship. One moment the lights from the splendid deck gleam on the Hellenic banner, where the white cross is emblazoned, and on the stern figure of Minerva, as he stands upright, with the fatal match all ready in his despe-

rate hand. On whirls the brig: with a sure and a steady purpose it grapples the prow of that gigantic vessel. The anchor is cast; the brulot intricately linked to its magnificent foe! Then the shout, “Victorious!” rises again; the well-directed match is applied, and with a loud crash the fire-ship bursts into flame! The Greeks flung themselves into the launch which they had in tow, severed the rope with the quickness of lightning, and darted away unscathed and unwounded.

Their terrible purpose was accomplished in an instant—the fire held that gorgeous ship in its deadly embrace! The roaring of the flames might be heard afar off, as they rushed along licking the sides of the stately vessel, that shivered and groaned in their terrible power, like a mortal in agony; then an ominous sound, which was as a dread passing bell to unnumbered souls, warned off all those who would have succoured this ship of the doomed. It was the terrible report of the guns going off, deterring the other vessels of the fleet from approaching. No aid could be given—the monster vessel, quivering and reeling, must be left to its fate. The hold was full of gun-powder;—when the greedy flames reached that spot, it would be shivered to atoms! There were two thousand two hundred and eighty six souls on board, with the deep waters all around. From this terrible scene, night, the holy and still, seemed utterly scared away; the light was vivid as that of day, for the fierce conflagration blazed red and high, till even the people of Smyrna gazed wondering on the lurid glare crimsoning the sky; and the noise was fearful, for the rapid report of the cannon, which no mortal hand fired, mingled with the shrieks of the strong men fighting with death.

Kara Ali, the lord of that magnificent fleet, the prince, the tyrant, the pampered minion of luxury, stood upright on the deck, with his beautiful slaves lying round him, like flowers mown down by the gale, and death, present death, rushing towards him on the wings of the flame. Oh, for one yard of firm earth for him, the possessor of lands without limit! oh, for one draught of cold water, while the countless fountains of his palace gardens were falling in showers of spray! oh, for one breath of the free air of

heaven, of which his hundreds of vassals may drink such deep draughts at their will! Can it be that he is left thus unaided to perish? Are not all these his slaves that are crouching round? But they bow to the power of the terrible fire, and not unto him: yes, they leave him to perish!—that fire has riven their chains! This is one of the good things which death can offer, and that is freedom! Each man has a life—that life is in peril—what other master can he have than the instinct of self-preservation? They have launched the boats—they are crowding into them. Two have foundered and gone down with the weight of their living load. One yet remains; it is well nigh filled; but Diamantis has his precious child in his arms; what wonder that with a steady foot he leaps into it, and with an iron hand drives back the impetuous crowd, whilst he aids Kara Ali to descend from the burning vessel, and takes a place by his side! Even in that hour of terror, he thought of his child's future interest; if they yet should escape, he should see him a prince, whose father had saved the great admiral's life!

How the beautiful women he had brought with him clung shrieking to Kara Ali, as he fled from the perishing ship! The fair faces he had loved were all blackened and scorched with the flames. The light dresses were blazing, till the delicate limbs were writhing in agony; the despairing grasp of their arms embraced him, but he dashed them aside; he spurned them with his flying feet; he had bought them for the pastime and pleasure of his life: but it was that life itself that he sought for now! So he tore them off; he left them to perish, whilst convulsed with the fierce hope that death would be outdone yet; he flung himself down in that bark of deliverance! But the curse of the Sciote mourners, unseen, floated over his head! His doom followed close at his heels—a burning mast fell from the ship, as though guided by invisible hands: it crushed him beneath its weight, and it sank the boat! He is mortally wounded, but still he lives; he rises up from the crimsoned sea.

"A thousand purses to him who shall bear me to the shore," he cries.

Two expert swimmers at that call turn back from the beach; they are

fast approaching; they carry him between them to the land in safety. There he was met by Abdi, the Pasha of Scio, who, with the whole of the Mahomedans of the island, had come down to the shore in dismay, to witness the catastrophe they could not avert. Mourning, and cursing the victorious Greeks, they received the dying Capitan Bey in their arms, and turned to bear him to some place of shelter. But the death agony of the proud Kara Ali had already begun!—he writhed in their grasp, and besought them to lay him down on the ground; they obeyed, and placed him on the sand a few yards from the water's edge: he opened his eyes, to look round once more on the world that for him was passing away, with the lust thereof, and then a shriek burst from his pale lips, which rang from the rending asunder of body and soul could ever have wrung from the haughty man.

"Where have you laid me, oh, tormentors?" he shrieked out. "Take me away—drag me hence—this place is accursed!"

Abdi Pasha and his attendants looked round in surprise; but when they saw what sight had power, with its horror, to overmaster the horror of death, they lifted up their hands in superstitious awe, and exclaimed—

"Allah il Allah!"—God is God! Unconscious instruments of a terrible justice, they had placed him to die among the crumbling skeletons of the Sciote hostages.

"Take me away," still moaned out the dying man: "there is life in these mouldering bones! they will rise up to fall on me!"

To his fascinated gaze, all dim with the films of death, each menacing skull seemed to assume the expression of the torture in which it had died! He strove to raise himself up, and crawl from the spot; but the effort drove the tide of life back from his heart. There was a gasp—a shiver—then his eyes opened with an upturned gaze of unspeakable agony, as though the purity of that heaven had blasted his sight! One moment the departing of the soul shook his frame with a fierce convulsion; then it sank in the stillness of death, and the glare of the vast conflagration showed another corpse added to the dead hostages of

Scio—even that of their murderer himself!—and the unredeemed anathema of those who bewailed them ceased to disturb the serenity of the realms above!*

In terror and silence, awe-struck by the power that had manifested itself in that place, the pasha and his vassals remained by the new-made dead, to watch the coming destruction of the gorgeous vessel he had called his own. Three-quarters of an hour the great fire blazed on before the explosion took place. It took all that time for the flames to eat their way through the polished wood of the admiral's ship—to kindle the rich folds of the silken curtains—to devour the treasures he had bought with the price of blood—to struggle a moment with the strong life in the iron frame of his bondsmen, and rush on victorious, thirsty as ever, to twine themselves round the corpses of the fair young slaves—till a light wreath of smoke, curling up from a heap of ashes, was all that remained of their beauty, their youth, and their misery! but at last the vital spot was touched—a tremendous report was heard, loud as those thunders of heaven itself, which I sometimes think are the echoes of requiems sung in the spheres over worlds when they perish—the flag-ship blew up with a terrible crash—far and near the burning fragments were scattered around, dealing death and destruction on every ship where they fell—the huge burning mass heaved for a moment on the bosom of the agitated sea, and then it plunged down through the hissing waters, and disappeared for ever, sending up a great column of dense black smoke, which hovered for a moment over the scene of the catastrophe, and then dispersed itself through the sky, whose pure stars it dimmed with sulphureous vapour.

When this terrible event occurred, the crowds of Mahomedans who surrounded the admiral's corpse on the shore, bent their bodies to the earth, and uttered the most lamentable cries. Two thousand two hundred and eighty-six persons had been on board of the lost ship, and a hundred and eighty

alone survived, having been saved before the explosion by swimming to the shore, or supporting themselves on the floating spars; and the number of the slain included nearly all the captains of the Ottoman fleet.

Kanaris and his brave companions, meanwhile, full of joy and exultation, had been picked up on their raft by one of the schooners of their escort, and along with the brig commanded by Soultanitzta, they now proceeded to take up Pepinis and his followers, whose attempt had not been crowned with so signal a success as that of Kanaris, sufficiently proving that it was the boldness and skill of the latter alone which had ensured his extraordinary victory.

The Hydriote brulot directed by Pepinis had attacked the vessel of the Reala Bey, which contained the treasure; and although the Turks succeeded in getting clear of the fire-ship, it continued to drive about the roadstead in a state of combustion, till it set fire to another two-decker. In short, the confusion in the Ottoman fleet was complete. The Turks, in consternation, cut their cables, and fled, they scarce knew whither; and indeed had the Greek squadron been at hand to take advantage of their dismay, the whole Turkish armament might have been annihilated. As it was, however, the brave little band of Greeks now prepared to retire at once to announce to their countrymen their wonderful triumph over the Ottoman host, and they set sail again, quietly and in order, passing close to the spot where the line-of-battle-ship had sunk. Terrible traces of the catastrophe yet lingered on the troubled waters—dead corpses drifting to and fro—blackened fragments of the wreck, and here and there a broken raft or shattered boat, to which clung a few feeble survivors, who had not yet reached the shore. These—if the Greeks recognised in them some of the dead Captain Bey's Christian slaves—they saved at once; but when in the name of the Prophet their succour was asked by the drowning victims, they glided on unheeding. Soultanitzta stood on the poop of her

* The above account of the death of Kara Ali, and the other details of this extraordinary exploit of Kanaris, are strictly true. The Captain Bey literally expired among the corpses of his victims.

vessel, with Isolani by her side, holding her small hands clasped on her bosom, to quell the emotions that were swelling within her at the scenes of horror and of death she had been called on to witness. The breeze was blowing fresh; they were passing rapidly over the scene of the late explosion, when suddenly Soultanitzta uttered a cry, and pointed to the fragment of a Turkish launch floating near, on which, by the first beams of the morning sun, she perceived a man attempting, with a broken oar, to advance his precarious bark towards the shore, whilst a child lay motionless at his feet.

"Look there!" she exclaimed, "it is he—it is Diamantis the infidel! Oh, traitor, wherefore didst thou rob my husband of the light of day, and so deprive my life of its best sun?"

"As pethani (let him die)!" cried Isolani, as he heard these words; and, before she had time to know his purpose, with a vigorous effort he turned the helm, and their vessel bore down-right the frail floating raft, and sunk it in an instant. With a wild shriek Soultanitzta flung herself before him, and called on him in the name of the Panagia not to make her guilty of a murder—but the deed was done; already the heavy brig had passed over the launch, and as it went down Soultanitzta heard a terrible cry ascend from the waters—"Amaun! it is my child"—then all was still. And, quivering in every limb—for she felt that she was the involuntary murderess of those whom the flames and the billows alike had spared—she crouched down on the deck, and, lifting up her hands and eyes, burst into a passionate prayer, as much for their salvation as for her own forgiveness.

And as she knelt there, whilst the ship sped on, and the first long glittering sunbeam of the rising day swept over the sea, brightening all things into clearest light, suddenly a sight presented itself before her, so appalling that it froze the accents of supplication on her lips, and paralysed her on that spot with uplifted hands and glaring eyes.

Rising slowly from the foaming water, she saw a ghastly figure appear, creeping up the side of her vessel by means of a rope, to which he clung with one hand only, till he stood on

the lowest step of the little gangway. The ship leant over with the weight of the swelling sail, and one half of his body alone rose above the frothing spray; but fully disclosed and turned towards her, with an expression in the livid face of rage and hate—which it seemed scarce possible any but a demon could assume—was the head of Diamantis the traitor, blackened with smoke and disfigured by a frightful wound. She could not move, although he was so close beside her that she could see the convulsive heavings of his breast, as he lifted up and held towards her the burthen which he carried on his other arm.

It was the dead body of his child, all dripping, cold, and motionless; and even in that hour of unutterable horror, Soultanitzta was constrained to note with what mysterious serenity the half-opened eyes gleamed out from beneath the pale lids, and how beautiful the childish face, solemn in death, round which the wet hair clung; but the voice of Diamantis arose, hoarse as the blast that shrieked through the sails.

"Look here, accursed daughter of the Ghiaour race; this is your work," he cried. "Anathema!—anathema! for you have killed him! I heard your voice give orders that he should be slain. But I live—hear it—I will live to accomplish your destruction!—I come to announce it to you—my child is murdered, but I live—therefore, anathema and revenge!"

Having uttered these words, with one last gleam of deep abhorrence shooting from his bloodshot eyes, Diamantis shook his hand in the air, and, grasping the corpse tighter to his bosom, he sprang from the step and plunged into the waters; Isolani, who like Soultanitzta had stood paralysed at the unexpected sight, now started forward, and was about to deal him a blow with the muzzle of his gun, which must inevitably have killed him, but the enemy had escaped him, and he could see him breasting the waters, as he swam towards the shore with a sure and steady progress, dragging the dead child after him by his flowing hair. Soultanitzta lay on the deck, her face buried in her hands, sobbing convulsively, and Isolani found it in vain to attempt to console her. She felt that from that hour her fate was sealed—

the avenger of blood would track her path, and dig pitfalls beneath her every step, till, sooner or later, his curse would overtake her, leading death by the hand; and there was a deep horror in her soul at the deed she had done, which none but a woman and a mother could have felt, whose soft bosom had been the resting-place of children, fair

and helpless as the little one she so unwittingly had murdered; and there was for her more of terror in the sight she had seen, which haunted her to life's last day—that pale, serene face, with the dripping hair falling round it—than in all the details of the slaughter she had witnessed that morning.

CHAPTER VI.—THE REVENGE OF A TURK.

THE four vessels conveying the triumphant brulotiers now made all sail for Psarra, where they were received with the most frantic demonstrations of joy by the islanders. The victory was indeed one of immense importance to the country at that critical juncture, for it had so utterly terrified the Turks that the whole fleet had fled to Mytelene, avoiding every little Greek vessel they chanced to meet, lest it should prove to be a brulot. The conquerors, however, Kanaris and his brave companions, amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and enthusiastic shouting of the crowd, quietly left the harbour, and, doffing their slippers, walked barefoot to the church with every mark of the humblest gratitude; there to return thanks to Providence, who had so strengthened thirty-four men that they had conquered, without a wound to themselves, that infidel host.

The Greeks did not long remain inactive at Psarra after this signal victory. Miaulis was too good a soldier not to take advantage of the favourable circumstances in which the Hellenic fleet was then placed, from the hopeless dismay into which the late occurrence had plunged the Turks, and the consequent enthusiasm and daring with which it had fired his seamen. He was aware that a new Captain Bey would speedily be named by the Sublime Porte to replace Kara Ali, and he determined if possible to bring on a regular engagement with the Turks while they were still without a commander. But, victorious as they had been in their last attempt, it was necessary, in preparing for a general combat, to take some precautionary measures, on account of the enormous disproportion between the belligerent fleets—that of the Turks extending to an immense distance from

van to rear, while the Greeks set sail with but a small number of insignificant vessels. They cruised about, therefore, for some time in the vicinity of Mytelene, where the Turks lay, till one morning, when the sirocco wind, usual at that season, had veiled the sea in a dense mist, when they steered in the direction of the enemy, hoping to steal upon them unawares. In this, however, they were completely foiled.

The fog suddenly cleared away, rendering it extremely dangerous to attempt approaching, and, to add to their disappointment, the long-expected squadron from Alexandria suddenly hove in sight, and proceeded to join the fleet, so that the Greeks had no alternative but to return at once to Psarra, and wait a more favourable opportunity. One or two of their vessels, however, undertook the dangerous duty of hovering about in the vicinity of Mytelene, in order to watch the enemy's proceedings. Of these Soultanitzas's was one—true to her resolution of carrying her husband's name wherever danger was. The Hydriote wife had suffered much since that dreadful hour when the dead child had risen out of the sea, to convey to her, with its pale, silent lips and tranquil aspect, a curse far more terrible than that which was hurled at her devoted head by the miserable father; yet she had ever preserved, in presence of her followers, the calm and equal demeanour which always characterised her; and she was right, for we cannot love our fellow-creatures with that pure and self-denying love which we owe to them as children of the one Creator, mutual sharers in the common inheritance of life and sin, the parent of misery by which that life is blackened, except we hold it as a principle so to strive at all times to

conduce to their happiness that we would not suffer one trace to appear on the countenance in betrayal of our inward struggles, lest our joyless aspect cast a gloom on those around us. But, smiling and tearless as she was, there lay a dark shadow on her soul, in the strong conviction that she was foredoomed as the victim to a sleepless vengeance that, sooner or later would infallibly hurl her into an untimely grave!

Let stoics and philosophers talk as they will, it is a terrible thing for a human being to be laden with the certainty of immediate death! We may talk lightly of this same mysterious change in reference to our neighbours, and there are times, if the spirit faints and the heart is heavy, when we long very earnestly for its chill forgetfulness; but, for all that, we do not and cannot in actual fact realise it as applying to ourselves till it is clearly revealed to us by our very side, as now to Soultanitzza Ducas, and then we look up bewildered and in agony; for, however much the spirit may be fortified by the armour of its immortal hope, nothing can ever overcome the shrinking of the human flesh from infallible decay; nor does this bitter repugnance arise so much, perhaps, from our instinctive horror of the worm and the shroud as from our fond clinging to this mortal world, and all the chains wherewith it binds us. We are true to our humanity until it is torn from us; and even where all ties of dear affection have been rent, and lonely we have walked our path as in a cheerless wilderness, still nature has been with us, and the beauties of the material creation were around us, and for them we shall mourn as we pass away!

Soultanitzza Ducas lay buried in a quiet slumber on the night when the Hellenic fleet put back to the island of Psarra, to await a more favourable moment of attack. She had seen that all was quiet on deck before retiring to rest; and now as she sleeps, and sleeping dreams, a bright smile plays over her pale face, for she hears the voice of her husband murmuring low and tenderly, as in the days when she gave up to him her young heart among the fair green bowers of Naxos, and then the glad ringing laugh of her merry children seems to echo on her ear. But suddenly she starts up, awakened

by sounds which seemed to her as though a tempest were raging above. There was a tumult like rolling thunder, and a flashing of vivid light; the vessel shook and rolled from side to side; and, mingled with it all, were human voices and imprecations! Then she looked quickly out from the window of the cabin, and shuddered, for she saw that the sea was still and calm, and the sky cloudless and pure as the soul of a sleeping child; so she knew the storm must be of mortal raising. The guns of her brig were firing rapidly; the voices of her men were ascending hoarse with rage and despair, mingling with stranger tones in the language of the enemy, and from these suddenly a fierce shout of triumph arose, and then there was a silence broken only by deep groans from her countrymen.

Soultanitzza rose, trembling in every limb, and left the cabin. At the same moment a wounded sailor, falling from the deck, sunk expiring at her feet; but, with the last effort of life, he grasped her dress, and exclaimed, "Cocona! go not there—all is lost—we are taken by the Turks!" Soultanitzza made the sign of the cross with a shaking hand; then, drawing her veil closely round her, she went up on deck. Scarce had she placed her tottering feet on the planks so ominously stained, where, with the first glance, she perceived the small number of her followers who survived lying bound hand and foot, when a grasp of iron seized hold of her feeble arm, and a voice, too well remembered, roared into her ear, "Ah! woman, whose mother is accursed! This is well. You come to meet me, and I was just about to seek you. Now is my anathema at work! You are in my power!" In the hand of Diamantis, who thus addressed her, Soultanitzza saw the dripping dagger he had used too well, and, with one shriek of heart-wrung terror, she bowed her head in the submission of her helplessness to await the expectant blow. "Not yet," exclaimed her enemy, with a taunting laugh; "my vengeance has but just begun. Truly, your tomb is open, but you shall enter it by a path of torture;" and, as he spoke, he threw her down on the deck with so much violence that she lay a convulsed heap at his feet; and then calling to

some of his men, he caused her to be bound in thongs which cut through her tender flesh, and so they cast her into the hold, along with some seven or eight of her seamen (including Isolani), who alone survived of the hapless crew. Then the Hydriote brig, manned by Turks, and commanded by Diamantis himself, parted company with the large schooner in which he had given chase and captured her, and steered in the direction of the Dardanelles.

Dismal were the days and nights which followed to the miserable remnant of the Greeks. They remained bound in the hold, deprived of light or air, with scarcely a sufficient supply of food to keep them alive, and convinced, at the same time, that their life was only preserved at all for some more cruel purpose. Often did Diamantis, full of revengeful malice, come to exult over Soultanitzza in her place of torture; but vainly, by his cruel taunts, did he seek to draw a complaint from her lips; she endured all with gentle and touching resignation, for she had a deep source of joy, incomprehensible to him, in the fond reflection that she was suffering for her dear husband's sake; and she had another consolation, of which he was happily also ignorant, in the little dagger, still carefully concealed in her bosom, which Athanasi had given her as a sure means of escape, if need be. At length the captured vessel, under the guidance of its new masters, reached the quiet little Asiatic town of Gallipoli, situated at the entrance of the Hellespont. Here the wretched crew of the Hellenic brig were transferred to a large Turkish vessel, of which Captain Diamantis was again the commander; for he would not, on any account, have lost sight of his prisoners; and he at once set sail with them for Constantinople, there, in all probability, to consummate their fate by some refinement of cruelty, and perhaps in a manner lucrative to himself. The unhappy captives, though imprisoned altogether, could, however, hold but little converse with each other; for they were invariably silenced by blows, and their tormentors knew well how to render them passive in their misery. One morning, as a faint light illuminating their dungeon announced to them that up above it was glorious day,

Isolani turned quickly to catch a glimpse of the pale, sweet face that haunted him in all their long hours of darkness; as he looked on her he murmured low, "Soultanitzza, why are you so calm?"

"Because I carry in my breast the instrument of freedom," she answered—"the freedom of death, at least. I have a knife!"

"A knife!" exclaimed Isolani. But steps drew near, and he could say no more.

That same night Soultanitzza lay unable even to sleep from the pain of her bonds, when she heard the voice of Isolani whisper—

"Soultanitzza! do not speak, do not move, but listen to me! Let us make an effort to escape—we can but die the sooner. I have a plan which, desperate as it is, may save us yet."

In an instant she felt that he was loosening the cord that bound her hands with his teeth; after long and unavailing efforts, he suddenly succeeded in freeing them from the rope.

"Now," he whispered, "take your knife, and cut my cords; but keep silence."

It was with difficulty that her hands, stiff with the tightness of her bonds, could accomplish this task; but rousing her failing energies—for she saw that Isolani had some desperate purpose, indeed—she succeeded in disengaging him from the ropes. Then noiselessly, with the most anxious precaution, Isolani having possessed himself of the precious knife, performed the same office to the seamen, muttering to them in a tremulous whisper, that they were to follow him, and stake on one terrible venture their life and their freedom. There was not a murmur of dissent among the captives; for the fiery spirit of those Eastern seamen could ill brook this dismal imprisonment, and a speedy death was to them far preferable, especially if they received it as the price of their revenge. In their dark solitude they had ample time to study the movements of their jailors; and Isolani knew that at this hour the sleep-loving Turks were all buried in profound slumber, except those who kept watch on the deck. Thus far, then, it was without much risk that they crept stealthily from their den, and stole up the ladder,

treading closely on each other's heels, with Soultanitzza the last of all.

In a few seconds they stood altogether—that is, seven resolute men, and one poor trembling woman—on the deck of the Turkish schooner. Looking round with a quick glance of mingled terror and hope, they perceived that they were yet more favoured by circumstances than they had dared to anticipate. The ship was lying motionless on the still waters of that most beautiful Sea of Marmora, which looks so like a silver lake of fairyland, imprisoned within an enchanted ring of deep green hills; and the vessel was held there immovable by the iron power of the intense and breathless calm that sometimes lulls the Eastern seas, as though Nature herself could feel that stillness of despair, which can so utterly paralyze all human energy. As might have been expected at such an hour, the three Moslems who composed the night-watch had all sunk into a deep sleep; and with a hasty pantomime Isolani communicated to the sailors what he intended to attempt. Then firmly grasping Soultanitzza's dagger—the sole arm which the bold Greeks possessed amongst them all—he advanced with noiseless steps towards the slumbering enemies.

They slept, those three men, unconscious on the brink of their destruction, as many a one lies down unknowing to slumber on the verge of coming misery. One lay with his head bowed down over his folded arms, as though with a strong resignation he awaited his destiny—and it was at hand! Isolani drew near: with a well-directed aim, and a steady arm, he plunged the dagger right into the back of his neck, in such a manner that instantaneous death must ensue before even the mortal lips could utter that last sigh of agony which precedes their sealing up for ever with the cold thick clay. There was a sudden rattle in the throat, a trembling of the material frame, as the spirit abandoned it to the curse of decay, and the Moslem passed from the gay dreams of his earthly slumber, and the delusive errors, the mistaken theories of his earthly home, to the one great reality—the awful truth of eternity!

Isolani passed on to the next: this one lay in a troubled sleep; his huge limbs, although thrown into

a posture of rest, seemed yet involuntarily to nerve themselves for a struggle, and the clenching of his hands, as well as the incoherent words he muttered, showed that he imagined himself in the heat of a combat. But whilst he did battle, conquering, perhaps, with his visionary foes, slow and sure the real enemy came gliding near. Once more he uplifted the ready dagger, and buried it to the hilt in the slumberer's heart. He started; a spasm convulsed him; he woke, and turned round his face; his gaze fell upon his foe, and there passed into his glazing eye a terrible look of fiend-like hate, and then the glaring balls stiffened in their places, and so he died; and that evil expression became fixed for ever on his stony features! Well may we tremble for the dead—for many who swell the ranks of the helpless dead—if this be among the decrees of Eternal Justice, that the last look—the last trace of spirit on the face of the dying—should be recorded on the tablets of the Judge, as the sign and seal of all that the life of the soul has been! Then to the third victim Isolani passed on. He lay still; his head pillowed on his arm; but over his face were passing the shadows of unholy dreams, like foul mists over a slumbering lake; for there is no better test of the state, whether in purity or corruption, of a soul, than his involuntary dreams, wherein angels may seem to whisper to him of the glory that is unseen, or demons blacken yet more his heart with most unhallowed thoughts. He afforded a still more easy prey than those who preceded him on the dread pilgrimage; his head thrown back, exposed his throat to the knife of his assassin. In a moment the deed was dexterously done; he did not move or speak, but he seemed to wake; his eyes opened to their fullest extent; he raised them as though to give a last look to that sky whose dews alone were weeping for him now. But it could not be the aspect of that fair creation which petrified his gaze into that one fixed rigid stare of most unspeakable awe and wonder. Something he certainly beheld that filled him with a terrible amazement, still immovably stamped within his eyes as the lids fell over them for ever.

The sailors now approached, and pos-

sessed themselves of the arms of the victims; and then, warned by a suppressed shriek from Soultanitzza, Isolani turned, and perceived that a Turk, roused by the slight noise they had unavoidably made, was slowly ascending the ladder, his turban just appearing above the deck. In an instant one of the Greeks had cut him down, and he fell with a heavy crash from the stairs. This was, of course, the signal for a general alarm; but Isolani, giving his orders with the greatest promptitude, had the hatches fastened down before the Moslem crew, so much more numerous than themselves, could come from below to confront them. One opening only he left, and, standing over it with his companions, they deliberately massacred every man as he attempted to gain the deck. Soon the panic among the Turks became so great that they dared not approach the ladder; and then the Greeks hurled heavy weights in upon them, and beat them down with the butt ends of their muskets, till so small a portion of them remained that they could, without risk, leap into the midst of them, and speedily dispatch the few terrified survivors.

The massacre was complete, and the whole combat did not occupy half-an-hour; by that time the seven bold Greeks were masters of the ship, and not a Turk survived of the goodly crew that had manned the Ottoman vessel. The conquerors then proceeded, full of exultation, to strip the bodies, which they threw overboard, and arrayed themselves in their clothes, according to the directions of Isolani. The ship, which was a prize of no inconsiderable value, had been steering in the direction of Constantinople, but he now caused her to veer round on the other tack, and made all sail for the Dardanelles, with the Ottoman colours flying, and his men fully dressed in the Turkish costume. These measures he took as a precaution against the risk they would run in passing the straits, where the enemy's fleet was lying at the time, but he hoped to pass them before sunrise, so as to escape too close a scrutiny. When all the arrangements were complete, and the exulting seamen gaily occupied in manœuvring the ship, Isolani looked round for Soultanitzza. During the whole of this scene of massa-

cre she had stood upright on the deck, like a statue of stone, paralyzed in an agony of remorse. Never before had the horrors of war been so palpably manifested in her sight—never before had her very feet been wet with the flowing blood, and she stood, now her face buried in her hands, bowed to the earth, as though she expected the vengeance of heaven to fall on her who countenanced such doings. Isolani caused all traces of the strife to be cleared away, and then approached her.

"Soultanitzza, look up," he said, "shall we not rejoice till our hearts have no shadow to-day—are we not free?"

She made no answer, but shuddered violently; he would have taken her hand, cold as marble in his own, had she not shrunk wildly from his touch, remembering how he had been employed.

"Soultanitzza," he said, mournfully, "can you not forget the blood shed in the victory? Was it not well to save you from a degrading slavery, ourselves from torture?"

Still she refused to lift her head, crushed with the weight of so many lives.

"Was it not well," continued Isolani at last, "to spare such dishonor to your husband's name, to bring on him the glory of this most unhopedor success, through his means to win our country such a prize as this?"

The mention of her husband seemed to act like a spell on Soultanitzza; she let fall the veil from before her face, and lifting up her hands and eyes, where the large tears gathered slowly, seemed to implore forgiveness for this great love, that had bound her soul as with an iron chain; then shuddering again, she cast a terrified glance around, and grasping Isolani's arm, whispered low—

"By whose hand was my husband avenged this day?"

The Naxiote understood that she wished to know by whom Dianantis, her bitter enemy, had been slain, but the massacre had been so general, and the confusion, for the brief space it lasted, so great, that it was no easy matter to ascertain who had dealt any one individual blow. Not a Turk, dead or alive, remained in the vessel, that was certain, for the Greeks had

hurled them all into the sea, wounded or dying. One of the seamen, however, recollected having driven back *Diamantis*, as he was about to mount the ladder, in the commencement of the combat, and there was little doubt that he had been instantly trampled down, and subsequently thrown over board. Being satisfied on this point, *Soultanitz* became more calm, and occupied herself with *Isolani* in making arrangements for conveying their prize to *Psarra* in all safety. They were sailing with a fair wind, and the first point of danger they approached was the fort of the *Dardanelles*, where they were hailed at once, but they readily answered in Turkish that they were carrying dispatches to the Ottoman fleet, and passed on without exciting suspicion. They had anticipated greater difficulty in sailing through the midst of the squadron, as they knew not how to find a plausible excuse for proceeding towards the hostile islands, instead of joining the Turks; but on reaching the entrance to the strait, they were met by the scattered vessels of the fleet, flying before the wind, in a state of confusion and disorder, which enabled them, without attracting any observation, to pass through the midst, and hurry on undisturbed towards *Psarra*. This panic among the Turks, and the ignoble flight of their stately fleet was the result of a second exploit of the dauntless *Kanaris*, no less perilous and boldly executed than that we have recorded already.

In this world the test of merit is success; let us hope that hereafter we shall be judged by a purer law, but according to our conventional rules below, though *Kanaris* perilled his life as loyally in this second expedition as in the first, the noble deed holds not the same place in the memories of his countrymen, because it was less eminently successful, and failed to cause a reaction in their favor. The Ottoman fleet, commanded by *Kara Mehemet*, who had succeeded the unfortunate *Kara Ali*, as *Capitan Bey*, had anchored at *Tenedos*, but since the victorious attack of the brulotiers at *Scio* the squadron had been so amply reinforced that *Kanaris* had recourse to a stratagem, which alone could have enabled him to approach them. He left *Psarra* with two fire-ships, the one, as formerly, commanded by him-

self, the other by his faithful *Pepinis*, and conveyed by two armed brigs, who boldly carried the Greek flag; the brulots on the contrary hoisted the Ottoman colours, and their crews wore the Turkish dress.

Thus disguised the two deadly vessels approached the hostile fleet about sunset, flying along, seemingly in the attempt to escape from the brigs of war, which appeared to give them chase, and fired shot in amongst them. They ceased, however, their pretended pursuit as they neared the enemy, and the unsuspecting Turks delighted at the escape of their false countrymen, called out to them to anchor under their guns! Instantly the Hydriote brulot ran aboard of the admiral's vessel, while the *Psarriote*, fastened to a ship of the line, *Kanaris* calling out exultingly, "Turks, you are burned as at *Scio*!" The *Capitan Pasha*, in a paroxysm of terror, with the terrible fate of his predecessor full in his mind, cut his cables, with a promptitude which alone saved him, and so narrowly escaped; but the ship which *Kanaris* had attacked, a powerful two-decker, caught fire and blew up half an hour after. Then the combined fleets, Turkey, Egypt, and Barbary, giving way to a cowardly panic, in the utmost confusion, fled into the *Dardanelles*, where they met *Soultanitz*, and anchored under the *Hellespontine* castles, as the nearest refuge.

The coolness and daring of *Kanaris* on this occasion were perhaps even more remarkable than on the former expedition, for in this instance, after he had applied the match to the vessel he attacked, and escaped with his own raft, he perceived that the brulot was not properly inflamed, and composedly returning, though the Turks were already under arms, carefully rectified the error! *Soultanitz* and her prize-vessel, passed, therefore, without difficulty through the disordered ranks of the enemy, and proceeded to *Psarra*, there to receive Admiral *Miaulis*' orders.

The night was still and dark, and the wife of the blind man sat on the deck, watching, with a vacant glance, the soft, pure outline of the shadowy islands that now rose in all directions around them; but in spirit she was far away among the valleys and the hills of *Hydra*, for they, barren and sterile as they are,

were made bright to her by that lustre which beautifies, far more than any earthly sunshine, the land where we have wandered with those we love.

Those only who could have followed Soultanitza Ducas throughout the scenes of strife and war, and known with what horrible repugnance for her unnatural task she had led on her men to the combat with her fellow-creatures, might have understood with what an intense desire she longed to return to her home, and all its domestic duties. She had little doubt that Miaulis would order her to repair instantly to Hydra to have the ship she had captured fitted out as a Greek vessel, and she almost fancied, could she but once more resume her place within her quiet house, that all the wild adventures of the last month would become as a ghastly dream, and the first long gaze of deep affection cast on her dear husband efface for ever from her memory the sights which had sickened her very soul—the first kisses of her innocent children purify the lips that had issued the orders of death.

She was interrupted in the midst of her reflections by a noise that suddenly arose below, followed by one wild shriek, and a volley of imprecations from some of her men. Before she could inquire the cause, two of the seamen appeared on deck, dragging between them a negro slave wearing the Turkish dress, whom they flung down at her feet, and remained standing over him with their daggers drawn. Soultanitza, shrinking back in terror, asked whence he came. They told her that they had discovered him in the hold, where he had apparently managed to secrete himself during the general massacre, and subsist until now on some of the food that had been provided for the Greeks themselves when prisoners. Isolani instantly ordered that strict search should be made throughout the vessel, lest any other might have survived of the unhappy Ottoman crew; and finding that, beyond a doubt, this one had alone escaped, he gave orders that he should at once be cast into the sea. Most readily would his orders have been obeyed by the vindictive Greeks, had not the negro, as they were dragging him away, laid hold of Soultanitza's dress, and clinging to her, lifted up his face with an imploring

gaze, making, at the same time, signs that he was dumb. His turban nearly concealed his features, but Soultanitza understood his look of passionate entreaty, and at once commanding the sailors to release him, she exclaimed to Isolani—

"He shall not die! I rejoice in my power to-night, since I can spare men as well as destroy! Oh, that this life saved may redeem but one of those which have been sacrificed for me!"

"As you will, Cocona," said Isolani; "but remember this slave is our enemy, and the last of our enemies; we know how treacherous they are: I believe that if you let him live, it will be at your imminent peril!"

"And when should peril be dear to us," exclaimed Soultanitza, "if not when we incur it for an act of mercy?" Shall we brave it for our own interest or glory, and not welcome it most gladly to benefit a fellow-creature? No; let him live! and thrice happy are we if this one deed of justice efface from our souls but a portion of the blood that we have shed!"

"It is enough," said Isolani, and the liberated slave crouched down before his new mistress, and kissed her feet with a fawning servility, from which at last she turned in disgust. As Soultanitza had anticipated, immediately on arriving at Psarra, the admiral ordered them to proceed to Hydra, and the next day, with a heart full of joy and gratitude, she set sail to return to all that was dear to her on earth.

It was nightfall before they reached her island home; but never had a summer's morning seemed brighter than that dim twilight to the devoted wife! Her impatience increased with every moment which brought her nearer to the refuge for which she pined. When Hydra appeared in sight, she stood motionless at the side of the vessel, stretching out her long-lingering arms towards it, as though she already embraced her dear husband and children. The men were all engaged in sailing the ship, and they advanced rapidly towards the entrance to the harbour. They were within a short distance of it, when suddenly one and all were startled by a cry, which seemed to rise in wild exulting triumph from the sea close by them.

Looking hurriedly round, they perceived a sight which to Soultanitzza Ducas was dreadful as would have been the visible aspect of death itself, could she, with her living eyes, have beheld that awful phantom as it stood even now unseen before her. Upright in the small boat which had already been lowered for their disembarkation stood the negro slave, whose life she had spared; but the turban which had concealed his features was flung aside, and, in spite of the dark liquid with which he had stained his face while concealed in the hold, she recognised the cunning eye and cruel smile of her implacable enemy, the Moslem Diamantis! In one hand he held the rope which united the boat to the ship; in the other a knife, with which he seemed about to sever it.

There is a strange instinct in the human heart at times, whereby it foretells, even in its brightest hours, the approach of its own future suffering; and as Soultanitzza met the fierce triumphant glance of him over whose wrongs and whose revenge she believed the waters of the deep long since had closed, there pass, as in a vision before her, the beloved forms she felt she should behold no more, and grasping hold of the vessel's side, to support herself, she continued to gaze on him with fascinated eyes, whilst the name of Diamantis burst from her quivering lips.

"Yes," shouted the traitor, "it is Diamantis, indeed, thou murderess of my son! Ah, you thought the sea had swallowed up the unavenged father with the helpless child! Oh, fool, to think that I could die when that revenge which is my life is yet unsatisfied; but I still live, and now shall ye learn to know me, in the very tortures which your leader brought upon my countrymen!"

"Traitor!" exclaimed Isolani, who was ever at hand to defend Soultanitzza, "you know not what you say—behold, your hour is come!"

He drew his dagger, and was about to leap into the boat, that he might, with his own hand, dispatch him, when Diamantis, with the speed of lightning, severed the rope, and laughed aloud as he drifted away from the vessel's side.

"Fire!" shouted Isolani to the men, who quickly prepared to obey

his orders; but Diamantis, as his bark retreated, extended one hand towards them, and exclaimed in a loud voice, which each one heard with terrible distinctness—

"Of fire ye shall have enough, ye sons of Eblis. I have made it the slave to my revenge, and though I perish by your bullets now, it yet shall do my bidding, till it overcome you one and all! Look behind you, where it comes with fiery wings to bear you to its kindred hell!"

They turned, full of terror at these words, and beheld that the flames were indeed bursting from all parts of the vessel, with a horror which the dread of so inexorable a doom, amid the merciless waters, could alone inspire.

Diamantis had well said that he had prepared for them the same dreadful fate by which they had destroyed his countrymen at Scio. They knew too well that in a few minutes that resistless element would find its choicest food, which fills it with such murderous rage—the ship was loaded with powder—nothing could save them from the destruction that swift as lightning must overtake them now! What shrieks rang over that tranquil sea, and echoed back from the rocks of the island home they never were to reach! Soultanitzza sunk upon her knees, murmuring, "Oh, my husband! oh, my children! and in that hour when her own soul was about to face eternity, it was for them she prayed in her love indestructible. She seemed to have resigned herself at once to her doom; but Isolani, suddenly lifting her up in his arms, exclaimed—"Oh, Soultanitzza, I yet may die in saving you," and leaping from the vessel, plunged with her into the water. Their distance from the shore was considerable, but the Naxiote was a strong swimmer, and he did not think it impossible he might reach the land with his precious burden. At once striking out vigorously, he strove to escape the vicinity of the condemned vessel. It blew up almost instantly, and the burning spars rained round them, fortunately without injuring them. Encouraged by this, Isolani continued to swim with such strength and vigour that the friendly rocks of Hydra began to rise before him distinct and near; but suddenly he heard

the rushing of a boat through the water behind him; before he had time to look up, Diamantis was by his side. Without uttering a word, the traitor lifted up the butt end of the musket which he held, and brought it down with such tremendous force on the heads of Soultanitzta and Isolani, that both victims sunk at once without a cry. The blow was so violent that it needed not a second to consummate their doom—death overtook them before they could even herald its coming with a shriek of terror! They sunk, and on the spot where they disappeared a light-cremsoned foam bubbled up for a few minutes, then it passed away, and all was over. Diamantis remained with glaring eyes watching the reappearance of the bodies, and after a little time they floated up to the surface, as he expected. Both were by this time stone dead; the faces dark and livid—the eyes upturned, and fixed as though they could not choose but gaze, upon the glory of the sunlit heaven. Diamantis pushed towards them, and disengaging the corpse of the blind man's wife from that of Isolani, he dragged it by the long, streaming hair into the boat, and then made for the shore with all rapidity. He rowed towards the waves and rock, and having leapt out on the beach, he lifted up his lifeless prize and raised it on his shoulders; then, staggering beneath the weight of the dead burden, he proceeded to ascend the hill towards the town.

If Soultanitzta Ducas had longed, with a bitter longing, to behold once more her most beloved home, a thousand times more weary was the yearning with which Athanasi her husband awaited her arrival. Since she had left him in the eternal night of his solitary life, the blind man had learned many a deep lesson in the stern truths that lie concealed beneath the glittering surface of our brief existence, many of those lessons which a glorious revelation is willing softly to convey to us in the best hours of our life, but which, if we then refuse to learn them, sorrow and pain, old age and infirmity are straightway commanded to teach us. While Soultanitzta was with him, in very deed and truth, the light of his eyes, to guide his steps, to soothe his pain, to cheer him in his sorrow,

he had no leisure to feel how utterly his calamity had separated him from the world and all its falsity, and driven back his soul upon its own resources, which is, in fact, the merciful purpose of all adversity. It was not, till alone in his great darkness—alone and friendless—for we all know how our holiday friends disperse before the gloom of our misfortunes, like the coward sunbeams before a cloud, that he felt how very vain, indeed, the vain things of earth had become for him—its hopes had been wrenched from his hand—the visions of glory, and honour, and fame with which he had made himself props to traverse the brief space of his visible existence, had given way beneath his feet, and left him prostrate in the dark wilderness. Then his soul turned earnestly to inquire for some real, substantial good, too much bound in the trammels and fetters of the flesh to find it, where alone it exists in a celestial hope. He could, at least, perceive it in that antepast of God's more glorious, which we may taste of here, in the blessing of human, sympathy—of pure devoted affection—that one sweet flower upon our earthly path, that still, amid the world's tempests, wears the bloom of its native Eden. That blessing had been his, the great good of a fellow creature's entire tenderness—had been his own, and deep was the remorse that gradually took possession of the blind man when he remembered that he had used the very strength of that affection, which had been all his, to sacrifice it, to what he now felt to be a worthless chimera. But she would return, that gentle wife, and he would regret no more that day the sun's sweet light—she would return, the true, the faithful friend, whose value he had learned at last, and life, though calmer than in his youth's more stirring days, would be more surely and completely blest.

One morning Athanasi Ducas, awake with the dawn, lay speculating on the probable moment of his wife's arrival, as a ship from Psarra, which had cast anchor the day before, had announced that Soultanitzta had set sail from thence for Hydra. He was disturbed in the midst of his reflections by the sound of his children's voices, shouting with unwonted glee, and suddenly they burst together into the room

where he lay, calling out in exuberant delight, "Patera, patera (father), our mother is come!"

"My wife, my Soultanitzza, where is she?" exclaimed Athanasi, starting up and stretching out his arms—"take me to her, my children—guide, oh, guide me to her."

"Come, come," they exclaimed, seizing each a hand, and directing his uncertain steps.

"Where is she?—why does she not come to me?" said he, as he hurried along.

"She lies at the door, asleep," said the eldest child, laughing out in his innocent joy; "she came in the night, and when she found us all in bed, she, too, went to sleep. We kissed her, but she has not yet awakened."

"A man came with her," said the other, "and he roused us, and bid us tell you Diamantis had brought back our mother."

"Diamantis!" shrieked Athanasi. "Oh, Panagia! what does this foretell? Yet Soultanitzza is returned, there can be no evil. Oh, lead me quicker on, my sons."

They had by this time reached the terrace, and the children cried out,

"There she lies—there lies our mo-

ther—father, you must wake her now."

He advanced, but suddenly the voice of the old nurse rose upon his ear in wild lamentation—

"Theophani, what is this," he said; "who dares to weep or mourn when Soultanitzza is returned?—take me to her."

"You are by her side," said Theophani; "she is at your feet. Oh, mavri mera (black day), Effendi! thank heaven that your eyes are dark this hour!"

The blind man had fallen upon his knees beside his Soultanitzza—the children had placed the hand in his—it was hers, he knew it well, but cold and stiff, and, for the first time, answered not to his pressure. He stooped down—he touched her pale lips—they were hers, but never before had they refused to return his fond caress; he laid down his head upon the still, calm breast—no true, devoted heart was throbbing there, beating as it had ever done for him alone. Then he flung his arms around that senseless form—one deep, low cry of most unutterable misery burst from his labouring bosom—"Oh, am I not accursed—Soultanitzza, thou hast died for me!"

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON CONFISCATION.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for July, 1837, contains a review of Mr. Butt's able and prophetic warning to Lord Morpeth against the poor-law for Ireland, which the noble lord was then conducting through the imperial parliament. The review opens with these words :—

"In the publication of the little tract which has suggested the following observations, Professor Butt has done good service. He does not profess formally to discuss the poor-law project, but he has exposed the shallowness and the absurdity of the intended legislation upon that important subject, in a way which, if it does not lead to its abandonment, it can only be, because *some end* is to be answered which is *not* the public good, and it is an object with ministers, even at the expense of increasing distress, and of multiplying crime, to propagate delusion in Ireland."

The rate-in-aid scheme has now, we apprehend, rendered it but too manifest that our suspicions were not groundless. The poor-law was devised in that spirit of indirect legislation of which this misgoverned country has had so much reason to complain. The law had a pretext and a purpose. Under a profession of desiring to raise the condition of the poor, the contrivers of the law aimed at the abasement of the landed proprietary. We do not say that they who were openly patrons of this disastrous enactment designed the evil which has followed from their measures. They were instruments employed by spirits subtler than their own; they were won, perhaps, by arguments which counterfeited charity, and thought that the benevolence of their purposes amply compensated some little violation of the dead letter of justice. The consequences of their error are now, we believe, apparent; and the consummation of the schemes to which they lent themselves seems near at hand. Various reasons have led us to this conclusion. The "landed interest" has been for some time past regarded by certain parties as a main obstruction to the progress of that so-

cial regeneration which they desire for Ireland. They have waged against it the warfare of the poor-laws, and have persisted in administering and devising injurious measures, because tendencies which would have been held objectionable by men whose purposes were more direct, have been to them recommendations. If the reader imagine that we rashly suspect design where there is nothing to be complained of but a casual concurrence of unlucky accidents, we beseech him to suspend his judgment until he has heard our case stated.

And first, for our witnesses. We give naturally the eminence it deserves to the testimony of Sir Robert Peel, and especially to his argument in favour of the ministerial project for the diffusion of pauperism :—

"Almost the only thing," said this passionless and plastic politician, "in which I see a hope of safety, is the introduction of new proprietors, who shall take possession of land in Ireland, *freed from its present incumbrances*, and enter upon its cultivation with new feelings, and inspired by new hopes."

So far, it may fairly be conceded, the right honourable baronet has spoken distinctly. Again—

"If you choose to leave the present proprietors in possession of their property, hardly receiving a nominal rent, encumbered with debt, with every discouragement to exertion, and so overwhelmed with rates that it is impossible to find a purchaser or occupant, then I see no hope for the salvation of Ireland. But if, through the government or parliament, you can establish some intermediate agent to get possession of that property on equitable terms, and then can arrange for the re-distribution of it, I should see some hope of her salvation."

"Unless you can give some guarantee as to the poor-rate, you will have no purchasers. I earnestly advise you, then, to consider whether you cannot, by the intervention of some such commission as that I have mentioned, facilitate the arrangement for the transfer of property."

"Cannot you assist by the intervention of a commission composed of men of the highest character? Surely you could find men who would gratuitously devote their time to rescue Ireland from this state—who would be the medium between the proprietor and the purchaser."

In short, the remedy for evil in Ireland is to be found in a replantation of the country. The new proprietary are to be made liable to a rate for the poor; they are to have a guarantee against an excess of rating; a maximum amount is to be defined. When the rate on the division and the union has risen to seven shillings, a national "rate in aid" is to follow. The new proprietary, therefore, will have to regard, among the liabilities of their possessions, a maximum rateage of (let it be supposed) seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. The purchaser, therefore, of a lot of property, valued at six hundred pounds per annum, will pay the price of three hundred and seventy-five: the present owner *will have suffered confiscation to the amount of the lost two hundred and twenty-five*. The transaction appears somewhat anomalous. On the faith of British law and justice, A has purchased an estate, valued at six hundred pounds per annum; suddenly, contrary to all just precedent, *and without the excuse of necessity*, the legislature imposes, on that kind of property alone, a heavy burden, thus lessening its value more than one-third; and, at this stage of the transaction, Mr. Bright or some of his associates steps in, at the depreciated price, to purchase the property held by A; or, investing capital to the amount which A had originally paid, acquires an estate of six hundred pounds per annum, guaranteed against any imposition for poor's rate. Mr. Bright will be nominal proprietor of an estate valued at nine hundred and thirty-five pounds per annum, and liable to a poor's rate which may possibly amount, annually, to three hundred and thirty-five pounds, thus leaving him a net return of six hundred pounds for his investment, and *for this return he pays the same sum* which A paid, a few years since, for a property reduced by an act of the legislature to less considerably than four hundred*. Thus, "even-handed justice" is to pronounce upon the pur-

chaser of ten or twelve years since, forfeiture of more than one-third of his goods, and give a guarantee to the purchaser it invites, that the property he acquires shall never suffer similar depreciation.

If we understand this meditated arrangement aright, it purports to inflict the penalty of confiscation on the present race of proprietors, and to supply their place by a re-plantation of the country. If the land is to be lessened in annual value by three-eighths of the rental now (or rather we should say until now) returned from it, the change will be confiscation; and this penalty it is proposed to inflict on every landlord in Ireland by the operation of British law. The plea for inflicting it is the good of Ireland. Landlords are not to be condemned, convicted, tried; they are only to be ruined:—

"Great injustice" (so says Sir Robert Peel) "has been done in this country to the landed proprietors of Ireland. I find conclusive evidence that at least in many parts of Ireland the most strenuous local exertions have been made. Speaking of many unions, there has been a willing submission to the law; and if the whole amount of rate has not been levied, it has been from a physical impossibility."

It is the wants, therefore, of the Irish landlords, and not their delinquencies, which render it the duty of the state to remove them out of the way of the projected improvements.

It was an objection made by Mr. O'Connell to the Poor-law Reform Bill for England, that the measure was ill-timed, and that when the legislature was expressing its purpose to abolish imprisonment for debt, there seemed to be inconsistency in enacting imprisonment for poverty. We might complain of similar inconsistency in the legislature, which is now marking its course by victims in Ireland; that while it recognises poverty in one form as a claim for relief, it pronounces it in another form a ground for inflicting punishment. Because the class in which labourers are found was suffering, the state gave liberally to keep them in the land; and because the owners and occupiers of land are suffering, the state decrees and enforces heavy penalties against them, that they may

cease to cumber or embarrass it in its devices for the transformation of the country.

In making such comments as these on public measures, it will be seen that we accept Sir Robert Peel's statement as the true interpretation of the ministerial policy. Could measures speak for themselves, they would use the words of the right honorable baronet. He merely gives utterance to what they signify—he merely gives a voice to the ominous silence of the Queen's ministers. They impose their sixpenny rate on Ulster, because, *as they say*, there will be deaths in Clare if somebody will not feed its poor, and Great Britain has determined that she will not sustain them. They say that, inasmuch as the monied interest to a great extent, and the landed to some small extent, are indulged in a remission of certain taxes which are paid in England, therefore the *landed interest* shall bear the heavy pressure of a new burden, from which England, and the monied interest in Ireland, are to be exempt. Ministers are satisfied with doing the wrong, and aggravating it by the absurd pretext under which it has been wrought. Sir Robert Peel gives the *rationale* of the measure; it is this—The encumbrances on estates in the West of Ireland are so heavy, that unless there be a great abatement of the poor-rate burden, they will not prove marketable. Let them be relieved, therefore, by transferring their burdens to the parts of Ireland not yet impoverished, and capital may be attracted to our country. Sir Robert has been more than usually explicit in giving his views on this subject:—

"I, for one," (said he) "should see with great satisfaction the government interposing with the intention of redistributing that great estate which is now on sale in Connemara—I mean the estate of Mr. Martin," &c. &c." . . . "There was a magnificent estate of 200,000 acres on the West coast of Ireland; if it were transferred to another proprietor, he might improve the country, open up roads, and lay the foundation of future prosperity in the district. Even an intelligent commissioner, having all this labour (4,500 unemployed labourers) to dispose of, might employ

it in this way. But though that estate contained valleys as fertile as any in the country, no one would be foolish enough to advance £50,000 upon it, with its present incumbrance of £150,000, and the existing uncertainty about the rates. But were an intelligent commissioner appointed, who might take possession of the property for a time, divide it, and open up means of communication, security being given for ten or fourteen years, that a certain amount of poor-rate should not be exceeded, then that class of men would be called into action who bought the land in the time of James I.; and the foundation of future prosperity would thus be laid, care being taken, above all, to avoid the establishment of any religious distinction. He would not attempt to remove any proprietor on account of his religion, but would attempt to infuse new blood and new enterprise into the country. He would have division of the property, security of title; and would give a stimulus to industry, by guaranteeing the future proprietor against being suddenly overwhelmed by the amount of the poor-rates. No measure short of that was likely to be successful."†

This passage, which we have extracted from reports in the *Times* and *Express*, is neither unintelligible nor absurd. An Irish property burdened by a debt of £150,000, owing, in all probability, to some English capitalist or company, is advertised for sale; but cannot be sold so long as the poor-rates equal or exceed the valuation. In such a state of things it is most probable that the mortgagee cannot realise his principal, and does not receive his interest. Sir Robert "would see, with great satisfaction," arrangements made by the government such as should attract purchasers for this large estate. It *might* be rendered profitable, *but it must pay the creditor*. We will not say to Sir Robert, as Major Dalgetty said to Argyle, "You must be the marquess himself;" indeed, on the contrary, we believe the Right Hon. Baronet's thousands have not been coin for Galway. But we think it very probable that the interests of the creditor were not unthought of in the arrangements he proposed. Why should they? Or why should we forget them? We wish only that other interests were

remembered too; and that the measure of improvement which was devised for the good of the English capitalist (and eventually for the good of England herself), was not to be accomplished at the sole cost of Irish unions already sinking under burdens most unseasonably and unjustly thrown upon them, and having far less connexion than the capitalists, or traders, or tourists, of Great Britain, with this desolated district of Connemara.

What a mystery is political justice! An estate valued, a few years since, at a rental of, perhaps, fifteen thousand pounds per annum, burdened by an encumbrance amounting to six or seven thousand, has a new burden imposed on it by law, which exhausts its whole revenues. There is no proposition made to lighten the legislative calamity, so as that it bear some proportion to the forces of him who is commanded to sustain it; but preparations are made in order that, when he has sunk under the load, some credulous capitalist may be induced to venture on becoming his successor. A poor-rate is to be levied on Mr. Martin, heavy enough to make him sell his property; it is then to be lightened, in order that a purchaser may be found to buy it; and this lightening of the load is to be effected, not at the cost of the capitalist, who recovers his debt—nor of the country, which will find in improved Connemara a new market for its manufactures—but of parties who are already exhausted by efforts to relieve distress in their own neighbourhood, and who have no peculiar financial interest in the sale of Mr. Martin's estate, or the improvement of his property.

As to the compulsion on which proprietors will think it eligible to part with their possessions, Sir Robert Peel reconciles himself to the application of it most amiably:—

“That advantage (new proprietorship) would be dearly purchased by any violation of the rights of property. Nothing was so easy as to suggest remedies, overlooking those rights of property, which it was the duty of the British legislature, in the first instance, to uphold. At the same time he thought this was a right of so little value to the proprietors, if the incumbrances on the land were to be discharged, and with its present prospects, that he could not

help thinking it possible for the government with the sanction of this house, taking an enlarged view of the whole subject, to devise some means by which new capital might be introduced into the cultivation of the land, and by which the misfortune and despair which necessarily hang over the present proprietors, might be removed.”

Can this have been spoken seriously? Does it remove misfortune and despair to part with every shred of property? We apprehend the ruined proprietor in Connemara could accomplish such a result without pillaging the poor farmers of Ulster. Are we to understand that the scheme recommended by Sir Robert, contemplates that the dispossessed proprietor shall

“Still keep something to himself!”

Are we to understand that liabilities created by a new poor-law are not to be computed among the encumbrances affecting property; that the state is not to take advantage of the wrong it has itself inflicted, but is to purchase an estate burdened for “out-door relief” on the same terms as it would have paid had the stipulations implied in the poor law of 1838 been faithfully kept to the Irish proprietor? If this be Sir R. Peel's intent, we should be glad to hear a distinct expression of it. But we look in vain for any such expression. Throughout the speech of the right hon. baronet there is no proposal that the pressure of the poor-law should be lightened beyond the ministerial limit. Real property is to endure, if circumstances demand the infliction, a burden of seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. Where limitations of this character are so defined, the permitted maximum is soon reached, and becomes a stage from which the agitation for a new maximum commences. And thus it comes to pass, that, as their contribution towards the payment of creditors to a Connaught proprietor, and to aid in guaranteeing to his successor that he shall not be ruined by the poor-rates, the gentlemen, and merchants, and traders in Dublin must pay nearly twenty-five thousand pounds, as demanded by the scheme now proposed; and may, perhaps, be asked to disburse five-fold that sum, when some ruinous amendment of the act

now proposed tasks them beyond their utmost ability.

Such taxation of Leinster and Ulster is manifest injustice. There is no reason why parts of Ireland more distant from Connemara, and less connected with it than Wales or England, shall be subjected by a new law to a poor-rate, from which England is left free, for the benefit of a pauper or proprietor in Galway, or of a monied capitalist who draws a revenue from Connaught, and spends it in Westminster or London. *Pretexts* have been put forth, *which are not reasons*, for such an imposition. We are very strongly inclined to believe that the reasons or pretexts alleged by Sir Robert Peel, are such as he would most cautiously have eschewed were he not sure of his audience. His reasons are two. He disavows any participation with ministers in their argument that because Ireland pays no income-tax, she should be saddled with an unjust poor's-rate, by way of equivalent. The reasons of the ex-premier are his own; he need not take out a patent for the invention of them—no sane or honourable man in England will dispute his proprietorship. The reasons are these: in England, if the poor's-rate be too heavy in one parish, the vicinity pays a rate in aid—therefore, Dublin, Belfast, and Derry must suffer for Ballina; Irish unions have not paid the debts which they were constrained to contract when the poor-law was forced upon them, therefore they must bear the burden proposed to be cast upon them now.

It is not amiss to consider the character of these arguments. There is not much in them, we admit; but it may not be without its use to examine them. They appear to have been received with much favour by the house, and even out of doors, to have produced something of a sensation:—

"In this country," said the right honourable baronet, "when a union is manifestly unable to support the poor within it, we adopt the principle of subjecting the vicinity to the burden of contributing to that object. We do not in that case say to Ireland—'Distress prevails in some of the unions of Devonshire or Cornwall; they cannot support their poor, and therefore we call on you, the people of Ireland, to contribute your share to their maintenance from the

public revenue. No, we simply go to the *next* parish, and, if necessary, to the *parish beyond that*, and call upon them to make up the deficiency in the amount raised for the support of the poor in the distressed parish. At first sight, there appears no great justice in this course of proceeding. Why, on the mere ground of vicinage, should one neighbourhood, which supports its own poor, be called upon to support the poor of another with which they have no concern? We might adopt the same course in Ireland; but I fear that the result would be only to extend the area of distress. I therefore prefer a general rate in aid."

It has been usage in England to require the aid of *neighbouring* parishes, when the poor's-rates in any *one* parish are found too oppressive; *therefore* the right honourable baronet would adopt a *different method* of rating in Ireland. It is unjust, he thinks, or would seem so at first sight, to adopt the English method; it would also be inexpedient; and therefore he prefers the national "rate in aid." With what view he cited the precedent of the English method, and cited it only to condemn and supersede it, does not very clearly appear. The home secretary, it is evident, thought Sir Robert's citation a case in point:—

"The principle, as recognised, went further than had been stated by the right honourable gentleman the member for Tamworth. It was not necessarily confined to the neighbouring parishes of that in which distress existed. Take the case of Yorkshire. If any extreme distress existed in one part of Yorkshire, you might extend the levy for a rate in aid over the whole county of York. Nay, every parish in England might be called on to contribute, and that not to any limited amount, but to an indefinite amount, and limited only by the necessity of the case; and you might go from one county to another, and select any parish which might be considered most able to pay."

Such were the *rights of the poor*, as *legalised in England*, by usage and by statute-law, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Grey cite the usage and the law as conclusive against the people of a country in which, notoriously, they never prevailed. The argument of the right honourable orators is

this :—The poor in England have had a recognised and legal right to relief for a period of three hundred years ; every proprietor of real property in England confesses it in act and word. He is, indeed, but a *partner* in the possession of his land ; there are charges upon it for relatives, it may be for creditors, and also for the poor ; his property, he knows, is what remains after due deductions on these various accounts have been made. His poor's-rate, therefore, he feels, is *not a tax—it is a charge* ; it is, as a rent is, the condition of ownership, or occupancy : it is as the share which a merchant pays to a sleeping partner in his commercial enterprises. There is something exceedingly unsatisfactory and unfair in arguing from a case of this description to that of an Irish proprietor, who inherited, or acquired, or devised, or encumbered, property, without a thought of any such incident as that of liability to a poor's-rate.

But it may be said that, if the poor of Ireland were without claim to relief, the evil ought to be remedied. If it were an evil, no doubt it ought to be corrected. But how ? Agreeably to the best usage. Law directed usage in England ; in Ireland usage should have moulded the law. Where a law was in force, as in Great Britain, it was of necessity that custom conformed to it ; where there was no human law, custom only excepted, as in Ireland, it surely was not too much to hope, that when a law was passed it should have been in accordance with a good custom. The custom in Ireland was in accordance with the divine law—they who gave, gave freely, and measured their donations not by the nature of their property, but by the extent of their abilities.

We have seen, in our times, various visitations of distress, sickness, scarcity, commercial depression, calamitous accidents—we have seen the wealthy, and more than the wealthy, assemble and contribute largely—we have seen want relieved—and when the visitation had passed away, we have seen the poor resume their habits of independence, and all traces of pauperism disappear. We have seen the ministrations of charity carried on graciously without detriment to those concerned in it, and to the effectual succour of those whom it professed to relieve ; and in

these efforts we have seen the abilities of the whole country exercised. Why should a different measure have been adopted when the poor-law was enacted ? If usage is to be an argument against us, why was its benefit denied us ? The property of Ireland is, let it be supposed, thirty-six millions sterling. Until the passing of the poor-law no part of this property was *legally* liable to a rate for the poor—no part of it could be pronounced exempt *by the law of God*. If the framers of the poor-law believed that the claim of the poor was good, *they defrauded them of their right*. They were guilty of criminal extortion against the classes on whom they imposed the rate, *if they thought the claim of the poor invalid*. Usage in Ireland gave relief *from every species of property*. Law enforced relief from none. Either no law should have been enacted, or else law should have embodied the spirit of ancient and universal usage, and laid the maintenance of the poor as a charge *on all species of property*.

It is wholly unworthy of Sir Robert Peel or Sir George Grey to cite a law of three hundred years' standing, and a usage conformable to it, in England, as a case in point to reconcile us to the passing of a law for which there is no precedent to be found among our usages, and for which there is really no argument to be urged, unless that it is in the spirit of a law, or an "amendment" of law, passed, as a hazardous experiment a year or two since, and which, within its brief space of existence, has inflicted worse evils on our country than it has suffered from many a visitation of war or pestilence. In England, say the two right honorable baronets, if the poverty of a parish has absorbed its property, you take the property of another parish to be food for it. In Ireland, it was the usage, when poverty became too destitute to be provided for by ordinary resources, that all who had the means (from whatever source their wealth was derived) were called upon to contribute of their abundance or their little. On this usage of Irish life, owners and occupiers of land in Ireland were justified in placing reliance. It was an usage of which legislators ought not to have been unobservant when they were about to frame a law ; and it would have been far

wiser had the Irish usage served as a model by which the English poor-law was amended in 1837, than that the English law should have served as a pattern for those ruinous charges which were introduced into the poor-law for Ireland in ten years after.

We object to the argument of the two right honourable gentlemen. It was right to make one county pay for the wants of another in England, *because such was the law*. It is not *right* to exert such compulsion in Ireland, where there is no law for it. "*At first sight*," said Sir Robert Peel, "there appears no great justice in this course of proceeding." This is a plain truth. At second sight, however, the justice of the proceeding, as adapted to England, becomes discernible. It was in accordance with the laws—with laws under which owners of land were born—with the laws which protected them in their possessions, and which declared the liability to such exactions an incident among the conditions of proprietorship. Were there no such laws in existence the rate in aid would have been unjust. There are no such laws in Ireland. The argument of the right honorable confederates is a sophism unworthy of them.

Were the scheme they advocate expedient, it should be condemned for its injustice; and were the state to render it just by purchasing from landlords that portion of their rights, of which it is proposed to despoil them, its unsuitableness to the circumstances of our country, and the character of our people would demand its unqualified rejection.

The argument which we now proceed to notice is that of Sir Robert Peel alone:—

"There is another, connected with the administration of the poor-law which inclines me to call upon Ireland at this time to make a strenuous exertion. I want to know upon what principle Ireland has refused to repay us the advances which we made for Union Workhouses in that country. *We consented to advance £1,200,000 for the erection of Union Workhouses in Ireland, and at the same time a similar sum was advanced for the erection of similar buildings in England. The advances made in this country have been met by the payment of four per cent. interest, and by setting apart two per cent. annually for the reduction of the capital of*

the debt. . . . If Ireland would make a vigorous effort to repay the sum advanced for the Union Workhouses at once, instead of spreading it over eighteen or twenty years, so that it may be applied in the way in which it is proposed to appropriate the sixpenny rate, I am not sure that the house would not accept the arrangement and forego the rate (much laughter)."

The right honourable baronet is "very smart," and the house appears to have been highly amused by his facetiousness. He will not, we trust, allow his merriment to turn him aside from an act of justice. There are "some honourable exceptions," he says, to the tacit or express repudiation of debt on the part of some districts in Ireland. "The union of Newtownards, for example, has paid all it borrowed." In committee, we trust, Sir Robert Peel is pledged to protect this meritorious union against the "rate in aid."

But we are more concerned with *the question* of the ex-premier, because it is more conducive to instruction; and although he has himself supplied us with an answer to the argument for which the interrogatory laid the foundation, we think it better and more pertinent to our purpose to let his question have a distinct reply. As to his argument, that the imposition of "the rate in aid" was to be regarded as, in some sort, a commutation of penance for tardiness in payment of the workhouse advances, we could cite his own words, and ask of him to apply them:—

"I don't rest my demand upon Ireland for this strenuous effort on the part of the poor, upon the ground that taxation in Ireland is unequal as compared with this country. If you rely upon the argument that Ireland as compared with England is unequally taxed, the conclusion which logically you must adopt is—apply equal taxation to both."

So we could say, with respect to the argument from the unpaid debt. If Ireland cannot pay the debt, to impose a new obligation upon her inability will not render her more solvent. If payment is to be enforced from her, it would be far less cruel and far more just to exact payment of a debt for which the country is already bound, than to impose an obligation upon her

against her will, and in opposition to the eternal principles of equity and justice.

But for Sir Robert Peel's demand, why the payments made by Ireland on account of government advances for the erection of workhouses, have been more tardy than those of England, we think the answer very obvious—England was a gainer by the change in her poor relief system to which the government advances ministered; Ireland—or rather real property in Ireland—was a most grievous loser. The poor-law amendment in England saved that country nearly three millions sterling per annum. The poor-law inflicted on Ireland has amerced real property here to an amount of two millions. England could pay back the government advances out of the savings it was enabled to make. They became the occasion and instrument, not of savings, but of ruinous expenditure to Ireland. We answer the right honourable baronet then—as to “what he wants to know”—in the first place, England was enabled by the very advances which are the subject of Sir R. Peel's argument, to repay them. They furnished occasion for the expenditure which has rendered Ireland insolvent. This is our first answer.

In the second place, if it be just to regard a debt as in any respect a matter of feeling, England was far more clearly bound than Ireland to be on the alert with her payments. There was a charge upon English property for the poor, amounting to nearly ten millions per annum; the government advances were among the agencies through which this charge was reduced to seven or six. The reduction was a boon. The advances to Ireland were among the instrumentalities by which a heavy charge was unjustly, unwisely, and most oppressively, imposed upon her. England welcomed the advances—Ireland was forced to endure them. Does the honourable baronet want power to understand that Ireland may be less eager to show her thankful sense of being wronged than England has been to prove that she was conscious of being favoured?

In the third place, Ireland has been slow to pay, because the dominant power in the state has disabled her—because, if it be permitted to consider

the actual apart from the moral, and to separate fact from purpose, the state has broken faith with her. The poor-law of 1838, with its establishment of work-houses and all appertaining to them, was forced on Ireland, under the commendatory influence of promises that out-door relief was never to be allowed, and that the cost of the whole system should not exceed £320,000 per annum. Both these stipulations have been disregarded—disregarded to the actual ruin of many a proprietor—to the debasement of many a thriving and once industrious farmer—to the degradation of pauperism itself; and Sir Robert Peel makes an amiable proposition to rate-payers, who, under an obligation to pay £320,000, have been required to pay £2,000,000, and who have made a desperate effort to pay the enormous demand, that if they will, now, in the face of this unthought-of exaction, pay up their part of the engagement which has not been kept in their favour, the new oppression, of which they are to be victims, shall not be carried into effect against them.

There may be readers who will say that the arguments, or sophisms, we have been examining were not worth the pains of exposure. To us it seemed important to notice them. They are of the Jannes and Jambres school, and denote rather the pertinacity of adherence to a scheme, than assign the true reasons for which it has been adopted. When men of known ability defend a cause by sophisms, they show that the arguments by which it could be maintained are such as it would be inexpedient to make known, and they thus indirectly authorise a process of deducing the real purport of their scheme from its manifest tendency, and from the incidents by which it is discriminated and characterised. England insists that the paupers of Clare shall be maintained by the poor of other parts of Ireland—a measure which will have the effect of converting many poor-rate payers into paupers. Against this process of deterioration, England declares that she will not protect them. And, in reply to claims for support, founded on the Articles of Union, the orators of England may be supposed to reply—“you have forfeited the right to advance such claims; in your poverty, you accepted a remis-

sion of taxes, and you must submit to a drawback on your imperial privileges. You owe a debt contracted in order to carry out a measure for imposing new burdens on you, and, accordingly, you must stoop under an additional load. In short, you were dowerless—or else your dowry has been spent and wasted; you must therefore accustom yourself to the thought, that your union with England is but Morganatic; and you must unlearn the pride in which it was your wont to feel—that your country was an integral portion of the mightiest empire in this world. “In all this there is nothing real but this bill of divorce.” The reality of the divorce is certified by the purposed declaration of it in the terms of a money-bill. There is no misunderstanding what England means by such a measure. But as to the reasons by which the sentence of separation is justified—they are frivolous and futile, so futile that they seem almost designed to make us look for others. We find the real reasons in the meditated re-plantation of the country, and the confiscation by which the introduction of a new proprietary must be preceded—

“When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,”

Then, may it be presumed, shall we three meet again—then shall England, Scotland, and Ireland be re-united. The poor-law shall exert its terrible benevolence until pauperism has become general. When, at the cost of districts yet to undergo this process, estates already ruined shall have been made saleable, and a peasant proprietary has taken possession of the mansions from which the Irish gentry have shrunk away—the spirit of England will become more gentle, the poor-law will become more merciful; and if, under a milder government, prosperity return to the land, our taxes may afford an ampler revenue, and England may accept us into integral connexion with her again.

Meanwhile, confiscation and re-plantation are to serve as substitutes for the superseded Union; and the great measure of James I., adapted to views of modern expediency, is to be a model for the readjustment of our society. It would be injustice to Sir Robert Peel and to the subject, to give his

announcement of this project in any other words than his own, and we offer them, therefore, to the reader as we find them reported in the *Times* of March 6:—

“I revert to a period when a state of things existed in Ireland not very different from that which now exists there—I allude to the reign of James I., when the settlement of Ulster took place. At that time a large quantity of land was forfeited in six counties of Ireland, but not so large a quantity as, I believe, might now be obtained in the west of Ireland by an arrangement with the proprietors—an arrangement devoid of injustice, to which no objection would be made. The lands forfeited after the rebellion of Tyrone, in the counties of Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, amounted to 500,000 acres. The transaction is described in nearly the same manner by all contemporary historians, but I think the best account is to be found in Carte's *Life of Ormonde*. That author says, that

“These countries had suffered exceedingly in the war, and were reduced to a very desolate condition. The country was full of woods and fastnesses, which, on favourable junctures, would give encouragement to rebels, and at all times serve as a retreat to robbers. Great numbers of the inhabitants have perished by the sword—much greater by famine; the rest were reduced to so extreme a poverty that they were not able, if willing, to manure the ground; so that the lands laid waste in time of war were likely to continue so in time of peace.”

“This description, excepting that part which refers to woods and forests affording shelter to robbers, is very applicable to the state of Connaught, and many parts of the west of Ireland. Sir Arthur Chichester was the lord-deputy at the period in question. He caused surveys to be taken, and it was decided that the lands to be transplanted should be divided into three proportions of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 English acres, and these escheated lands were disposed of to 104 English and Scotch, 56 servants, and 286 natives, all of whom gave bond to the government for the performance of covenants. The lord-deputy caused a parochial church to be erected, and a glebe to be set out according to the size of the parish for each incumbent. The plantation was extended to Leinster. Great injustice was done to individuals by this proceeding; but, says Carte—

“The grievances of particular persons did not prevent the general good

intended to the kingdom by these plantations, in consequence of which lands were cultivated and greatly improved, towns and villages built, trade and commerce carried on and extended. The people in general, weaned gradually from their former idle and disorderly life, began to learn and practise civility, to apply themselves to business, to use labour and industry in their several stations, and to relish the sweets of peace."

There is an instance of ambiguity in this extract, which may cause some confusion if it be not rectified. When Sir Robert Peel uses the expression, "Great injustice was done to individuals by this proceeding, but, says Carte," it might be understood as if he were expressing Carte's sentiments on the injustice done to individuals, as well as his opinion on the service ultimately rendered to the country. It would also be matter of inference, from the language of the right honorable baronet, that the injustice suffered by individuals was an unavoidable incident in the scheme of plantation; that it was contemplated as matter of necessity by the monarch, and was an evil submitted to for the sake of the good by which it was to be compensated. This would be all croneous. The injustice had its origin not in the scheme, but in the cupidity of the agents through whom it was carried into effect. The king, according to Carte, had a clear and just title to the confiscated lands, and had a monarch's right to dispose of them according to his good pleasure. This right, according to Carte, it was his purpose to exercise in a spirit of wisdom and mercy; and it was only through the malpractices of the commissioners appointed to carry the royal purpose into execution that the "injustice," adverted to by Sir Robert Peel, "was done to individuals":—

"The commissioners," writes Mr. Carte, "authorised by the royal authority to distribute the lands, had not adhered so strictly to their instructions as it were to be wished. The king intended that no man should be divested of his possession, without an equivalent being given him, and therefore directed that only a fourth part of the lands should be assigned to the British undertakers, and the other three parts be granted back to the natives, with estates of inherit-

ance therein; which, as it was a sufficient equivalent for a life estate in the whole, was to be laid out for the particular proprietors, in such places as the commissioners should find to be most convenient for the general good of the plantation. Yet in the county of Longford, the natives in general had scarce a third part of their former possessions, either in number of acres or value of profitable ground, allotted them. The arts of admeasurement were well understood in those days, and as the king had directed a certain quantity of unprofitable ground, bog, wood, and mountain, to be thrown into the several proportions of profitable, allotted to British and natives, a great latitude of judgment was left to the commissioners, which some of them knew how to make use of for their advantage."

Carte continues his complaint against the commissioners; but we spare the reader all but that which we feel to be necessary for making the authorship of the "injustice" clear. James I. was not responsible for it; and even, in appointing the commission by which his gracious intentions were to some extent frustrated, he had, as Sir Robert Peel has not failed to notice, the counsel of the wisest man in the realm, his chancellor, Bacon. We confess we think it would have been more creditable to the ex-premier, when so strongly urging upon her Majesty's ministers, that they should take the advice of Bacon, and follow the example of James, by appointing a commission to survey, and manage, and distribute the estates in Connaught, had he stated that the injustice which tarnished the pattern plantation was not an inherent vice of the scheme, but was introduced into it by the commissioners; and had he made the wrongs done, in the great measure of which he spoke, an occasion to warn ministers strongly against the danger of their being repealed.

Such a warning would have been the more appropriate, inasmuch as the right honorable baronet exerted his monitory eloquence with much complacency on a subject upon which, taking into account the constitution and character of the House of Commons, admonition seemed most superfluous:—

"If it be possible to make any new settlement similar to that of Ulster, my

earnest advice, which I am sure will be in unison with the universal feelings of the house, is, that no religious distinctions should be allowed to enter into the arrangement (cheers).

Avoiding that which, I think, was a *fatal defect* in the act of James I., namely, the *establishment* of a religious distinction, I would give to all persons equal advantages, and would not make any attempt to remove them from the soil on account of their religious views."

Without commenting on this aspersions of the act of James, but leaving the matter at issue between Sir Robert Peel and Lord Bacon;* without exposing the incorrectness of ascribing to James the establishment of a distinction which he found already established, and contenting ourselves with referring the reader to "*Carte's History*," where he will find that whatever the wishes of the sovereign may have been, his commissioners brought all right, by inflicting their injustices impartially, and visiting them, without distinction, alike on Protestant and Romanist; we would venture to say that the warning, or (adverting to his offer in 1840 to receive the British empire as his patent) the "presumption" of the right honorable gentleman was wholly superfluous, although for his purposes, perhaps, not wholly out of place. It smacked of the Jobling-school, however, and seemed much less in keeping with a physician of the Abernethy stamp,

than with that reputable gentleman, the "Doctor," in the "*Old Curiosity Shop*"—him of the "red nose and large bunch of seals," and of the accommodating pharmacopeia: "Ay," said the doctor, in the tone of a man who makes a dignified concession, "and a toast—of bread; but be very particular to make it of bread, if you please, ma'am." Sir Robert Peel need not have—indeed we are satisfied he had not—the slightest apprehension that the House of Commons would prove less liberal than he is himself.

In other respects it would appear as if the projected replantation is to resemble that of James I. Land is to be assigned by purchase in lots of varied extent, but all moderate; and the management of the property to be acquired and redistributed, is to be confided to commissioners appointed by the crown. Such are the correspondences to be observed between the plantation in the seventeenth century, and that which is now to be attempted. The differences are, that one which Sir Robert Peel solemnly recommends to a willing parliament, and possibly many others, of which, however, we shall submit two only to the consideration of the reader.

The plantation of James in Ireland *had no poor-law* to embarrass or recommend it. With the exception of forests and robbers, Sir Robert Peel intimates that the face of the country, and the state of society, was very much, in the time of James I., what it is at

* Lord Bacon's views on this subject are given in "*A Letter to Mr. Secretary Cecil, after the Defeating of the Spanish Forces in Ireland*," &c. :—

"A toleration of religion, for a time, not definite, except it be in some principal towns and precincts, after the manner of some French edicts, seemeth to me to be a matter warrantable by religion, and, in policy, of absolute necessity. And the hesitation in this point, I think, hath been a great casting back of the affairs there. . . . But there would go hand in hand with this some course of advancing religion, indeed, where the people is capable thereof; as the sending over some good preachers, especially of that sort who are vehement, and zealous persuaders, and not scholastic, to be resident in principal towns, endowing them with some stipends out of her Majesty's revenues, as her Majesty hath most religiously and most graciously done in Lancashire, and the re-continuing and replenishing the college begun at Dublin, and the taking care of the versions of Bibles, and Catechisms, and other books into the Irish language, and the like religious courses, both for the honour of God, and for the avoiding of scandal and unsatisfaction here by the show of a toleration of religion in some parts there."

This is, we would say, true toleration. The state will tolerate the teachers of what it accounts a false religion, and will insist having an equal toleration for itself and its agents, in teaching a religion which it holds for true. Had such a policy been adhered to, Sir Robert Peel would not have pronounced the distinction he ascribes to the plantation of Ireland by James I., a fatal departure from that great measure.

present; but the planters in that day were not made partners with the paupers of the country, in their possession of the soil. No who is now to invest capital in Connaught can purchase but a share in the property which he undertakes to manage. The legislature declares that it has constituted a joint-stock company as the proprietary for Ireland. The industrious are to have no more than the lazy are willing to leave them. If Sir Robert Peel's commissioners are composed of the persons *most eligible to sit on Sir George Grey's committee*, they will, no doubt, take especial care that ample allowance be made for the probable claims of the destitute and the dissolute, and that the marketable value of land shall be depreciated accordingly. And yet, depreciate its value as they may, pauperism will contrive to render its cost excessive. Sir Robert Peel seems not unobservant of this discouraging incident:—

“Unless you can give some guarantee as to the poor-rate, you will find no purchaser. . . . Limiting the amount of charge on account of poor-rates; . . . giving security for ten or fourteen years to come, that the amount of poor-rates should not be exceeded.”

These fragments seem to show the purpose for which they were uttered. There is to be a public guarantee that, for ten or fourteen years to come, poor's-rates are not to exceed a certain amount. By that amount, at least, whatever it may be, property will be depreciated in the market; to that amount, at least, pauperism will be taught to feel that it has a proprietorship in the land. His most malignant enemy need not envy the “new man” who, at such disadvantage, settles himself in Connemara, and engages in the development of its resources. The coigne, and livery, and coshering, of old, were moderate in comparison with the plague soon to be of pauperism and poor's-rates. The poor-law was of recent enactment, and, as its advocates say, of great success in England, when a state of things resembling that which now prevails in Connaught suggested the necessity of a plantation of Ireland; but it does not appear that either Chichester, Bacon, or James I. thought it applicable to the state of Ireland.

We shall notice but one other difference between the scheme of the seventeenth century and that of Sir Robert Peel. The former was founded in clemency and justice; the latter cannot be effected without doing a very grievous wrong. The poor are to have a right *purchased for them*—a right to be maintained even in idleness; and this pernicious boon is given them at the cost of proprietors who are ruined, not for their benefit, but for their pernicious indulgence. This is not like the arrangements made in the plantation of James. What he gave was his own. Property had been confiscated to the crown, and the monarch granted it according to his discretion. In the modern scheme, the crown is to confiscate the property of loyal subjects convicted of no offence; and to devote the fruits of the confiscation to the encouragement of idleness and improvidence. Pass an act that the poor's-rates shall not exceed seven shillings and sixpence in the pound, for the period named by the right hon. baronet; and the annual value of property in the market is reduced from £13,187,421, at which it is now rated, to a sum of £8,242,149; the difference, nearly five millions per annum, being so much taken from the owner, and dedicated to the use or abuse of pauperism. A plantation thus founded in spoliation, and ministering to improvidence, cannot succeed. A poor-law system like that of England, is not adapted to the circumstances of a colony or to those of Ireland.

What, then, will this scheme of re-plantation effect? The impoverishment of Irish landlords. If they were the obstacles to social progress they will soon cease to be so. The scheme, it must have been seen, is not altogether visionary; its promises, to be sure, are vague and unsubstantial, but there is real ruin in its performances. In depriving the owners of landed property of nearly five millions of their income, it takes from them, it is probable, all their revenues; and this in an idle hope that the poor are to be the better for it. It is necessary only to remember that such a hope is contrary to all experience, to all acceptable testimony, and, we might add, to the law of God, in order to feel that even they who profess to entertain it, have no true confidence that it can ever be re-

alised. What, then, is the scheme? It is a scheme well contrived for the ruin of the landed interest in Ireland; its promises of good to follow are all illusion.

At first view, to borrow a form of speech from Sir Robert Peel, there seems so little justice in a scheme of this description, that we are disposed to believe it impossible. On closer examination, however, like many other incredibilities, it gains some hold on our reason. The whole circumstances of the introduction of the poor-law into Ireland ought to be taken into account before we pronounce on the real purpose of its establishment. Perhaps we may help the reader by laying before him some of our own reminiscences.

In the year 1833, very urgent efforts were made by some members of parliament to bring in a bill to make provision for the relief of the Irish poor by a compulsory rating. As an amendment to these proposals, it was resolved, at the instance of Lord Althorp, that a commission should be issued to a number of competent persons who were to take evidence on the state of the poor, and report their views, and the result of their inquiries for the information of the legislature and government. After a lapse of nearly three years, during which the commissioners and their many subordinate agents, had been laboriously occupied, their final report was presented to the house. It did not satisfy the wishes of those who desired to have a poor-law enacted, and who found now at their side a supporter whom they had formerly felt to be a powerful opponent—the late Mr. O'Connell. It was in the year 1836 this eminent person avowed a change of opinion, and expressed himself favourable to this hazardous experiment of a poor-law. In this year, also, Lord John Russell, the Home Secretary, had recourse to the unusual measure of selecting an agent to inquire into the state of Ireland, to compare it with the commissioners' reports, and give an opinion whether the work-house system, as amended in England, could be introduced into Ireland. In the course of less than three months this gentleman,

Mr. Nicholls, reported the result of his brief experience, was sent in the following year to visit other parts of Ireland, and with equal or still greater celerity reported to his employer; finally, passed over to Holland, and inspected the work-houses there. His inquiries resulted in reports which proved acceptable to the noble employer; and, in utter disregard of the representations of the commissioners appointed under the royal seal, the adverse views of Mr. Nicholls prevailed with the government, and fashioned a poor-law for the country.

There was another agent in the inquiry into the state of the Irish poor, who dissented, as Mr. Nicholls did, from the commissioners' report, and who dissented from the propositions of Mr. Nicholls also. This was Mr. Revans, who had been secretary to the English commissioners in their inquiries, and was handed over to the Irish commissioners, who were to derive much benefit from his assistance. According to the report of Mr. Nicholls, the cost of the poor-relief system was to be about three hundred thousand pounds per annum. Mr. Revans would have it to be very much more considerable, but yet greatly under the estimate of the commissioners, according to whom a compulsory system of relief on the work-house system would approach, if not exceed, five millions per annum. The government adopted Mr. Nicholls' report, and framed their act of 1830 in conformity with it. By this act, real property in Ireland became burdened with a rate for the poor, and it was thought by many that the act was, in itself, a guarantee against the danger of having a system of out-door relief adopted.

The injustice of burdening real property alone was not unnoticed, and the excuse for inflicting the burden was found in its lightness, and in the necessity for imposing it.

"Hitherto* (said Mr. Nicholls) there has been no rate for the relief of the poor in Ireland. The destitute classes have gone on increasing in numbers, but still there has been no recognised or legal provision for their relief. *Property has been acquired, capital invested,*

and contracts made, under this state of things. It will be impossible, therefore, suddenly to impose a rate upon property without affecting existing interests, and partially disturbing existing arrangements. The subject cannot be considered without our becoming immediately sensible of this consequence; but *I believe that the effect will be slight* even at first, and that in the course of a few years it will cease altogether. If the inconvenience were far greater than I anticipate, however, it will be as nothing when compared with the object to be effected; and all objections to the imposition of a rate on this ground are overborne by considerations of the public welfare."

The "object to be effected"—was it to ensure relief to the poor? Was it to make way for a replantation of Ireland, by effacing the "landed interest?" If the former, the proper course to pursue was to learn accurately the amount of distress to be relieved—to avoid the error of *under-estimation* as that which was the more dangerous, and honestly to search out the sources from which poverty was to derive its support. The commissioners, after three years passed in varied and laborious investigation, estimated the amount which should be raised, were the workhouse system to be established in Ireland, at little less than five millions; the calculations of Mr. Revans would make it, we believe, under two; but as this gentleman charged the maintenance of each pauper at sixpence per week, and has not taught us his secret for rendering such an allowance sufficient, we can place but little reliance on his estimate. Both these estimates were set aside, and that prepared by Mr. Nicholls adopted by government, and printed by order of the House of Lords. It amounted (including repayment of advances for the building of workhouses) to an annual sum of £345,000.

But it was natural to apprehend that, in seasons of scarcity the workhouse system must prove inadequate to the emergency, and that the danger and cost of a system of out-door relief must be incurred. Against this apprehension Mr. Nicholls made provision:—

"The strict limitation of relief to the workhouse may possibly be objected to, on the ground that extreme want is found occasionally to assail large portions of the population in Ireland, who are then reduced to a state bordering on starvation; and ought, therefore, it may be asserted, to be relieved at the public charge, without being subjected to the discipline of a workhouse. This, however, is an extreme case; and it would not, I think, be wise to adapt the regulations of poor-law administration to the possible occurrence of such a contingency." "The occurrence of a famine, if general, seems to be a contingency altogether above the powers of a poor-law to provide for."†

In such emergencies, Mr. Nicholls intimates that the resources of the country would furnish, in various forms, the means of relief. Thus real property was to provide for a permanent system, limited in extent and cost; property *in general* was to meet the more pressing necessities created in seasons of unusual and extreme distress. The day of severe pressure came; and *the land*, impoverished by successive seasons of blight, reft of the increased value which its produce derived through the operation of protective laws, became burdened with new impositions, to provide for a system against which it had been assured. And, notwithstanding the profession by which owners and occupiers of land had been betrayed, that one shilling in the pound was to be the maximum of rate, various wretched divisions found themselves crushed under the burden of a rate two-fold the amount of their annual valuation. Space precludes the possibility of our entering into a detail of various minute circumstances, by which this career of spoliation is characterised; but even on the showing of the very imperfect outline we have presented, it seems to us clear that the poor-law was so contrived as to be more effectual in impoverishing the proprietor than in relieving the pauper.

For what, we ask, is the meaning of the principle on which poor relief schemes are now constructed? What is meant by the declaration that the

* 1st Report, sec. 71.

† Ibid.

poor have a right to support, and that a support is to be assigned to them? Does it mean that this right is what is called "perfect" against the land, and has no force against the possessors of other kinds of property? No advocate of the poor-law has ventured on defending an affirmative reply to this question. No; the right of the poor has had no such limits assigned it. If, then, that right be valid against the nation, is it not dishonesty to leave men perishing in Clare, or Donegal, or Cork, because the *real property* of a district is exhausted? Is the right of the Irish poor to be limited within the boundaries of thirteen (perhaps it be more proper to say five) millions, while six-and-thirty are available for its relief. If that relief were really the foremost object with the contrivers of the poor-law, they should have given the amplest security for attaining the object, by making all property liable to the rate. If the foremost object in their thoughts were destruction to the landed interest, they took the most effectual method of attaining that bad end by first underestimating the amount of distress, and then taking advantage of a famine, to aggravate, beyond all power of endurance, the burdens on the scanty property they had rated.

But to what purpose do we thus disclose a great evil and danger? It is not with a view to excite men's minds to any feeling of impotent indignation. We have a better object in view. The landlords of Ireland have been wronged and maligned; they should endeavour to right themselves in public opinion. They should act in the spirit which we have again and again recommended to them; taking counsel of one another, temperately and clearly showing the grievances of which they have to complain, and should make pre-

paration for the day that seems too surely approaching, by cultivating in their homes habits of retrenchment and economy, and by exerting themselves to the utmost that individual and combined exertion can effect, in developing the resources of their country.

Much, if there be virtue left amongst us, may yet be accomplished, and even without organic change in the mechanism of our civil constitution. Enterprising and speculative men, who promise good to their country, when they have obtained an independent legislature, or have won the government to their proposal that parliaments shall be periodically holden in Dublin, are too often deferring indefinitely the day of strenuous exertion, and are leaving means of usefulness at their command unexercised and overlooked. "*Quod petis esthec.*" *We have a parliament for Ireland* which demands only that wise and upright men avail themselves of its vast capabilities. THE BOARD OF POOR-LAW GUARDIANS, ELECTED AND EX-OFFICIO, CONSTITUTE THE PARLIAMENT BEST SUITED TO OUR WANTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES. "The battle of the constitution," said Sir Robert Peel, "is to be fought at the registries," and there was virtue in England to win that battle. The renovation of Ireland, say we, is to be achieved, by God's blessing, through the Boards of Poor-law Guardians, if there be virtue enough in the landed interest to use the opportunities they afford, with faithfulness, and resolution, and wisdom. We do not fear that any reflecting man, completely acquainted with the state of Ireland, will dissent from us; and, after mature consideration of such objections as are likely to be urged against our views, we retain a strong hope of being able yet to convince even the unreflecting and incredulous.

NORTHERN INDIA.*

On Fancy's wing, when favoured poets rise,
 Burst from the earth, and soar amid the skies ;
 Attending spirits, through the realms of light,
 Nerve their strong wings, and guide their daring flight.
 A thousand zephyrs fan the favouring airs,
 Venus her doves and pearly chariot shares ;
 But when a feebler bard essays to fly,
 No friendly goddess wafts him through the sky.
 Born of the earth, along the earth he creeps,
 Knows his own sphere, and shuns the azure deeps :
 'Tis thus, alas ! with humbly-breathing lay,
 Down the dim vales I wend my lowly way.
 In vain the timid throbbings of my breast
 Prompt me to rise and flutter with the rest.
 What dewy Dryad of the greenwood shade,
 What sportive sylph, in rainbow hues arrayed—
 What shepherd queen, of pastoral vale or hill,
 Nymph of the fount, or Naiad of the rill,
 Would from their grottoes heed my trembling sighs,
 Tune my rude harp, and lift me to the skies ?
 What classic Muse would deign to deck the page
 That tells of bloodstained crimes, and war's barbaric rage ?
 One, one alone, omnipotent and fair,
 Bends her sweet brow, and listens to my prayer.
 That power benign, beneath whose shadowing wings,
 Bursts the bright germ of all created things—
 Who, grasping gently the revolving poles,
 Turns the green earth, and gilds it as it rolls ;
 To whom the barbarous feuds of SHAH or KHAN
 Merge in the wise economy of man ;
 And to whose heart the insect is as dear,
 As the bright planet glistening in its sphere.
 Yes ! wondrous NATURE, on thy name I call,
 Queen of this glorious world, and parent of us all !

Of all the lovely lands to Nature dear,
 And to the sun—"The Painter of the Year"—†
 One favoured spot appears more blest than all
 Its rival wonders o'er this earthly ball—
 'Tis where CABUL her flowery meads expand,
 The pride and boast of all the Asian land.
 Who has not felt his boyish bosom beat,
 When Fancy half revealed this bright retreat ?
 When young Imagination, lingering o'er
 The magic page of Oriental lore,
 The gorgeous scenes by INATULLA made,
 And all the thousand tales of SCHERHAZADE ;
 Dreamed of some dazzling region far away,
 Lit by the earliest beams of opening day ;

* This poem, though written so far back as 1842, may have some slight interest at present, from the similarity of the disaster on which it is founded, with that contained in the recent intelligence from India. It is now printed for the first time.

† "The Painter of the Year."—Persian Tales of Inatulla.

Where all the earth was strewed with gem-like flowers,
 And flower-like gems illumed the crystal bowers.
 This is the land—'twas here our fancy strayed—
 Here are the valleys where in dreams we played.
 When BAGDAD rivalled ROME's imperial name,
 And CÆSAR dwindled in ALRASCHID's fame ;
 Where in the wonders SINBAD brought to light,
 Thy name, COLUMBUS, faded from our sight ;
 And when more bright than golden ISTAMBOUL,
 Spread the delicious gardens of CABUL.

Though now we view the land with calmer glance,
 Still 'tis the land of beauty and romance :
 A mingled maze of sunshine and of snows,
 Rocks for the pine, and valleys for the rose.
 Thunder in its torrents, music in its rills—
 Lambs on its plains, and lions on its hills ;
 A neutral land where every flower is known,
 That loves the torrid or the temperate zone.
 Here every clime presents its fragrant store—
 Here every flower recalls some distant shore—
 From simple plants that love the western ray,
 To white and yellow roses of Cathay ;
 Where Indian palm-trees spread their feathery hands
 Above the tender flowers of chillier lands !

Oh ! words are weak, description is but mean,
 To paint the glories of this brilliant scene.
 Here the cool groves rich mulberry fruits adorn,
 Pale as the moon, or purple as the morn ;
 Here giant planes with fan-like branches rise,
 And shield the cistus from the burning skies ;
 Here the pomegranate spreads its scarlet flowers,
 And tapering dates enrich the palm-tree bowers.
 Its blushing fruits the wild pistachio yields,
 And the tall tamarisk towers among the fields ;
 The silvery plantain rises on our view,
 The same as when in Eden's bowers it grew ; *
 The guava hangs its claret-coloured fruit,
 While the narcissus nestles at its foot !

'Twere vain to tell of all the countless flowers
 That o'er this land indulgent Nature showers :—
 The fragrant thyme—the Prophet rose's bloom—
 The jessamine's breath—the violet's perfume.
 The tulip here in matchless beauty glows,
 And steals a fragrance from its neighbouring rose.
 The humble poppy here the sight deceives,
 And waves "the tulip of a hundred leaves." †
 The simple daisy—lovelier, dearer far
 Than GHUZNÏ's plums, or figs of C'ANDAHAR—

* The Plantain Tree. *Gerard* calls this plant "Adam's apple-tree," from a notion that it was the forbidden fruit-tree of Eden. Others suppose it to have been the grape brought out of the promised land to Moses.—*Loudon's Enc. of Gardening.*

† "In the skirts of these mountains the ground is richly diversified with various kinds of tulips. I directed them to be counted, and they brought in 32 or 33 different sorts of tulips. There is one species which has a scent in some degree like a rose, and which I termed *laleh-gul bui* (the rose-scented tulip). There is also the hundred-leaved tulip" (this is supposed to be the double poppy).—*Memoirs of the Emperor Baber*, p. 146.

Sports in the meads, and climbs each mossy cliff,
 Among the purple vines of ISTALIF.
 Through every vale, where'er we chance to roam,
 Crowd the sweet sights that glad our eyes at home.
 The pink-white blossoms of the apple there
 Mix with the pearly clusters of the pear.
 The cherry hangs its coral balls on high,
 And the soft peach swells tempting to the eye.
 The magpie chatters in the golden vales,
 Where sings the "Bulbul of a thousand tales,"
 Whose silvery notes can imitate the strain
 Of every bird in Nature's wide domain!
 Oh! if 'twere true, as Eastern fables tell,*
 That 'mid these groves the first arch-rebel fell,
 When the lost seraph, hurled from on high,
 Flashed like a burning star along the flaming sky!
 Recovering slowly from this dreadful trance,
 And casting round his wonder-waking glance—
 He must have thought, so fair each vale and hill,
 His fall a dream, and Heaven around him still!

If ever land were made to be the seat
 Of happy homes, and pleasure's calm retreat,
 'Twere surely this. Here Peace should have its birth
 High on the topmost regions of the Earth,
 Far, far removed from tumult and from strife,
 And all the crimson crimes of human life.
 These mountain Tempes—smiling, verdant, gay—
 Shining like emeralds o'er the Himalay—
 Should not, in faintest echoes, even repeat
 The murderous din that thunders at their feet.
 But ah! how different the truth has been—
 This sunny land is Discord's favourite scene—
 Made, both by foreign and domestic crime,
 One field of ruin since the birth of Time.
 When native treachery ceased but for an hour,
 Then surely came the scourge of foreign power;
 And all the ills that crowd the conqueror's train,
 From Alexander down to Tamerlane,
 Whose fitting titles on their flags unfurled,
 Like Jehansoz' were "burners of the world."†
 Those vulgar victors, whose ill-omened names
 The dotard Fauc, with babbling tongue proclaims;
 Whose conquests form, in every clime and age,
 The blood-red rubric of the historic page;
 Whose fatal path, the trampled nations o'er,
 On the world's map is traced in lines of gore.
 Like to those insects of a summer hour,
 Which float with gaudy wing from flower to flower,
 And leave (as oft the startled swain perceives)
 A shower of blood upon the rifled leaves.‡

* It is a popular belief, that when the devil was cast out of heaven, he fell in Cabul.—*Lieut. Burnes*.

† *Jehansoz*, the burner or desolator of the world. He is said to have got that name from his horrible massacre at Ghuzni.

‡ The showers of blood which caused so much terror formerly, were caused by the excrements of insects. *Sleidan* relates that, "in the year 1553, a vast multitude of butterflies swarmed through a great part of Germany, and sprinkled plants, leaves, buildings, clothes, and men, with bloody drops, as if it had rained blood."—*Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology*.

Pity that fairest lands should have their charms,
 But as attractions for the conqueror's arms
 When War's dread vulture wings its screaming flight
 O'er the doomed earth, which shudders at the sight,
 No hideous desert tempts its blood-shot eye—
 No useless waste allures it from the sky ;
 But should it chance to view a smiling scene,
 Where the blithe bee floats humming o'er the green,
 Where flocks and herds repose beneath the trees,
 And the rich harvest bends before the breeze—
 Then, then, alas ! he checks his fatal wing,
 And, like the bolt of Heaven's avenging King,
 With frightful ruin burns along the air,
 And of a garden makes a desert there.
 Like to that wonder of a thousand dyes,
 The famed CAMELION BIRD* of eastern skies,
 Which high in air wings wildly to and fro,
 Save when tempting vineyard smiles below—
 Then, only then, his soaring pinion fails,
 And down he falls amid the purple vales.
 But while we brand these regal robbers' lust,
 Let the indignant Muse at least be just ;
 Let one be singled from the gory crowd,
 Of whom his sect and nation may be proud.
 Yes, BABER,† yes, to thee the praise is due—
 Praise that, alas ! is merited by few—
 Who, having power to injure and destroy,
 Feel in restoring more ecstatic joy.
 Oft have I thought, when wandering fancy run
 To that small marble mosque of SHA JEHAN,‡
 Which lifts its polished dome unto the sky
 In that sweet garden where your ashes lie,
 Of all your simple tastes, in quiet hours,
 For hills, and trees, and fountains, and sweet flowers ;

* "In these mountains (N. E. of Cabul) is found the bird *Lokeh*, which is also termed *Bukelemin*, or *Camelion bird*, and which has, between its head and its tail, five or six different colours, like the neck of a dove. The people of the country relate a singular circumstance concerning it. In the winter season, these birds come down to the skirts of the hills, and if, in their flight, they happen to pass over a vineyard, they are no longer able to fly, and are caught."—*Baber*, p. 145.

† *The Emperor Baber*. "We delight to see him describe his success in rearing a new plant, in introducing a new fruit-tree, or in repairing a decayed aqueduct, with the same pride and complacency that he relates the most splendid victories. He had cultivated the art of poetry from his early years ; and his *Diwan* of Turki poems is mentioned as giving him a high rank among the poets of his country. He was skilful in the science of music, on which he wrote a treatise." The translator of his "*Memoirs*" (written by himself) concludes his character of Baber, in these words—"In activity of mind, in the gay equanimity and unbroken spirit with which he bore the extremes of good or bad fortune—in the possession of the manly and social virtues, so seldom the portion of princes—in his love of letters, and his successful cultivation of them—we shall probably find no other Asiatic prince who can fairly be placed beside him."—p. 431.

‡ The tomb of the Emperor Baber is situated about a mile from the city of Cabul, in the sweetest spot of the neighbourhood. He had directed his body to be interred in this place, to him the choicest in his dominions. These are his own words regarding Cabul—"The climate is extremely delightful, and there is no such place in the known world." The grave is marked by two erect slabs of white marble. Many of his wives and children have been interred around him. A running clear stream yet waters the fragrant flowers of this cemetery, which is the great holiday resort of the people of Cabul. In front of the grave there is a small but chaste mosque of white marble, built in the year 1640, by order of the Emperor *Shah Jehan*, "that poor Mahomedans might here offer up their prayers."
 —*Burnes*.

Your love of nature, gently gilding all
 Those stains which even on souls like thine may fall.
 For ah ! how few upon this earth are found,
 Who, like the Humu,* never touch the ground !

But to return to this distracted land—
 These snow-clad mountains, which so proudly stand,
 And to whose peaks the privilege is given
 To turn aside the clouds and winds of heaven,†
 Were powerless all to save those smiling vales
 From man's attacks and war's destructive gales.
 Alas ! that England should conclude the page
 That bears the spoilers' names of every age.
 A rumour spreads—it flies from mouth to mouth—
 "The Russian Eagle flieth to the south ;
 With daring wing he wanders wild and free
 "From the cold Baltic to the Indian Sea."
 When lo ! forgetful of her fame and might,
 England, forsooth, must stop the Eagle's flight.
 With hurried pace her veteran legions rush
 Up the steep summits of the HINDOO CUSH ;
 To raise a shout, and threaten from afar
 The imperial bird of conquest and the Czar ?
 Must England ever play this selfish game ?
 Must England's fears obscure even England's fame ?
 Must England's policy in every land,
 So coldly great, so miserably grand,
 Like BAMEAN's monstrous deity be known ;‡
 Vast, yet deformed—a god, and yet a stone !
 What though her banners floated for an hour
 From the high top of BALLA HISSAR's tower ;
 What though her bullets scared the peaceful bee
 From the red blossoms of the argurwhan tree ;
 What though her arms in dreadful vengeance rang,
 Through the fair city where FERDUSI sang—§
 And every dome, and every glistening spire,
 Fell in the flames of her avenging fire.
 What though she bore, as trophies of its doom,
 Those gates of sandal-wood from Mahmoud's tomb ;
 Perhaps once more, in Indian groves to shine,
 The dazzling portals of some idol's shrine ?||
 Do these repay the blood and treasure lost ?
 Do these restore to life her slaughtered host,

* "The Humu is a bird much celebrated in Oriental poetry ; it never alights on the ground ; and it is believed that every head which it overshadows will one day wear a crown."—*Notes to Baber*, 5, 15.

† The monsoon is earlier in the south of India, and in the vicinity of the ocean, than in the north, and the rains are heavier. The mountains in the interior either arrest entirely the progress of the clouds, or vary their direction, and hence large tracts of country are exempted from, or only partially experience, the influence of the monsoons."—*Encl. Brit.*, art. "Afghanistan."

‡ The excavated city of Bamean. The gigantic idols of Bamean are cut in alto-relievo on the face of the hill, one about one hundred and twenty feet high.—*Burnes*.

§ Ghuzni, the most celebrated of the cities of Cabool, where Mahmoud reigned and Ferdusi sang.

|| The sandal-wood gates at the shrine of the Emperor Mahmoud were brought, eight hundred years ago, from Sommat in India, where Mahmoud smote the idol, and the precious stones fell from his body.—*Burnes*. In the capture and destruction of Ghuzni, in 1842, these celebrated gates were carried off in triumph by the British forces.

Whose shroudless corpses—that SOOJAH might rule—
Glut the fierce vultures of the KHORD CABUL.*

Oh, may we learn experience from the past !
And peace and love possess the world at last.
Instead of frowning forts, let altars rise,
To bless the nations under distant skies ;
O'er towering hills and vales of purple moss,
Let peaceful armies bear the saving cross !
And let those fleets that made the whole world weep,
With useful arts go bounding o'er the deep ;
To every clime and every ocean isle,
Like to those fragrant navies of the Nile,
Which bear the bee and its ambrosial store,
A blessing and a joy to every peaceful shore.†

* The scene of *Akhbar Khan's* treachery, and the destruction of 1,600 British soldiers, in the disastrous retreat from Cabul to Jellalabad, on the 6th of January, 1842.

† The floating bee-houses of the Nile. "In Lower Egypt, where the flower harvest is not so early by several weeks as in the upper district of that country, the practice of transportation is carried on to a considerable extent. About the end of October the hives, after being collected together from the different villages, and conveyed up the Nile, marked and numbered by the individuals to whom they belong, are heaped pyramidically upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce which is afforded by the surrounding country. After travelling three months in this manner, the bees having culled the perfumes of the orange flowers of the SAID, the essence of roses of the FAICUM, the treasures of the Arabian jessamine, and a variety of flowers, are brought back, about the beginning of February, to the places from which they have been carried. The productiveness of the flowers, at each respective stage, is ascertained by the gradual descent of the boats in the water, and which is probably noted by a scale of measurement. This industry produces for the Egyptians delicious honey, and abundance of bees'-wax."—*Dr. Bevan*, p. 233.

THE EMIGRANTS' SHIP.

Slow o'er the still wave, like a graceful swan,
The white-winged monarch of the sea sails on,
Casting its broad shade o'er the mirror'd deep,
That lies outspread—a giant fast asleep.

Proud ship! so calmly floating in thy breast,
What varied hopes and passions are at rest.
Poor exile forms!—for plenty forced to roam,
And trust their all within that ocean home.

The woe-worn mother, with her home-sick ones,
The hoping girl—the brown-cheeked, careless sons;
The humble pair—in all but true-love poor—
Within thy stout enclosure lie secure.

The tear-worn eye is closed in sad repose—
The sleeping sire forgets his many woes;
And Heaven's best boon in double mercy comes
To these poor exiles from their well-loved homes.

Heaven speed the noble ship!—soft be the gale
That speeds thy course, and fills thy swelling sail;
May the blue deep a safe reliance be,
'To the good ship that bears them o'er the sea.

THE EMIGRANT'S TOMB.

Deep in a western forest's shade,
In the green recess of a sunless glade,
Where the wild elk stalks, and where strange flowers bloom,
Is a rough-hewn mound—the emigrant's tomb.

In the emerald isle, far o'er the wave,
The friends he loved had found a grave;
But one fair blossom—his hope, his pride—
Was left to him when the rest had died.

One fair little child his love to prove—
The only thing he had now to love—
Still cheer'd the heart of the lonely man,
And lit up the cheek that was sunk and wan.

At length the star of the poor man's night,
The one that made his home seem bright,
Like a blighted flower she pined and died,
And he sought a home o'er the ocean wide.

To the plains of the western world he sailed,
But his eye had dimmed, and his cheek had paled;
He died where the proud ship touched the strand,
And they made him a tomb in that foreign land.

TO SYBIL.

I've heard, and been assured 'tis true,
Although I scarce believe, that you,

If given a page of writing,
Each character with ease can trace—
Come, try the one before your face,
And set about inditing.

And first—I don't wish to perplex,
But, Lady Fair, pray what's my sex ?
I court investigation ;

Just say—to yours do I belong,
Or to the one called, right or wrong,
"The Lords of the Creation."

Next, tell me, what my head contains,
A quantam sufficit of brains

For self, and some to spare ;
Or am I of the doltish class,
Destin'd through life, a stupid ass,
The foolscap crown to wear ?

What bumps prodigious, large and lesser,
Has phrenological professor
Detected o'er my pate ;
Are they before, denoting mind,
Or did he feel them most behind ?—
Come, guess, at any rate.

Am I irascible—audacious—
Prone to be positive—pugnacious ?
Or the reverse of these ?
Meek as a mouse—mild as a dove—
And pliant as a white kid-glove ?
Dévinex, if you please.

And this reminds me, am I pat in
Those classic tongues—the Greek and Latin—
And modern language too ?
Or do I vote Italian lore
And German a confounded bore,
And eke the *parlez-vous* ?

Say—can I brush and palette wield,
And portray sky, and flood, and field,
And form and face divine ;
Or would you smile, and justly call
My talent that way "rather small ?"—
Tell truly, lady mine !

Can music charm the passing hour ?—
Has melody a 'witching pow'r
To steep my soul in bliss ?
Or do I cry, "Hold hard—enough—
"I vow 'tis all discordant stuff !"
Fair Sybil, guess at this.

And now 'tis done—the virgin page
Is stained with ink, just to engage
A moment of your time ;
And if I've wearied you, excuse
The frolic sporting of the muse—
Scorn not the random Rhyme !

THE TUSCAN REVOLUTION.

Florence, March 8, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the short paper on the subject of Italy, which you inserted in your February number, I ventured to predict that the fate of *Pio Nono* would soon be that of Leopold of Tuscany, and that another popular idol would speedily be added to the list of those who, in exile, are the evidences of popular ingratitude. That event has already happened; and I will now crave a little of your space, while I speak of this last and most unprovoked revolt against a rule, whose gravest fault was lenity.—Yours,

L.

THAT republicanism, and not constitutional monarchy, was the object of the Italian liberals, was very soon evident from the vacillations in popularity experienced by those princes who had taken the lead in the path of reform. Not only was there a continued and steady pressure kept up for new and fresh concessions, but every attempt to obtain the most obvious guarantees of security, the most natural barriers against popular aggression, was at once resented, and proclaimed to be a "treason against the people"—an effort, to use the phrase in vogue, "at reaction"—ever certain to be ascribed to Austrian intrigue, Russian influence, or British corruption!

Gratitude is assuredly not a popular characteristic. Concessions obtained have the sad proverbial destiny of "eaten bread," and he who once refuses, is certain to find every previous favour forgotten—or worse, remembered as concessions extorted from fear, or yielded with some treacherous reservation of a future indemnity.

Whatever ambitious dream of propagandism Pius IX. might have indulged—however he might have been seduced into the easy road of concession to popular will by the churchman hope, that superstitions could bind the hands that legislation had set free—one thing is quite palpable, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was not animated by such motives. A sincere and single-minded desire for the happiness of his people was the mainspring of all his actions. His error was—and it is no new one—that he mistook the ardent outburst of their joy for an evidence of their contentment—that he believed

in such a fiction as the gratitude of a people.

So far as personal character went, there was not in all the length and breadth of Europe one to be found more calculated to reconcile democracy to a monarchy. Benevolent, gentle, unassuming, and charitable—never forgetting a service—never treasuring a grudge—always disposed to construe favourably the intentions of others—hopeful and trustful, even where hope and trust were perilous—he only awaited what he conceived to be a popular wish to accord whatever was asked of him; and however dangerous such pleasing in other countries, here it might have been indulged with a considerable degree of security, had the intercourse between prince and people been direct and immediate, for the Tuscans are of all Italians the most conspicuous for good faith, and the least addicted to the national faults of suspicion and distrust.

It may easily be imagined that a prince, personally beloved, against whose character nothing could be alleged—whose whole study evinced a desire to render his people contented—must have been no common obstacle to those, all whose plans were directed to the utter obliteration of monarchy. How associate ideas of tyranny with one whose name was a proverb for gentleness and benevolence? How connect all the assumed vices of a ruler with a prince beloved wherever he was known? This game would have been hazardous—the very attempt would have been ruinous; and accordingly another policy was adopted. It was believed that when the Lombard war

broke out, the near relationship of the Grand Duke to the Austrian Emperor would have made him averse to any participation in a struggle, whose object was to wrest the fairest province from the imperial rule. His enemies believed that the Hapsburger blood, so well known for the strength of its family attachments, would have made him decline a contest with the head of all his house. Not so. Whatever secret repugnance he may have suffered from the ties of kindred, the sense of duty was superior, and he declared himself frankly with the movement of Italian independence.

To conciliate the momentary enthusiasm against the "Barbarian," as the Austrian was ever styled, he laid down the proud title of his birth, as "Imperial Highness," and merely retained the rank his principality conferred. The white uniform of the troops was changed to blue, and, in fact, every trifling circumstance that recalled his ancient connexion with Austria speedily obliterated, and this with such genuine frankness, that not even malevolence could avail to impugn it.

The next effort of the democratic party was to involve him in some supposed sympathy with the efforts the King of Naples was making to re-establish royal authority in his kingdom; and as the Grand Duke had married a sister of the King, this allegation had at least the shadow of a colour. But it had no more. When the mob of Florence pulled down the arms of Naples and burned them before the palace of the ambassador, the Tuscan government neither punished the rioters nor apologized for the insult, and diplomatic relations ceased between the two courts; or if carried on, were conducted with a secrecy that shunned observation. If there was a want of dignity in all this, let it be remembered what the condition of Italy was during the whole of the past year. A quick succession of concessions to the people had excited the popular mind to a state of intoxication. They had suddenly awoke from the long and lethargic sleep of ages, to believe themselves a nation, great in arms and distinguished in the senate. Their orators proclaimed, the press declared, that they were the rightful descendants of those who, in former days, had made the names of Florence, Venice, and

Genoa the watchwords of greatness; associations derived from a history the richest the world can show were ready to establish parallels with each new event as it arose; and the whole peninsula was lashed into an enthusiasm that rendered all sober guidance impossible. Even those who did not sympathize with this fever were obliged to feign it. It was an orgie, and he who retained the calm possession of his senses was a traitor to the brotherhood.

When the Crociati of Rome declared war with Austria, against the express declaration of the Pope; when the general, whose orders were to guard the frontier, on arriving at it, asked his soldiers, "Shall we not cross, my comrades?" when volunteers voted themselves arms, and went in thousands to the arsenals to demand them, it is needless to say that all governance was at an end, and that a state so circumstanced must either succumb at once to anarchy, or make a vigorous effort to regain authority.

The Grand Duke attempted the latter, but with weak incertitude of purpose, which has been his ruin through life. A few arrests of rioters in the streets, the banishment of a most daring and dangerous mob-orator, a man named Guerazzi, the suppression of two ribald and indecent journals, were perhaps the entire of these measures, but they were quite sufficient to organize that opposition which so long had been condemned to fight only with shadows.

The first object was the downfall of the ministry, to deprive of power the men whose names had been so long associated with concessions, and to make the people believe that, in all they had done, they were animated by a treacherous resolve only to accord what might at any moment be withdrawn. A violent press—the inevitable pressure of an expensive taxation, imposed by the war—increasing poverty, from the paralysation of all trade, contributed to the general dissatisfaction. The ministry fell, to be succeeded by another less competent, but not less unpopular; a second and a third change ensued, till at last, wearied by a struggle to which he felt himself unequal, the Grand Duke threw himself into the hands of the extreme faction—the men who, long since, had doomed him

to be the first offering on the altar of popular ascendancy.

Guerazzi became chief of the cabinet; and it may not be without instruction if I venture a few words upon this singular man's history, premising that, in so doing, I am not guilty of any indelicacy in revealing matters merely personal—the chief source of my information being the substance of a printed letter, which he addressed, some few weeks back, to his friend and fellow-labourer, Mazzoni.

According to his own account his family are of ancient descent, but his immediate ancestors were in humble circumstances. His father he describes as a saturnine, taciturn, cold man, who neither made nor admitted freedom from others. Imbued with strong democratic opinions himself, his sole aim was to instil those doctrines into the minds of his children; nor did he find any more congenial source of instruction than the works of Volney, Voltaire, and Paine. The young Guerazzi was an apt scholar: the asceticism of this life at home; the contrast of their poverty and shattered fortunes with the wealth and splendour he saw around him; the opening consciousness of his intellectual powers, and the knowledge that no path or career for their development was open to him;—all these contributed powerfully to the growth of opinions which, if they assume philanthropy for their origin, are not less certain to be based upon the unmitigated hatred of an aristocracy.

This one sentiment would seem to have been the ruling principle of his life. It is not a little remarkable how many of those whom revolutions have thrown uppermost in these late memorable struggles of the Continent have adopted "*Egalité*" as the type of liberty. The desire of levelling all to the same standard of social eminence, established for the men of mind the most powerful and absolute domination. We see no such arduous and intrepidity exerted in the cause of "*Unity*" and "*Fraternity*." The soldiers who fight beneath these banners are lukewarm and indifferent compared to those who come armed with long-treasured injuries, the sense of a hundred mortifications experienced in their past intercourse with the high-born great. What a terrible debt is that, and how loaded with its compound interest of years!

Of this school Guerazzi was a prominent disciple; indeed, he makes no scruple of proclaiming aloud, that in winning liberty for the people, he means to clear off those old scores that are so long owing to himself.

At fourteen years of age, he tells us, he quarrelled with his father, respecting the sale of some property, to which he claimed a reversionary right. His father persisted in his opinion, and the son quitted his home for ever. He was penniless and ill-clad, without a friend to succour or advise him. The first day he passed in wandering listlessly from place to place, the sense of injury overcoming all physical want. On the second he roused himself to an effort for his support. He procured employment in a printing-house; he corrected the press. After a while, he made some translations from foreign languages; he gave lessons to others older, by many years, than himself; and so he soon had, as he informs us, more money than he wanted. From this he became a political writer in the newspapers. It was a period when the censorship was exercised with more than common severity; and they who desired to advance views of liberalism in politics were reduced to a thousand shifts and devices of composition which might insinuate what dared not be openly avowed. In this species of writing, Guerazzi speedily distinguished himself, and attracted towards him the notice of a party who were long planning a movement in imitation of the French Revolution.

He narrates, with considerable interest, the details of a plot, which had occupied the conspirators for months long; and tells how, accompanied by another, he was despatched from Leghorn to Florence, to attend a meeting to be held at a certain palace, which should finally decide on the day and the hour of the outbreak. They arrived at night at the street; and on reaching the palace, found it silent, dark, and deserted. The noble!—"the class who had ever been the traitors"—had become terrified at the coming danger, and fled to the country; so that nothing remained but for Guerazzi and his companion to return to their friends at Leghorn, and adopt speedy measures for their safety. Information, however, had already reached the go-

vernment: numerous arrests were made, and of Guerazzi among them. He was sent to the common jail, to the same section where thieves, house-breakers, and even assassins were confined; and here he passed months in du-rance. And this man is now the minister of Tuscany. The minister!—nay, the ruler; and with a despotism such as no European sovereign dare to imitate. His word is like the written law of the land; his strong will scourges the nation; and the terror of his name recalls what we read of Marat and Danton, in the terrible days of the Mountain.

It is said—I know not with what truth—that on being sent for by the Grand Duke, with the object of forming a cabinet, he came to the audience with more than common negligence and disorder of dress; that his ungloved hands and dirty boots were intended to express his indifference for those forms, which in his heart he had already doomed; and that his manner—and this I can easily credit—was marked by a degree of rudeness and presumption, which nothingshort of predetermination could have enabled any man to exhibit in a presence so courtly and so gentle. There is no such coward as he who insults a king! and I wait with anxiety for the time when this man may illustrate the maxim.

The cabinet formed by Guerazzi included the two most advanced sectionists of the Chamber—Montanelli and Mazzoni; neither of them men of very high ability, and only distinguished by the violence of their opinions, and their slavish devotion to their chief.

From the moment this ministry was formed, all men of moderate views became terrified for the result. It was well known that by their writings and speeches, for years back, the theory of constitutional monarchy had been the subject of their bitterest sarcasms, and that nothing short of republicanism could satisfy their wishes. With a timidity, in part the result of ignorance of the habitudes of parliamentary life—in part constitutional—the men well affected towards the Grand Duke's government, scarcely ventured on even a show of opposition; and the Guerazzi ministry appeared, by the votes, to enjoy the confidence of a Chamber, whose terror had already pictured the future before them.

The great cabinet question—that indeed, on which the success of all their plan depended—was the “*Costituente Italiana*”—that parliament to be held at Rome, composed of deputies from the confederated states of Italy. If the example of Frankfort be worth anything, one would not have supposed that very exaggerated notions of benefit could spring from such an assemblage. Guerazzi, however, pronounced that this “unity” was to be the barrier against the tyranny of the Austrian; it was to be the rallying point of their long dis-severed nationality; it was to be the means of obliterating, by nearer intercourse, the jealousies which were fostered in ignorance and distance. In fact, there was no one benefit which patriotism could desire, or philanthropy crave, that, in some shape or other, should not spring from the “*Costituente Italiana*.” He did not, indeed, proclaim that the formation of this assembly was the death-blow of all monarchy; and that a parliament composed of men with *unlimited powers*, would very soon assert its superiority to pope and prince, and vote both these elements little better than cumbrous and costly relics of less enlightened ages. He did not go to this length, but his press advanced very close upon it. The efficacy of a popular assemblage, which, derived from various different states, owed no peculiar allegiance to any one sovereign, could not be questioned as an engine of democracy. It was a high court from whose judgment there was no appeal, and sovereignty, under such a sway, became the veriest vassalage. The Grand Duke could not at first perceive this. He was assured that the functions of the *Costituente* would be neither about questions of Rome, nor Tuscany, nor Piedmont, but of Italy—Italy as a confederation—Italy, that geographical land, whose existence Prince Met-ternich had refused to acknowledge.

The English minister at Florence, Sir George Hamilton, a gentleman whose zeal and ability have been most conspicuous in all the difficult turnings of Italian politics, spared no pains to enlighten the Grand Duke upon this point. He warned him of the danger of yielding to a plan which virtually “effaced the monarchy,” and showed that collisions must inevitably ensue

between the powers which equally claimed a sovereignty, and whose concurrence in every question of politics it would be vain to expect.

The day of the opening of the chambers was approaching, and the question of the *Constituente* should be decided. Guerazzi declared that if this announcement did not make part of the royal speech he would resign, and the whole ministry with him, a threat to understand the importance of which it is necessary to bear in mind the terror he had contrived to exercise over the chamber, and which by his agents he succeeded in establishing in immense sway over the provinces. The British minister relaxed nothing in his efforts to show that all the dangers of a constitutional struggle were as nothing compared with the perils of a course which virtually ignored the monarchy, and created a rule irresponsible and absolute. In an audience which lasted several hours he recapitulated not only the difficulties that must ensue from this concession, but the utter impossibility of retreat from it afterwards. It was a road on which there was no returning. The very names of those who were spoken of as deputies were enough to act as warnings. He showed also that the country was at heart with the Grand Duke, that already every reasonable concession had been made, and that he might safely keep his stand upon the integrity of his motives, the good faith of all his actions, and the known affection of the people.

The Grand Duke appeared at length convinced that rejection of the *Constituente* was his only course, and Sir George Hamilton was led to believe that his arguments had prevailed, and that he had rescued the throne from a peril which could not have been other than fatal.

The following day the chamber opened, and the duke announced to the senate that he concurred in the plan of the formation of a *Constituente Italiana*, as likely to rally the scattered and drooping energies of the nation, and ardently hoped that its deliberations would add to the greatness, the security, and happiness of Italy! What means of coercion, what threats, what menaces of terrible consequences to one whose gentleness could not brook the bare possibility of a popular struggle, were used it is

vain to inquire. We have nothing to guide us through this dark passage of history save Guerazzi's subsequent assertion, "His Royal Highness spent some hours in correcting the speech, which he did with his own hand."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the effect this announcement produced in the chamber; the deep sorrow of all attached to the Grand Duke and his cause, and the triumphant exultation of those who now saw how irretrievably he had become entangled in their toils.

For some time previous the grand duchess and the family had retired to Sienna, in which city a considerable party existed of known fidelity to the ducal house, and hither the Grand Duke now repaired, possibly anxious to escape those joyful demonstrations in Florence, reminding him, as they must have done, of the price with which such popularity had been purchased. Meanwhile the events of Rome were hurrying on, and the Tuscan democrats were obliged to stir themselves to keep pace with their more advanced brethren. The ministerial proposition for organising the mode of electing the members of the "*Constituente*" was the first charge, and Guerazzi hastened down to Sienna to confer with the duke, and finally obtain his sanction of the proposed bill.

Of the events which have occurred we have as yet no other record than the account read by Guerazzi to the assembly, subsequent to the duke's flight. The story is, however, told in a few words.

On being admitted to an audience with the Grand Duke he was received by His Royal Highness in bed, to which from the previous day he had been confined by severe illness. His Royal Highness spoke with difficulty, complained of severe headache, and expressed himself unable to attend to the mighty question of state the minister came to discuss. An audience for the following day at noon was appointed, and Guerazzi presented himself, eager to enter upon the great subject of his mission, but the grand duke, although much recovered from his indisposition, still deferred the discussion on the ground of insufficient strength, alleging that in a day or two he trusted he would be perfectly capable of giving his mind to business. He dismissed the minister with great ap-

pearance of cordiality in his manner, and declared he was going out for a short drive. At five o'clock, on that same afternoon, a letter was brought to Guerazzi from the post-office, in the Grand Duke's hand, the substance of which was this: that he had been for some days past in expectation of a letter from the Pope, in reply to one addressed by himself to his holiness, and that it had at length reached him, the object of his Royal Highness' communication being to ascertain from the holy see in how far the *Costituente Italiana* might be deemed by his holiness an infraction of that canonical obedience which as a devout son of the church he owed to the throne of St. Peter. The reply was clear and explicit, and left no doubt whatever of the Pope's views on the subject. He expressly declared that the "*Costituente*" was an attack on the sovereignty of the Roman state, that it was in open violation of the conditions by which the popedom was held, and that the excommunication of the church included all, of whatsoever degree, who should sanction, aid, and participate in it. "In consequence of this," said the Grand Duke, "I prefer to remove for a brief space from the capital of my country to avoid the complications which may arise, but without any intention of quitting the soil of Tuscany.

A request, the very phraseology is humility itself, that certain persons, two or three only of his suite, might be permitted to follow him by a road, the further direction of which would be given at a certain place indicated, closed this sad and most melancholy epistle.

The game was won—won beyond redemption, since the adversary had thrown down his cards. With this autograph in his hand, and his own ready recital of the last scenes with his royal highness, couched in a style to make all this indecision, and all this weakness appear the cold and calculated result of studied duplicity, Guerazzi hastened back to Florence, and gathering his colleagues together, proceeded to the Piazza del Duomo, where already an immense mob had assembled.

The usual farce—that unhappy drama, which France has invented, and which has been translated into every tongue of Europe, save our own—fol-

lowed. A provisional government was decreed by the people, to consist of Guerazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzoni.

The chambers were convened in haste to receive the ministerial explanation, and the resignation of the portfolios, and as speedily to name them the members of a provisional government, not one voice asking whether the sovereign had not himself provided for the present difficulty, and made arrangements for supplying the necessities of the state.

The same evening a proclamation appeared, signed by the new government, of which the opening sentence ran thus:—

"The prince on whom you lavished your affections has cruelly deserted you; he has left you in the hour of your peril; but princes pass away, the people remain," &c.

While the Grand Duke, with a breaking heart, was following the lonely road to St. Stephano, a small fortress in the Maremma, nearly opposite to Elba—Florence, that city of traditional ingratitude, was in ecstacy of joy at his flight! The provisional government had well calculated their game; they saw its dangers, but they thoroughly knew the temper of the nation. There is one secret of all powerful influence here—there is one spell that nothing resists—intimidation. The decree of a sum of money to the poor, the abolition of certain taxes, peculiarly felt by the humbler classes, were made the "catch claps" for the multitude, while a vague rumour of confiscation, a kind of whispered threat upon all who should obstruct the new march of events was directed against the rich. The armed mobs of Leghorn and Empoli, brought up special by railroad, paraded the city, in bands of several hundreds, filling the air with their wild chaunts, and wilder denunciations of all who dared to adhere to the sovereign's cause.

The army alone excited uneasiness in the minds of the new government. It was at first proclaimed that the troops, about two thousand in number, stationed at Florence, had refused to take the oath of allegiance to Messrs. Guerazzi and company. Patriotism and double pay, which was decreed them at once, soon decided the question; and a proclamation came forth, signed by the commanding officer,

alleging that he and the soldiers under his command were at the order of the provisional government. One division alone resisted both the persuasions of flattery and the contamination of gold—a body of about twelve hundred men, who were stationed at Lucca, under the command of a brave soldier of the Empire, General de Langier.

Well estimating the value of attaching such a man to his cause, knowing the influence his adhesion would wield, the attachment of his troops, to him and their confidence in his skill, Guerazzi addressed to him a personal application, couched in the most friendly terms, and assuring him that a high post was destined for him at Florence, so soon as he should present himself in that city.

The general's reply was brief and characteristic. That in the present eventful moment of the country an officer's duty was to remain at his command; that he had taken an oath of allegiance to a sovereign, from which that prince alone could release him; that until his Royal Highness did this, neither he nor his soldiers could accept of any other. This was dangerous doctrine at such a period. Accordingly, Guerazzi replied by a specious argument to prove that the flight of the Grand Duke was a *bona fide* act of abdication, which in itself absolved from all the ties of allegiance. From this he proceeded to point out the utter inutilty of resistance, since the country had "pronounced." And lastly, in a phrase as dry, and brief, and not less significant than Napoleon would have employed, he reminded the general that, persuasion once exhausted, another tactic must succeed, and that "fuzilazione" was a practice which, though in disuse, might be revived in political matters at any moment.

A haughty and indignant rejection of both his sophistry and his menace was De Langier's reply, and Guerazzi immediately (for there was no time to lose) proclaimed him a traitor to his country, and offered a price for his head.

With an energy which marked all his movements throughout, Guerazzi gave orders for all the troops in Florence and its vicinity to proceed by railroad to Lucca, and on the 22nd,

three thousand men and five batteries of artillery, with two squadrons of cavalry, were in march against De Langier's force, then occupying a strong position between Pietro Santo and the sea.

For eight days De Langier had been without orders or any conversation whatever with the Grand Duke. He was totally destitute of money, and indeed had drawn upon his own scanty personal resources to supply the wants of his men. In this emergency he dispatched one of his officers, a Surgeon Maza, to St. Stephano, to confer directly with his Royal Highness, to entreat from him his orders, and to obtain money for the use of the troops.

The answer came, appointing De Langier commander-in-chief of the army, with an earnest supplication that, in whatever movement he might deem it expedient to make, his Royal Highness desired there should not be bloodshed; that no reverses he might sustain personally could equal in affliction what such a memory would entail.

"As to money," the Grand Duke continued, "I have none. I have borrowed this money (one hundred scudi) from one of my servants, to proceed to Gaeta." I have myself read the lines I have quoted in the Grand Duke's own hand, and on the very same day I read proclamations setting forth how "Leopold of Austria had carried away the gold of the people," and that millions had been taken from the treasury on the day of his flight.

The Grand Duke's answer was of course fatal to the general's hopes, for already the promised intervention of Piedmont—the pledge given by Gioberti that an armed force was in readiness, on the frontier, to cross over, and accompany De Langier's division—was now withdrawn; and by the downfall of Gioberti from the ministry of the King of Sardinia, the whole policy was changed.

In this sad conjuncture De Langier assembled his troops to communicate the Grand Duke's letter, and to offer them, on his own part, engagement in the service of Piedmont until such time as their rightful sovereign would reclaim their services, but already the gold of the provisional government had done its work. The officers cried out that they were betrayed! that De Lan-

gier had deceived them! The contagion spread rapidly amongst the men, and in a body the troops declared for the new government, and with colours flying, marched—artillery, ammunition, and all—over to the side of Guerazzi.

Alone, without one follower, not even his aide-de-camp, the gallant old general turned his steps towards the Piedmontese frontier. A colonel dispatched a peloton of dragoons to accompany him as a guard of honor, and to offer him protection, for his life was menaced. He refused the convoy, saying, "that men who broke their allegiance could never be a guard of honor; and that as for life, on such a day as that it was not worth preserving."

While these events were happening the Grand Duke had sailed for Gaeta, under the protection of two English ships of war, the *Thetis* and *Porcupine*, and here may be said to have ended the first act of the disastrous drama.

It may seem to some on reading of these events, and learning how readily the people seem to have concurred in the formation of a new government, how speedily the reaction from the forms of a monarchy ensued, with what alacrity the army gave in its adhesion to the new chiefs, and with how great enthusiasm the towns received the members of the provisional government, as in the progress of "tree planting" they went from place to place—it may appear from all this that the country, the nation, so to speak, was not with the Grand Duke. Such a supposition would be a grave error. There is, it is true, a party, and a strong party of ultra-democratic views, but not only are they not the numerical majority, but they are a minority in position, influence, and property. Terrorism, and terrorism alone, has played the game of the provisional government; a system of espionage has been established of the most terrible kind, denunciations and commitments to prison are events of hourly occurrence. Every little town, every village has its government spy, employed in the propagation of this means of intimidation, till at last the citizens have been driven by their fears to affect an enthusiasm they do not, cannot, feel, and to assume the semblance of rejoicing in what they well know contain the elements of their ruin. Such is the po-

sition of Florence, where the bourgeoisie are to a man attached to the grand-ducal family; the same at Pisa, where all, save the students, are in favor of the Grand Duke; Lucca, Pietrosanto, Massa, and Carrara, all have but one wish, for his restoration. Any intervention that should promote this object would be hailed with enthusiastic gratitude. Ay, the very Austrians themselves would be looked upon as deliverers in such a cause. The peasantry are universally with their prince, as are the priests, who already have coupled his fate and future fortunes with that of the extinct popa.

That the country is devotedly and warmly attached to the Grand Duke, is perfectly clear; but that any successful effort to restore him will ever originate within its frontier, is more than I readily believe. His fortune, whatever it may be, involves that of many others. There are names, and high ones too, who, for their long services to royalty, have been already designated as the first victims of popular vengeance; and yet these men, with all upon the die, stand motionless, inactive, and terror-stricken; and while the hardy peasantry only ask for leadership and guidance, not one—not a single man—stands forth to risk his fate upon a chance, when success would be a triumph, and even failure but a few hours' anticipation of a predestined ruin. The "National Guard," whose every interest is wound up with the restoration, have been terrified into a submission to the Provisional Government. In a word, it is here precisely as it was in Paris, and as it might have been the other day in Ireland. A few bold and daring men, with audacity to venture and recklessness to risk their lives, have taken the whole rule and governance of an entire people; and until the "impetus" of this daring be spent, it is in vain to hope for any attempt at popular reaction. The nation must suffer—suffer in all the severe and terrible penalties which are the price of popular tumult. There will be the pauperism, the beggary, the grinding taxation, the ruined trade, and the bankruptcy of Paris. There will be the hundreds of unknown mediocrities rising into wealth and affluence on the traffic of their violence, and there will be the exile of all who prefer an indigence in a fo-

reign land to the degradation of slavery at home.

This is no prospective picture—no imaginary future: it has already begun. Florence is suffering in every rank and class. The most painful sacrifices to support existence, are made in families, where no previous want existed. The departure of every foreigner, whose means diffused wealth through the capital, has assisted the stagnation of trade. The streets exhibit no crowds, save of the ragged mobs of Livorno, who, all armed at the expense of the state, are retained as the body guard of the new government. Street-robbery, and even murder, are added to the list of terrors: and in a country where some months ago, brigandage was unknown, the high roads are now impassable after dark. Is this to continue? Is the fairest province of Europe—the garden of Italy—to be left to the merciless dictates of unprincipled men, whose whole lives have given no other guarantees than their hatred of legality—their sworn enmity to a class? This is the question asked equally by Italians and by foreigners. In one of his interviews with the English minister at Florence, Guerazzi, stung by the steady determination of the envoy not to treat with the provisional government, nor recognise it in any other way than as acting for the Grand Duke, went so far as to threaten that if this policy were persisted in, he should “quit the country, and leave it in the hands of Marmocchi and the red Republicans.” It is difficult to conceive a man, who, a few days previous, had been the minister of a constitutional sovereign, making use of a menace like this; but for the exact truth of the incident I am enabled to vouch.

As for Montanelli, with very inferior abilities, he enjoys a degree of popular favour fully as great—some would say greater—than the chief of the government. In so far as he is a more honest man, that he entered the cabinet with the assertion of the widest democratic opinions, and never scrupled to avow that the levelling process of a republic could alone re-suscitate the long dormant energies of Italy.

Mazzoni is little known, in compa-

ison with either of the others; but he has the reputation of being a man of respectable capacity, and a most inveterate socialist.

Such are the men to whom the destinies of this beautiful country are for the moment committed; but it does not need the example of Tuscany to show, in the year in which we live, the truth of the Swedish chancellor's apothegm!

The revolution of the country has, however, established another problem, that neither the widest concessions to popular demand, nor the personal merits of a prince, can ever stay the onward march of a faction, whose mission is anarchy, and not reform.

There was not a single privilege necessary to the independence and perfect freedom of the subject denied to Tuscany, nor were the liberties the late concessions extorted by the events in other parts of Europe. For a period of thirty years the Grand Duke has followed a policy of the most consistent liberalism; and, whether under the ministries of Fozzombroni or Ridolfi, the policy of the government was gradually to extend popular privileges. An elective chamber, on the basis of universal suffrage—a national guard, whose officers are elected by the companies—a most absolute liberty of the press—freedom of assembly without control, might have satisfied most, even among the inveterate assertors of popular right; and so had they done, too, were it not that the personal interests of men who look to times of revolution as their harvest, decreed otherwise. The convulsions of the past year inflicted no heavier curse on the happiness of Europe than in removing the restriction by which many exiles were debarred a return to their homes. The quarantine against men of dangerous opinions and disreputable lives withdrawn, a vast number who had been for years concealed, hatching the projects they hoped one day to see prevail, came back to their native countries, their old hatreds augmented by years of poverty and banishment. They came, spurred on by a sense of personal wrong, and animated far less by thoughts of political enfranchisement than by hopes of a long-coveted vengeance.

These men came back without any

guarantee for the future, nor by the faith of any amnesty—they came exactly as our smugglers are accustomed to smuggle so many thousand pounds worth into Barcelona, whenever a mock revolution of a day or two is enacted in Spain. It is a time of universal confusion, when no one can attend to trifles! Florence is crowded with such, for it would seem a law of revolution that the regeneration of a country is mainly dependent on the philanthropy of the incendiary, and the generous forbearance of the galley-slave!

How the crisis is to end it would be difficult to guess. I have not yet seen one who believes that the Republic, even "*Unita con Roma*," as the popu-

lar cry has it, can last; but there are many who entertain serious doubts that the grand-ducal power can ever be re-established on a secure and solid basis; while a third element already threatens to contribute its aid to the general discord—the claim of Austria to Tuscany, in the event of either abdication or failure of heirs.

"Will there be an intervention? and, if so, from what side?" are the questions in every mouth. Will Carlo Alberto refuse that aid which alone can strengthen the foundation of his own throne? or will he, failing to profit by the fate of the Pope and the Grand Duke, enter upon that fatal course, which begins by an orgie of popular enthusiasm, and ends at Gaeta?

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVII.

MAY, 1849.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

WM. S. ORR, AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXC VII.

MAY, 1849.

VOL. XXXIII.

IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

"Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more."

"There is every reason to hope, however, that the decay of such superstitions is not far distant, and that the diffusion of learning will remove every vestige of them. In the mean time these playful inventions of the fancy will serve to amuse the reader; nor will they appear more extravagant than the poetic fictions of ancient times."—*MILSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE*, 1808.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

REVOLUTION IN IRISH PEASANT'S LIFE; ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS—ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITIONS—INTRODUCTION OF DARRY DOOLIN—LOSS OF THE GENTRY—THE IRISH PANTHEON—TENANT'S RIGHTS AND TAXES—DEMOLITION OF THE POPULAR AND RURAL PASTIMES—THE SURVEY AND THE CENSUS—EFFECT OF THE POTATO FAILURE ON THE POPULAR MIND—EMIGRATION AND PATRIOTISM—WHO IS TO BE THE BUYER?—WHAT WE ARE, WHAT WE MAY BE, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE—THE WAY TO LEARN ENGLISH—HOW TO PROVE A MAN MAD—THE LAST OF THE SUPERSTITIONS—QUACKS.

CERVANTES, it is said, by the sarcasm of his *Don Quixote*, first threw ridicule upon the followers of *Amadis De Gaul*, checked the spirit of knight-errantry, and in fact sneered away the chivalry of Spain. No doubt the effect produced by that work was sudden and decisive; the period, however, was propitious; light was beginning to shine out from the surrounding darkness, and the people to whom the work was addressed, were learned enough to read, and had sufficient wisdom and common sense to appreciate its value, and also wit enough to perceive its point. Rapid as, it is said, was the spread of this revolution of opinion in the Peninsula, and, indeed, throughout civilised Europe generally, it was nothing, in comparison to that which has taken place, and is still going forward in matters of belief, and popular prejudice, and national opinion in Ireland.

The great convulsion which society of all grades here has lately experienced; the failure of the potato crop, pestilence, famine, and most extensive emigration, together with bankrupt landlords, pauperising poor-laws, with their grinding officials and de-

moralising workhouses, have broken up the very foundations of social intercourse, have swept away the established theories of political economists, and uprooted many of our long-cherished opinions. In some places, all the domestic usages of life have been outraged; the finest bonds of kindred have been severed—some of the noblest and holiest feelings of human nature have been blotted from the heart, and many of the firmest links, which united the various classes in the community, have been rudely burst asunder. Even the ceremonial of religion has been neglected, and the very rites of sepulture—the most sacred and enduring of all the tributes of affection or respect have been forgotten; the dead body has rotted where it fell, or formed a scanty meal for the famished dogs of the vicinity, or has been thrown, without prayer or mourning, into the adjoining ditch. The hum of the spinning-wheel has long since ceased to form an accompaniment to the colleen's song; and that song itself, so sweet and fresh in cabin, field, or byre, has scarcely left an echo in our glens, or among the hamlets of our land. The *Shannaghie*, and the *Callegh*

in the chimney corner, tell no more the tales and legends of other days. Unwaked, *unkeened*, the dead are buried, where Christian burial has at all been observed; the ear no longer catches the mournful cadence of the wild Irish cry, rising up to us from the valleys, or floating along the winding river. The fire on the peasant's hearth was quenched, and its comforts banished, even before his roof-tree fell; while the remnant of the hardiest and most stalwart of the people crawl about, listless spectres, unable or unwilling to rise out of their despair. In this state of things, with depopulation the most terrific, on the one hand, and the spread of education, and the introduction of railroads, &c., on the other, together with the rapid decay of the Irish vernacular, in which most of our legends, romantic tales, ballads, and bardic annals, the vestiges of Pagan rites, and the relics of fairy charms were preserved, can superstition, or if superstitious belief, can superstitious practices continue to exist?

But these matters of popular belief and folks'-lore—these rites, and legends, and superstitions—were, after all, the poetry of the people; the bond that knit the peasant to the soil, and cheered and solaced many a cottier's fireside. Without these, on the one side, and without proper education, and well-directed means of partaking of and enjoying its blessings, on the other, and without rational amusement besides, he will, and must, and has in many instances already, become a perfect brute. The rath which he revered has been, to our own knowledge ploughed up, the ancient thorn which he revered has been cut down, and the sacred well polluted, merely in order to uproot his prejudices, and efface his superstition. Has he been improved by such desecration of the landmarks of the past—objects which, independent of their natural beauty, are often the surest footprints of history? We fear not.

"Troth, sir," said Darby Doolin, an old Connaughtman, of our acquaintance, when lately conversing

upon the subject, "what betune thim National Boords, and other sorts of larnin', and the loss of the pratey, and the sickness, and all the people that's goin' to 'Merica, and the crathurs that's forced to go into the workhouse, or is dyin' off in the ditches, and the clargy settin' their faces agin them, and tellin' the people not to give in to the likes, sarra wan of the *Gintry* (cross about us!) 'ill be found in the country, nor a word about them or their doins in no time."

The reader must not from this suppose that our friend Darby in any way commiserated or sympathised with the bankrupt landed gentry, or felt "sore or sorry" that the landlord and the noble were, *en masse*, reduced to the same condition that the merchant, the trader, or the professional man are, from day to day. Oh! no. These were not the people honest Darby alluded to. Small blame to him, if he had but little personal acquaintance with such gentry; for, "few of them ever stood in the street, or darkened the doors" of the cottages of Kilmacfaudeen. Darby Doolin's gentry were, a short time ago at least, *resident*, and transacted their own business without either agent, keeper, driver, or pound-keeper; they seldom visited London, and much more rarely, Paris, or the Continent; and though reputedly *lucky*, were scarcely ever known to frequent the gambling-table or the horse-race, but lived "in pace and quiteness" at home in "the ould ancient habitations of the country," riding by night up and down upon the moonbeams—changing their residences or localities with the whirlwind—sleeping in summer in the purple pendent bells of the foxglove or the wild campanula; quaffing the Maydew from the gossamer threads of the early morning; and living a merry, social life, singing, dancing, and playing, with all sorts of music, by the streamlet's bank, upon the green hill side, or round the grassy fort. And though they neither canted nor dispossessed; never took nor demanded, "meal or malt," head-rent, quit-rent, crown-rent, dues or duties,* county-cess, parish-cess, tithes,

* In most of the leases made in the county Galway, even twenty years ago, and we believe the practice was common in other parts of Ireland also, there was, besides the ordinary rent, a covenant for so many fowls, geese and turkeys, and so

priest's dues, poor-rates, rates in aid, drivage, poundage, nor murder-money;* employed neither agents, sheriffs, magistrates, barony constables, bailiffs, keepers, drivers, auctioneers, tax-collectors, process-servers, gaugers, spies, potteen-hussars, police, nor standing army; passed no promissory notes, and served neither notices to quit, ejectments, nor civil bills, they exacted from the people a reverence and respect such as few potentates, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, could ever boast of.

True for you, Darby, they are going fast, that *gentle* race (the Lord be with them!); but sure you wouldn't have them wait, they that were always an *out-door* population, to be taken by the scruff of the neck and sent by the guardians and commissioners just to try their feet on the flure of the poor-houses,† or be shot down like thrushes, as the boys at Ballingarry were. The *good people* are leaving us fast: nobody ever hears now the tic-tac of the *leprechaun*, or finds the cute little chap with his Frenchman's hat and yellow breeches, sated on a boochalaun of a summer's

morning. God be with the time, when Donall-na-Trusslog (Daniel of the leaps), met the leprechaun one morning on Rahona bog, with the *adhaster buidhe* (golden bridle, which, whenever shook, was found with the yellow steed attached to it) in one hand, and *sporrán-na-shillinge* (the purse that was never without a shilling) in the other. He laid hold of him, and swore that he should never part him till he had given him up these treasures. "Yarrah," said the little fellow, "what good is it for you to get them, when that fellow behind you will immediately take them from you?" Daniel gave one of his sudden circuitous leaps, but on his turning again to the little fellow, he found, to his eternal grief, that he had scampered off.

Sure the children wouldn't know anything about the *pooça* but for the blackberries after Michaelmas.‡ The warning voice of the *banshee* is mute; for there is but few of the "rale ould stock" to mourn for now; the *sheogúe* and the *thivish* are every year becoming scarcer; and even the harmless *linane shie* § is not

many days' work in spring and harvest, and so many pounds of grey yarn thread. These remnants of the feudal system were termed, "duties." The driver also and the pound-keeper had his dues. Independent of the ordinary legal fees of the latter, there were others which he obtained from the tenantry. If a man's cow was in pound, and his family in want of its support, he went to the pound-keeper to get it back, until the day of the *cant*, instead of leaving it starving, and up to its middle in mud in the pound for a fortnight. The cattle-jailer took out a piece of paper—the leaf of a book, or the back of a letter—anything, in fact, having printing or writing upon it—laid it down on the road, and the owner of the beast taking it up, pledged himself upon it to deliver up the animal within the appointed time. Rarely, indeed, was the pledge ever known to be broken, although many a serious riot, and attempt at rescue, had been made on the first capture of the beast.

* It is but too fully established, that in most instances of agrarian murder, the whole townland was compelled to contribute to the price paid for the bloody deed, or heavily taxed to support the murderer, or pay his passage to America.

† We lately expostulated with one of our old beggars as to why she did not go into the poor-house—"Arrah, sure agra, I wouldn't be alive a week in it; I that's ate up with the rheumatics. Troth, I went there the other day, jist to try my feet on the flure, and I wouldn't be alive in it a week," was the graphic reply.

‡ It is a popular belief—kept up probably to prevent children eating them when over-ripe—that the *pooça*, as he rides over the country, defiles the blackberries at Michaelmas and Holly-eve.

§ These various personages, and the ideas attached to them, will be explained, during the course of these papers. The representation of the "The Lianhan Shee," as given by Carleton, in his "Traits and Stories," does not hold good in the west, where that familiar spirit is looked upon as a much more innocuous attendant of the fairy woman. The leprechaun, or clurichaun as he is termed in Munster, and the banshee and phooka, or pooça, are already well known, even to English readers. The *sheogúe* is the true fairy; *thivishes*, or *thoushas* (shadowy apparitions), are literally ghosts; and *pisherogues*, or *pishogues*, a term used both in the Irish manuscripts and in the vernacular, means properly witchcraft or enchantment.

talked about now-a-days, and does not hold discourse with e'er a fairy woman in the whole barony—them that were as plenty as lumpers afore the yallow male came amongst us, and made us as wake and as small as a north country rushlight, or a ha'penny herring.* No lie to say the times are altered; sure the snow and the frost itself is lavin' us. Darby Doolin writes us word (for he is a mighty knowledgeable man, and fit to plade with a barrister),† that all the stories about the fairies and the pishogues are going fast, and will soon be lost to us and our heirs for ever.

The old forms and customs, too, are becoming obliterated; the festivals are unobserved, and the rustic festivities neglected or forgotten; the bowlings, the 'cakes and prinkums‡ (the peasants' balls and routs), do not often occur when starvation and pestilence stalk over a country, many parts of which appear as if a destroying army had but recently passed through it. Such is the desolation which whole districts—of Connaught, at least—at this moment present; entire villages being levelled to the ground, the fences broken, the land untilled and often unstocked, and miles of country lying idle and unproductive, without the face of a human being to be seen upon it. The hare has made its form on the hearth, and the lapwing wheels over the ruined cabin. The faction-

fight, the hurlings, and the mains of cocks that used to be fought at Shrovetide and Easter, with such other innocent amusements, are past and gone these twenty years, and the mummers and May-boys left off when we were a gossoon no bigger than a pitcher. It was only, however, within those three years that the *waits* ceased to go their rounds upon the cold frosty mornings in our native village at Christmas; and although the "wran boys" still gather a few halfpence on St. Stephen's day, we understand there wasn't a candle blessed in the chapel, nor a *breedogue*§ seen in the barony where Kilmacafaudeen stands, last Candlemas day; no, nor even a cock killed in every fifth house, in honour of St. Martin; and you'd step over the *brosnach*|| of a bonfire that the childer lighted last St. John's Eve.

The native humour of the people is not so rich and racy as in days of yore; the full round laugh does not now bubble up from the heart of the Irish girl, nor the joke pass from the pedlar or bagman to the pigdriver, as they trudge alongside of one another to fair or market. Well, honoured be the name of Theobald Mathew—but, after all, a power of fun went away with the whiskey. The spirits of the people isn't what they were when a man could get drunk for three halfpence, and find a sod on a kippeen¶ over the door of every second

* The *scuddaur laffen*, or halfpenny herring, is often used as a term of insignificance.

† By the term "barrister," the Irishman does not mean a lawyer generally, but the county assistant-barrister, who is held in great veneration.

‡ In Connaught, in former times, when a dance was held on a Sunday evening at a cross-roads, or any public place of resort, a large cake, like what is called a barnbrack, with a variety of birds and outlandish animals in bold relief on its upper crust, was placed on the top of a churn-dash, and tied over with a clean white cloth; the staff of the churn-dash was then planted outside the door as a sign of the fun and amusement going on within. When they had danced and drank their fill, the *likeliest* boy took the prettiest colleen, and led her out to the cake, and placed it in her hands as Queen of the Feasts; it was then divided among the guests, and the festivities continued. The word *prinkum* is sometimes used in the county Galway, to express a great rout or merry-making, in which dancing, courting, coshering, whiskey-drinking, card-playing, fighting, and sometimes a little ribbonism, formed the chief diversions.

§ The *breedogue* was an image of St. Bridget, generally styled by the country girls, "Miss Biddy." It was carried about on the 1st of February. As one of the objects of this paper is to record the "humours" and ceremonial of this and other like festivals formerly observed in Ireland, it is unnecessary to enter further into their description in the notes to the present chapter.

|| The term *brosnach* is generally applied to an armful or an apronful of sticks used for firing. A *brúna* of furze is carried on the back; it literally means a bundle of rotten sticks for firing.

¶ A sod of turf stuck on a sally switch or kippeen, and placed in the thatch of an Irish cabin, is the sign of "good liquor within."

cabin in the parish, from Balloughojage to the bridge of Glan. The pilgrimages formerly undertaken to holy wells and sacred shrines for cures and penances have been strenuously interdicted: the wells themselves neglected, the festival days of their saints passed by, and their virtues forgotten; their legends, too, often of great interest to the topographer and historian, and many of which were recounted by the bards and annalists of earlier times, are untold; and the very sites of many of these localities are at present unknown. The fairies, the whole pantheon of Irish demi-gods are retiring, one by one, from the habitations of man to the distant islands where the wild waves of the Atlantic raise their foaming crests, to render their fastnesses inaccessible to the schoolmaster and the railroad engineer; or they have fled to the mountain passes, and have taken up their abodes in those wild romantic glens—lurking in the yellow furze and purple heath, amidst the savage disrupted rocks, or creeping beneath the warrior's grave, learnedly, but erroneously, called the Druid Crumlegh—where the legend preserved by the antiquary, or the name transmitted by the topographer, alone marks their present habitation. When the peasant passes through these situations now he forgets to murmur the prayer which was known to preserve from harm those who trod the paths of the good people, and by thrusting his thumb between his fore and middle finger to make the sign of the cross—indeed, he scarcely remembers to cross himself at all; and in a few years to come the localities of the fairies will be altogether forgotten. The wild strains of aerial music which floated round the ancient rath, and sung the

matin and the vesper of the shepherd boy, who kept his flocks hard by, are heard no more, and the romance of elfin life is no longer recited to amuse or warn the rising peasant generation. To the log-house by the broad waters of the Ohio or the Mississippi, or even to the golden soil of California, the emigrant has carried the fairy lore of the mother-country; so that, to the charming descriptions of our countrywoman, Mrs. Hall—to the traits and stories of Carleton—the happy illustration of Irish manners by Banim and Gerald Griffin—the pencillings of Lady Chatterton, or the graphic sketches of Cæsar Otway and Sam. Lover—but, above all, to the Munster legends, embalmed by Crofton Croker, must the enquirer after fairy lore refer, who would seek for information on such matters in Ireland twenty years to come.*

Would that the Irish emigrant carried with him his superstitions only. But no. In the rankling hatred towards the English rule in Ireland—increased by the very circumstances under which so many of our countrymen now quit our shores, fostered and transmitted unalloyed for generations to a foreign soil—has future England more to fear from future America than all the rebellions and agitations which Ireland could possibly excite, now or hereafter.

The ordnance survey, of which we feel so justly proud, is a case in point. It was commenced in 1825, and finished a few years ago. Eminent scholars, well acquainted with the language and habits of the people, and educated up to the point required, traversed the country in all directions, talked with, and lived among the people, for the purpose of fixing ancient boundaries,

* The best of all our fairy tales are, perhaps, the "Superstitions of the Irish Peasantry," in the volumes of the "London and Dublin Magazine," published from 1825 to 1828. "The Newry Magazine," and "Bolster's Cork Magazine," also contain much interesting information on this subject.

One of our most learned and observant Roman Catholic friends has just written to us, in answer to some queries relative to superstitions. "The tone of society in Ireland is becoming more and more 'Protestant' every year; the literature is a protestant one, and even the priests are becoming more protestant in their conversation and manners. They have condemned all the holy wells and resorts of pilgrims, with the single exception of Lough Derg, and of this they are ashamed for whenever a Protestant goes upon the island, the ceremonies are stopped." Among all the affectionate mentions of his dearly-beloved father made by John O'Connell, he had not the courage to say '*the Lord rest his soule*.' I have watched these changes with great interest."

testing the accuracy and value of ancient documents, and collecting that great amount of traditional, antiquarian, and topographical information which our ordnance records at present embody; while another class of men were occupied at home in arranging, collating, testing with ancient Gaelic manuscripts, and finally preserving the information transmitted to them by the former. Could the materials then obtained be collected now? No. We may confidently appeal to Petrie, Larcom, O'Donovan, Curry, and other eminent men employed upon that great national work, for the truth of this assertion.

The last Irish census, that for 1841, has been praised for the amount of information it furnishes, for the accuracy of its details, and for the absence of assumption in its memoirs. It may safely be asserted that the statistics of Ireland, and the movement of the population for the ten years previously, were there better set forth than upon any similar occasion, or in any other record purporting to affect the like end. Could that census, or one giving a similar amount and accuracy of information, be effected now? Quite impossible; as those who collected and arranged it well knew.

The dynasties of Europe have been shaken; many of the most ancient governments overthrown; and the whole of the Continent convulsed with internal strife, or shaken by sudden change as the late tempest of revolution swept along its plains and leaped over its mountain tops. The very Pope himself, the head of the most widely-spread and numerous sect of Christians in the world, has been rudely driven from the seat of St. Peter, a wanderer and an exile, though assisted by the contributions of the "*starving Irish!*" and in all probability his temporal power has been for ever abridged or even annihilated: but what

are these revolutions to that which has been and is now effecting in Ireland by the failure of a single article of diet? All these countries will settle down, more or less, into the condition in which they were before 1848. Some change emperors—young ones for old—though, as in the case of Aladdin's lamp, the change may not be for the better; others discard kings, and, under the name of republicanism, enjoy presidents or dictators; parliaments appear to be the panacea with one set of people, and a scoffing disregard of excommunication, the chief delight and boast of another; but in the end it will be found that they will nearly all shake down with a very little more or very little less of liberty than they had in the beginning of last year. The German will twist his moustache, smoke, and live on his beer and sour kroust; and the Frenchman drink his wine at three sous a bottle, shrug his shoulders, and enjoy his *fête* as before. Not so the Irishman; all his habits and mode of life, his very nature, position, and standing in the social scale of creation, will and must be altered by the loss of his potato. Ay, even more than if he was suddenly compelled to turn Mahometan; changing all his chapels, churches, and meeting-houses into mosques, or had a parliament going round with the judge of assize, and sitting in every county town in Ireland twice a-year.

"I wasn't asy in myself," says our old friend Darby, "till I wrote to tell you all the doins that's gettin' on with in the counthry, and how, if times doesn't mind, I'll sell the two little slips*—them that was bonoveens last Lady-day—and gather in the trifle of money that's due me out of the *gombeen*† these two years; and when I've made *baton*‡ of the meddin, and disposed of the cabin and the little garden to Phauric Brannach, I'll be after taking myself and the ould

* *Slip* is the term applied to a young pig, of from six months to one year old; while bonov, or bonoveen, means a piggin-riggin, or sucking pig, or one much younger than a slip.

† *Gombeen* means lending out money or provisions upon an exorbitant and most usurious rate of interest; by it, however, has commenced the foundation of many a considerable fortune. A *gombeen* man is among the country people what the bill-lender and money-lender is among the higher classes.

‡ *Baton*—skinning the land and burning it, in order to extract it of its utmost value as manure. Various acts of parliament are in force against this most injurious practice; but it is still had recourse to, to the detriment of both land and landlord.

woman to the place they're diggin' up the goold as thick as poreens* used to be in harvest. Besides I'm noways continted at stayin' here at this present writin', and I'm tould the Lord Liftinant's watching me like a tarrier after a weasel. Sure I'm tould he brought over a man—an Irishman, too, but I can't give in to that—to be writin' agin the counthry. Is it true, agra, that none of the quality ever axed him if he had a mouth upon him, and he so late of Lonnon.

"Whisht! sure avourneen, I was out in the ruction in '98; and I walked all the ways to see Dan (the heavens be his bed this night!) at Tara, and bring home a sod from off the grave of the boys we planted there the night afore I ran back into Connaught—just to the ould spud, where your own four bones were bred and born, a one side of Rawcroghan."

If ever there was a nation that clung to the soil, and earned patriotism by the love of the very ground they walk on, it is (or was) the Irish peasantry. The Jew carries about with him from land to land a portion of the soil of Palestine, that it may mingle with his grave. Lately, when the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" was interred, a deputation of the Polcs of London cast into his tomb—an offering to his genius—some earth from the grave of Kosciusko. Not many years ago, we stood upon the custom-house quays of Dublin, watching a large emigrant ship, bonned for St. John's, getting under weigh. The wind and tide were favourable; the captain was impatient, and the names of the passengers having been called over, it was found that one was missing, a stout labourer from Kilkenny, and a great favourite with his neighbours and fellow-passengers. The captain swore, as captains will on such occasions, that he would not wait a moment for the rascal, who, he supposed, was "getting drunk" in some of the neighbouring public houses.† The prayers and entreaties of his fellow-passengers were in vain; the last plank was about to be hauled on board, when the missing passenger

rushed breathless through the crowd towards the ship, carrying in his hands a green sod, about as large as that used to "estate" a lark, which he had just cut from one of the neighbouring fields. "Well," said he, as he gained the deck, amidst the shouts of his friends, "with the blessing of God, I'll have this over me in the new country."

There is at present a springtide of emigration from Ireland, and great is the rejoicing of those who imagine we are to be benefited by it;—the Malthusian who feared for the consequences of over-population (although we are inclined to believe the country was by no means over-populated as a whole, although it certainly was most unequally populated); the ratepayer, who is now paying twenty-five shillings and six-pence in the pound! and the landlord who is buying up the small holdings for three or five pounds each, from those who "cumber the ground." Every one who can muster three pounds ten by the pledge of his crop, or for the good-will of his holding, or by "making-off" with the rent, or by any means within his power; all the able-bodied among the people, from the snug yeoman and frieze-coated cottier to the top-booted buckeen, are on the move for America, leaving us the idle and ill-conditioned, the weakly, decrepit, aged, and orphan, to be supported in our workhouses, or to drag out a miserable existence begging from door to door,—so that it may well be said, the heart of Ireland now beats in America. The sums of money that are returned to this country from the western continent, daily, for the purpose of taking out emigrants, are quite astonishing. Not only that, but the feelings with which they leave are becoming altered. There is scarcely an observer of Irish manners, or who has mixed much among the people, that has not witnessed many heartrending scenes at the parting of emigrants for some years past. It was not amidst the noise and bustle of the crowded quay that these outpourings of the heart could always be seen; but by the canal's banks, when the "whole

* Poreens—small potatoes.

† The facetious, witty, and sarcastic Bronnan was once asked at dinner, whether he did not like to be drunk?—"No, ma'am," was his reply, "but I like to be getting drunk."

country side" came to bless and bid adieu to the travellers, and crowded round at every lock and station for miles along the road, raising at times the wild Irish cry, and often forcing their way upon deck to have another last embrace. We remember many such scenes ten or twelve years ago. There was one instance, in particular, which struck us not only as characteristic of a mother's love, but of the ideas which the Irish peasantry possessed on the subject of the new continent, and of the complete earthly severing which took place when friends and relations parted on the bog of Allen. The Royal Canal packet-boat, dragged at the rate of three miles an hour, had taken in a cargo of emigrants, principally labourers from the county of Longford. Their friends followed for a considerable distance; many brimful of whiskey as well as grief, crowding upon the bridges, and sometimes pulling the boat to the brink by the tow-rope, for the purpose of sending a message to one of their transatlantic friends, to the great terror and no small danger of the non-emigrating passengers.* All gradually fell back, except one very old woman, who, with her grey elf locks streaming on the wind, her petticoat tucked above the knees, and her old red cloak floating free from her shoulders, still, with unabated energy, ran after the vessel which contained her only son. He was a red-headed, freckled faced *codger* of about twenty years of age, rather diminutive in size, but what is called *set* in his build, clad in a huge whitish frieze *coatha more*, corduroy smalls open at the knees, a Killamanka waistcoat, and a grinder round his neck, and, with sullen looks, trembling lips, and swollen eyes, sat upon his *chist*, with his legs hanging over the sides of the vessel. Whenever our speed slackened, or we came to a lock, or any impediment stopped our way, the poor woman knelt down and offered up a fervent prayer for the child she was

parting with for ever, and occasionally gave him some advice as to his future conduct. At last, having invoked, with all the eloquence of frantic grief, a pathetic blessing upon his head, she cried out, "Orah, Thomasseen, don't forget to say your prayers, and never change your voice nor your colour when you go among the blacks."

What a difference has ten years made in the feelings of the Irish peasant; he now no longer looks forward to better or happier times in his fatherland; seed-time and harvest, the price of pigs or the rise of grain, enter not into his calculations, but he turns with a longing eye to his far-distant destination in the west, and he starves, and grinds, and toils, not for the good of the land which gave him birth, but to amass and husband the means which are to transport him for ever from his once-loved Erin. The friends who now accompany the band of emigrants to the railway terminus, part as if they were but going into the next county—"Well, Jim, God be with you, and a safe journey to you; take care of the woman that owns you, and remember me to Biddy Sullivan. Tell her I'll be after you agin Aesther." The bell rings, the shrill whistle of the engine gives the warning note, and the parting is over.

Take care, landlords, gentlemen, and governors of Ireland. The clearing system, if not carried too far, has been, at least, carried on too rapidly. Had you improved the condition of the peasantry, or even attempted to do so, some twenty years ago, you might not have to support them in the poorhouse now, nor receive their dying malediction. You may want the labourer yet; the English farmer also may require the aid of the *spalpeen* before harvest is over. We will not press this subject further, at a time when almost every hand and every pen is raised against the landed proprietors indiscriminately, and when, perhaps, one of our next papers may be upon the *paleontology* of the Connaught

* During the emigrating season, of late years, the canal company were obliged to employ police to travel with the packet-boat, in order to keep back and preserve order among the crowds which rushed on board whenever the vessel approached a landing-place. About three years ago, a frightful accident occurred upon the Royal Canal; the boat was overpowered by numbers both of emigrants and their friends, and sinking with great rapidity, upwards of fourteen persons were drowned.

estimated gentry, as well as those who reside in the butter-cups and among the raths and mounds erected by our ancestors.

At our request, however, Darby has remained to see what the end of all agitation, if such a thing is possible in Ireland, and the harvest of '49, may do for the country. Perhaps we have been somewhat selfish in this respect, for as he has long been considered the knowingest man in the whole country, and could tell more stories about the old times and the "good people," and knew more about cures and charms than "all the books that were ever shut and opened;" and was up to the genealogy of all the ancient families, and had been at every bawn and court* in Connaught as often as he had fingers and toes, we desired to preserve some of his curious lore before he crossed the Atlantic in his old age.

If, however, we cannot hope much for the future, let us for the present, at least, live in the memory of the past.

We are now in the transition state, passing through the fiery ordeal from which it is hoped we are to arise purified from laziness and inactivity, an honest, truth-telling, hard-working, industrious, murder-hating, business-minding, rent-paying, self-relying, well-clad, sober, cooking, healthy, thriving, peaceable, loyal, independent, Saxon-loving people; engaged all day long, and every day except Sundays (though Archbishop Whately—more power to him!—would back us at a hurling on that same), in sowing and mowing, tilling and reaping, fattening bullocks, and salting pork, or fishing and mending our nets and lobster pots; instead of being a poor, idle, ignorant, dirty, slinging, *sleeveen*, cringing, begging set; governed by the bayonet or the bribe; generally misunderstood; always *sould* by the agitator at home, and the mimber abroad; ground down by the pauper absentee or his tyrannical agent; bullied by the petty sessions magistrates; alternately insulted and cajoled by the English minister; vilified by the press of a London Mortgagee Company, and demoralised by charity jobbing. In fact, the most ill-used, and, to adopt the phraseology of Mr. Doolin,

"the most jury-packing, road-jobbing, paper-reading, buccoon-breeding, sea-bathing, car-driving, cockle-eating, cup-tossing, tea-and-whiskey-drinking, ribbon-lodging, orange-lodging, fighting, shouting, landlord-shooting, pig-jobbingest, potato-lovingest, good-for-nothingest nation on the face of the universal globe." All this, and more to boot, is, it is said, to be brought about, and we hope to live to see the day it may come to pass, though we don't know exactly how it is to be effected.

Repeal is dead; its ghost was last seen at Ballingarry, but vanished in smoke and a flash of fire: some say it is hid in a cave in Slieve-na-mon, but I don't give into that. O'Connellism was kilt by the young Irishers, who blew themselves up with the infernal machine with which they had arranged to shoot Dan and the soldiers. Education, emigration, Queen's colleges, stopping the Maynooth grant, discriminating rates, rates in aid, and other variations in the poor-laws; soil analysis, green crops, agricultural missionaries, model-farms, manufactories, rotatory parliaments, quakers' fisheries, suspension of the habeas corpus, waste land improvement, paying the priests and putting down the establishment, arming the Orangemen and Peel's plantations, with a thousand other speculations, schemes, and propositions, have each their advocates. One thing, however, is certain, the great bulk of the land in the west must change owners; sooner or later it must come into the market either in wholesale or retail. Now, who will be the buyers? Oh! Englishmen—English capital, that is what we want. "Just wait a bit;" we have been planted, replanted, and transplanted by the English and Scotch on several occasions, and in various ways; we are, it may now be said, undergoing the process of subsoil ploughing; the great bulk of the old population in the south and west is being put *under the sod*, and we sincerely trust the noxious weeds may be got rid of in the process. Let it, however, be remembered what the country gained by these various plantations: the "mere Irish" were driven like

* Bawn: an enclosed keep—an ancient castle. A modern noble residence is frequently called a court, or court.

wolves into the wilds and fastnesses of Donegal and Connaught, without their condition being one iota improved in two centuries. The Cromwellian soldier has, in some instances, become the Tipperary murderer. At the Boyne this country changed masters, and the land its owners—the native Irish gentleman, the adherent of the Stuarts, was replaced by the victorious English captain or lieutenant, whose descendants are now some of the first to “go to the wall,” although these persons obtained the fee of their estates merely on condition of driving out the Celts; and as to the Scotch agriculturists, they never effected a single improvement outside their employer’s demesne, or bettered the condition of the Irish farmer in any respect. In these cases, however, it must be confessed the change was rather sudden.

Well, no matter what comes, we’ll lose the *gintry*, so we have made arrangements with Darby and some of our old Connaught acquaintance, aided by friends in the other provinces, to furnish us, from time to time, with a few particulars about the old customs and social antiquities of Ireland, especially such as have not already appeared, at any length, in print. It is possible, however, that we may frequently be found quoting inadvertently without acknowledgment, as the old newspapers and magazines frequently recorded instances of superstition; and local histories also mention many such. It would be impossible, indeed, to say how frequently we are making use of, without acknowledgment, the numerous contributions afforded us by our country friends.

This is, as our readers, who have been able to follow us thus far, have already perceived, rather a discursive chapter, but so is our subject, which must be taken up like the sybil’s leaves, disarranged, in rags and patches, as time, opportunity, or the immediate matter in hand may invite. We have already alluded to the decay of the Irish language as one of the means

by which our legends and superstitions are becoming obliterated. It is scarcely possible to conceive the rapidity with which this is being effected, or the means taken to bring it about.

We may relate the following incident as characteristic of the love of learning, and the spread of education among the peasantry in the west of Ireland, as well as the means forcibly employed to expunge the Gaelic as a spoken language. Some years ago we were benighted on a summer evening by the shores of Loch Ina, near the foot of those picturesque mountains, called the twelve pins of Benna-Beola, in Connemara. Our guide conducted us to a neighbouring village, where we were received for the night with that hospitality which has ever been the characteristic of those wild mountaineers. While supper was preparing, and the potatoes laughing and steaming in the *skieh*,* the children gathered round to have a look at the stranger, and one of them, a little boy about eight years of age, addressed a short sentence in Irish to his sister, but meeting the father’s eye, immediately cowered back with all the appearance of having committed some heinous fault. The man called the child to him, said nothing, but drawing forth from its dress a little stick, commonly called a scoreen or tally, which was suspended by a string round the neck, put an additional notch in it with his penknife. Upon our inquiring into the cause of this proceeding, we were told that it was done to prevent the little boy speaking Irish; for every time he attempted to do so, a new nick was put in his tally,† and when these amounted to a certain number, summary punishment was inflicted upon him by the schoolmaster. Every child in the village was similarly circumstanced, and whoever heard one of them speak a word of Irish was authorised in putting in the fatal nick. We asked the father if he did not love the Irish language—indeed the man scarcely spoke any other; “I

* Skiehogue—the oval basket in which potatoes are served up.

† We have known a young man, who had assumed a very *fine* English accent, thwarted by the circumstance of his having once carried the “score,” by being told, “Arrah, lave off your English, ’tisn’t so long since the beam was round your neck.”

do," said he, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "sure it is the language of the old country and the old times, the language of my father and all that's gone before me—the language of these mountains, and lakes, and these glens, where I was bred and born; but you know," he continued, "the children must have larnin', and, as they tache no Irish in the National School, we must have recourse to this to instigate them to talk English." Upon further inquiry we found that the school alluded to was upwards of three miles distant, and that one of the able-bodied villagers escorted the children there each day, summer and winter, occasionally carrying the weak, and conducting the party with safety across the fords, and through some difficult passes which intervened.

"The fairy legends and traditions of the south of Ireland;" the Cluricaune, the Merrow; the Duhallane, and the O'Donohues, &c., have been already faithfully described by Mr. Crofton Croker; but the subject is by no means exhausted, even in Munster; while a new set of elves, spirits, and goblin influences, with somewhat different ideas attached to each, pervade the west, particularly Mayo, Galway, and the Isles which speckle the wild Atlantic along their shores—the group of Arran, Turk, Boffin, Innis Shark, Clare Island, Achill, and from Innis-Beagle to the far-famed Innis-Murray, opposite to the Sligo coast. Even when the legend common to the south or north is retained in these localities, it is in a new dress, with new dramatic personæ, and entirely new scenery, machinery, decorations and processions; thus, the story of Daniel O'Rourke is told upon a winter's night, by the laussogue's blaze,* in the Islands of Shark and Boffin, as a warning to the stayers out late, under the name of Terence O'Flaherty, by people who never heard of the work we have alluded to.† The phraseology of our Connaught story-teller is also different in many respects from that of the northern or Munsterman, as may be gleaned even from this chapter.

But 'it is not in the west, or among what is termed the true Celtic population alone, that superstitions and mystic rites are still practised. We have fortune-tellers within the Circular-road of Dublin and fairy doctors, of repute, living but a few miles from the metropolis. Not six months ago, a man was transported for ten years, for so far practising upon the credulity of a comfortable family, in the county of Longford, as to obtain sums of money, by making them believe he was their deceased father, who was not dead, but only among the *good people*, and permitted to return occasionally to visit his friends. While we write, a country newspaper informs us of the body of a child having been disinterred at Oran, in the County Roscommon, and its arms cut off, to be employed in the performance of certain mystic rites. About a year ago, a man, in the county of Kerry roasted his child to death, under the impression that it was a fairy. He was not brought to trial, as the crown prosecutor mercifully looked upon him as insane.

Madness has been either assumed, or sworn to, as a means of getting off prisoners, on more than one occasion, to our own knowledge. We remember sitting, some years ago, beside a celebrated veteran prisoner's counsel in a county town in Connaught, who was defending a man on his trial for murder, committed apparently without provocation, in the open day, and before a number of witnesses; the prisoner having, with a heavy spade, clove through the skull of his unsuspecting victim. The defence intended to be set up was, as usual, an alibi. Numbers of people were ready to come forward and swear he was not, and could not, be at the place specified in the indictment at all. As the trial proceeded, however, the sagacious lawyer at once saw that he had not a leg to stand on, and, turning abruptly to the prisoner's attorney, swore with an oath bigger than that taken by any of the witnesses, "He'll be hanged. Could not you prove him mad?"

* O! yes; mad as a March hare.

* Laussogue, or Sup—a piece of dry bog-deal used as a candle.

† The story of Daniel O'Rourke appeared many years before the publication of the *Munster Legends*, in a periodical called the "*Dundee Repository*."

"I'll get plenty of people to prove that," was the solicitor's ready reply.

"But did you ever know of his doing anything out of the way? Now, did you ever hear of his eating his shoes, or the likes of that?"

"Shoes! I'll get you a man that will swear he eat a new pair of brogues, nails and all."

"Well, then," said the barrister, "put him up; and let us get our dinner."

The attorney retired to look after his witnesses, while a prolonged cross-examination of one of the prosecutors then upon the table, enabled the "sharp practitioner" to alter his tactics and prepare for the defence. Accordingly, the very first witness produced for the defence swore to the insanity of the prisoner; and the intelligent jury believing in the truth of the brogue-eating, including the digestion of tips, heel-taps, sole-nails, squares, tacks, sprigs, hangups, peavers and sparables, acquitted the prisoner. He was about to be discharged from the dock, when the judge committed him to the Lunatic Asylum.*

There are certain types of superstition common to almost all countries in similar states of progress or civilisation, and others which abound in nearly every condition of society; and strange to say, what was science—written, acknowledged, and accepted science—not more than two centuries ago, is now pronounced vulgar error and popular superstition. It would, no doubt, form a subject of great interest to trace back our traditional antiquities, and to compare them one with another—the German and Scandinavian with the Irish, Scotch, or English—those of the western and eastern continents generally, with the rites and ceremonies, or opinions, of which vestiges still exist among ourselves; when, indeed, strange affinities and similarities would be found to obtain among the North American Indians, and the Burmese and other Orientals, with those even yet practised in the Irish highlands and islands; but this would be a labo-

rious task, and unsuited to the pages of a periodical, or to the popular elucidation of our fairy lore.

Of all superstitions, the medical lingers longest, perhaps, because the incentive to its existence must remain, while disease, real or imaginary—either that capable of relief, or totally incurable—continues to afflict mankind, and, therefore, in every country, no matter how civilized, the quack, the mountebank, the charm-worker, and the medico-religious impostor and nostrum-vender, will find a gullable, *payable* public to prey upon. The only difference between the water-doctor living in his schloss, the mesmeriser practising in the lordly hall, or the cancer and the consumption curer of the count or duchess, spending five thousand a-year in advertisements, paid into the Queen's exchequer, who drives his carriage and lives in Soho-square, and the "medicine man" of the Indian, or the "knowledgeable woman" of the half-savage islander, residing in a hut cut out of the side of a bog-hole, or formed in the cleft of a granite rock, is, that the former are almost invariably wilful impostors, and the latter frequently believe firmly in the efficacy of their art, and often refuse payment for its exercise.

We commenced a collection of Irish popular superstitions, chiefly, however, bearing upon the subject of medicine, some years ago, and when we had filled a goodly manuscript volume with cures, charms, mystic rites and fairy lore, we found them so much intermixed with the general popular antiquities of the country, that it was almost impossible to separate them completely without destroying in a great measure the interest of both, as may be seen by the tales and legends in the following chapter. Some of these medical superstitions are, like many other subjects connected with the healing art, unsuited to the general reader, and others would possess little interest, except for their antiquity or absurdity.

* During the late assizes, in one of the southern counties, a witness, who prevaricated not a little, was rather roughly interrogated in her cross-examination, as to the nature of an oath, and the awful consequences of breaking it. "Do you know, my good girl," thundered the crown lawyer, "what would happen to you if you perjured yourself?"

"Troth, I do well, sir," said she, "I wouldn't get my expences."

CHAPTER II.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS AND MEDICO-RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

THE BLAST—STORY OF JOHN FITZ-JAMES—THE FAIRY-WOMAN—THE DEDICATION—THE FALLEN ANGELS—MAC COINE'S SWAN—MARY KELLY'S FAIRY ABDUCTION—THE GRAVE WATCHERS, A LEGEND OF FIN VARRAH, AND KNOCKMAH—THE FAIRY NURSE, A LEGEND OF INNIS-SHARK.

THE fairies, or "good people"—the *dhoiné shé* of the northerners—are looked upon by us from beyond the Shannon, as the great agents and prime movers in all accidents, diseases, and death, in "man or baste;" causing the healthfulness and fertility of seasons, persons, cattle and localities; blighting crops, abstracting infants or young people, spiriting away women after their accouchements, raising whirlwinds and storms, and often beating people most unmercifully. In fact, in former times, and even yet, in the islands of the extreme west, except from sheer old age, or some very ostensible cause, no one is ever believed to "die all out." True it is, that all the outward and visible signs of death are there—speech, motion, respiration, and sensation have ceased; the fountains of life are stopped, and heat has fled, the man is "cowl'd as a corpse, but what of that? isn't it well known he got a *blast*. Sure 'tis no later than the day before yesterday week he was up and hearty, the likeliest boy in the parish, and there he is to-day as stiff as a peeler's ramrod. Didn't I see him with my two livin' eyes at Cormac Maguire's funeral, and he riding home fair and asey, the quietest baste that ever was crassed, without as much as a *deligeen brostok** on him—and he, I may say, all as one as *black fasting*;† only he tuck share of three half-pints at Tubber-na-Skollig—when the mare bouted at a wisp of straws that was

furlin (whirling) at the cross-roads, when off she set, gallopin' ever ever, till he fell on his head in the *shuch*‡ forninst his own door, and when they lifted him he was speechless and never tasted a bit of the world's bread from that day to this. The priest said an office for him, and the doctor said he was fractured; but sure everybody knows the good people had a hand in it."

Decomposition may indeed afford the physiologist proof positive that the vital spark has fled, but why argue the question with the people, who firmly believe that he is "with the fairies on the hill of Rawcroghan (Rath Croghan),§ or the Fort of Mullaghadoeey,¶ where there's plenty of the neighbours gone afore him." So rooted is this belief that we have known food of different kinds, bread, meat, and whiskey to be brought by the relatives of deceased persons, and laid for weeks after in these places for their comforts. Fairy-women are often employed to "set a charm," and bargain for their release with the king and queen of the *gentry*. Years may elapse, yet will the friends and relatives still cling with desperate intensity to the delusive hope that the fairy-stricken will return; and they listen with avidity to the various legends which tell how such and such of their neighbours, or the people in former times were seen in the court of Fin Varrah, or down in the Well of Oran, and sent home

* A spur; literally "the thorn that incites."

† Black fasting, in the religious sense of the word, means total abstinence from meat and drink; but it is an expression not unfrequently used in Connaught, as meaning abstaining from whiskey. It is, however, generally used in a bantering sense.

‡ Shuch: the sink or pool of dirty water that is to be found opposite the entrance of the Irish cabin.

§ For a topographical and antiquarian description of the ancient palace of Rathcroghan, the Tara of the west, in the parish of Kilcorkey, near Belanagare, county Roscommon, see Mr. O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters," A.D. 1223. pp. 204, 205.

¶ Mullaghadoeey, *mullach a dúnha*, i. e., the summit, or hill of the tumulus or sepulchral mound; a very remarkable conical hill, in the parish of Baslick, and barony of Ballintubber, near Castlerea.

messages to their friends to be no ways uneasy about them, for that they would return one day or another. But when the death is very sudden, and no apparent cause can be assigned for it, nothing will persuade the lower orders—and, during the last century, not only the peasantry, but the middle and upper classes—that the person has not been spirited away by supernatural agency. The following historic Munster tale will illustrate this opinion better than any other which we can at present remember.

In the year 1736, John, the son and heir of James Fitzgerald, was affianced to a young lady near Fermoy. Munster did not produce in his day a man more noble in person, or with more accomplished manners, or who more excelled in arms and rural sports, than John Fitzjames. His betrothal and expected wedding were the pleasing theme of conversation through the country round, for weeks before the latter occurred, and heavy and substantial were the presents and the contributions to the festivities, sent in by the numerous and powerful friends of the affianced parties, who themselves were to be guests on the happy occasion. The wedding-day arrived, the knot was tied, the feast concluded, and the music and dancing commenced. The new-married couple were, as is usual, sent down first in the country dance, and never, perhaps, in Munster, nor Ireland itself, did chanter and bow give forth a merrier strain, or timed the dance of a nobler pair than John Fitzjames and his blooming bride: and so thought all who had the happiness to witness them. In the height of his pride and joy, and in the heat of the dance, when he had gone down the middle and up again, changed sides and turned his partner with five-and-forty couple, John Fitzjames clasped his beautiful bride in his arms, impressed a burning kiss upon her lips, and as if struck by a thunder-bolt, dropped dead at her feet! The consternation and horror which seized

all present, were indescribable; every means was adopted to restore animation, but John Fitzjames arose no more. For months and years after, the most reputed fairy-men and women throughout Munster were retained by his own and his virgin bride's friends, in the fruitless endeavour to bring him back from fairyland, whither it was universally believed he had been carried.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Eugene Curry, to whom we are indebted for this and other tales, has kindly afforded us the following notice:—

“ There are many mournful elegies in the Irish language still extant, which were written on John Fitzjames at the time of his decease, the best of which is that by James Fitzgerald. Among the many persons who repaired to Glinn to make battle with the fairies, were *Caitileen Dubh Keating*, and her daughter, *Caitileen Oge*, from Killecloher, near Loophead, in the county Clare. *Caitileen Dubh* and her daughter repaired from Glinn to Carrig Cliodhna* (Cleena's Rock), near Fermoy, where Cleena, the fairy queen of South Munster, resides in her invisible palace. Here *Caitileen* (who *turred* her clothes and rolled herself in a shower of feathers of various colours) met the queen face to face, and reproaching her (with all the authority of a being unknown to Cleena) with the abduction of John Fitzjames, demanded his restoration. Her majesty acknowledged the soft impeachment, but peremptorily refused to restore so noble a prize to any mere creature of earth. A long argumentation then ensued between them on the matter, which ended however, in the defeat of *Caitileen* and her daughter by the superior power of Cleena, who is one of the Tuath-de Dannan race, and whose history is preserved in the Book of Lismore, one of the ancient Irish manuscripts in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The whole of the argument between the queen and *Caitileen* was by the latter cast into a very curious and amusing Irish poem, which is still preserved in the county of Limerick, and of which I possess a fragment; the following rough but literal translation is a specimen of one of the stanzas:—

“ ‘ O Cleena, Christ himself salute thee!
Long is the journey I have made to thee,
From Cill Cluhar of the ripe berries,
And from Shannon's bank, where sail the swift ships.

* *Carrig-Cleena* is in the parish of Kelshannick, barony of Duhallow, county Cork. There is another Carrig-Cleena near the loud surge of Cleena's wave, in the vicinity of Glandore. See “*Annals of the Four Masters*,” A.D. 1557. p. 1540.

Look down and quickly inform me
 What is the stato of John Fitzjames?
 Or has he parted with Isabel Butler?
 Or has he married the maid with the flowing hair?
 'To marry or wed I shall not allow him:
 I prefer even tho' dead to have him myself,
 Than married to any beauteous maid of Erin.
 And here now, Caitileen, is thy information.'

We remember a lady of wealth and high respectability in Connaught, who, having lost several of her children in succession, dedicated her next born son to the Virgin, and dressed him completely in white from top to toe, hat, shoes, and all, for the first seven years of his life. He was not allowed even to mount a dark-coloured horse, but had a milk-white pony for his own use. In this instance, however, the people's prediction, that there was "no use in going agin the good people," literally occurred; for when he grew up to manhood, he died from the effects of a fall from his horse.

Whenever the smallest accident takes place, as when one falls, or even trips in walking, or sneezes,* it is attributed to fairy influences by which the person is at that moment supposed to be surrounded, and therefore it is expedient immediately to cross one's-self, and invoke a benediction. It would be considered not only disrespectful, but very unlucky, if the bystander did not say, "God bless you," or "God between you and all harm," or spit on you in such a case.†

It would be a difficult task to reduce to precise terms all the popular ideas on Irish pantheology, and as they can only be gleaned and sifted from the tale, the rite, or legend, they are best expressed by the same means. The general belief, however, is, that the good people (or the "wee folk," as they

are termed in Ulster) are fallen angels, and that their present habitations in the air, in the water, or on dry land or under ground, were determined by the position which they took up when first cast from heaven's battlements.‡ The popular impression is, that the great majority of them are old, ugly, and decrepit, but have a power of taking on many forms, and that they generally assume a very diminutive size. It is also believed that they can at will personify or take on the shape of men or animals when they reveal themselves to human beings. The latter is not now, however, so generally believed as in former times, but there are still well-established visitations of both good and bad people in the shape of black cats, which constantly appear to the faithful in this description of folk's lore.

It is a fact strange, but nevertheless true, that, according as the people are forgetting how to talk Irish, and have taken to reading Bibles and learning English, and thus losing the poetic fictions of other times, so have the animals which used in former times to be excessively communicative, given over holding any discourse with human beings. We must, therefore, go back to the ancient records for any well-authenticated instance of this description, and no better can be got than the following: In the wonders of Ireland, ac-

* Sneezes. For most curious authorities respecting the superstitious belief about sneezing, see the "Irish Nennius," p. 145, note z.

† Spitting, forms the most general, the most popular, and most revered superstition now remaining in Ireland, and the cure by the "fasting spittle" is one of the most widely-spread of all our popular antiquities; therefore it shall in due course have a portion of a chapter devoted to its consideration.

‡ These are almost the very words used by the peasantry when you can get one of them to discourse upon this forbidden subject. They believe that God will admit the fairies into his palace on the day of judgment, and were it not for this that they would strike men and cattle much more frequently. They sometimes annoy the departed souls of men who are putting their pains of purgatory over them on the earth. See the life of Cairbre Crom, in Colgan. The idea of their being fallen angels, came in with Christianity. In the "Book of Armagh" they are called "the gods of the earth"; and in the "Book of Lismore" they are described as the spirits or rather immortal bodies and souls of the Tuatha de Dananns.

cording to the Book of Glendalough,* it is related, that "on a certain day the poet Mac Coise was at the Boyne, where he perceived a flock of swans, whereupon he threw a stone at them, and it struck one of the swans on the wing. He quickly ran to catch it, and perceived that it was a woman. He inquired tidings from her, and what it was had happened unto her, and what it was that sent her thus forth? And she answered him, 'In sickness I was,' said she, 'and it appeared to my friends that I died, but really it was demons that spirited me away with them.' And the poet restored her to her people." This must have occurred about the middle of the tenth century, the time when the elder Mac Coise, chief poet to O'Rourke, prince of Breifny, in Connaught, flourished.†

The following instance of popular superstitious prejudice has been afforded the writer by a person who was present at the transaction; and, as it is best expressed in the words of the narrator, it is here inserted as a quotation: "I well remember in the year 1818, that Mary, the wife of Daniel Kelly, a bounciug, full, auburn-haired, snow-white-skinned woman, about twenty-eight years of age, died suddenly on a summer's day, while in the act of cutting cabbages in her garden. Great was the consternation throughout the entire parish of Moyarta (in the south-west of Clare) at this sad event, the more particu-

larly as several persons who were in a westerly direction from her at the time, declared that they had *seen* and felt a violent gust of wind pass by and *through* them in the exact direction of Kelly's house, carrying with it all the dust and straws, &c., which came in its way.‡ This confirmed the husband and friends of the deceased in their impression that she had been carried off to nurse for the fairies. Immediately Mary Quin, alias the Pet (*Maire an Pheuta*), and Margaret Mac Iuerheny, alias Black Peg, two famous fairy-women in the neighbourhood, were called in, who for three days and three nights kept up a constant but unavailing assault on a neighbouring fort or rath for the recovery of the abducted woman. But at the end of that time it was found that the body, or what in their belief appeared to be the body, of Mary Kelly, could not be kept over ground, wherefore it was placed in the grave with a total unbelief of its identity. Her bereaved husband and her brothers watched her grave day and night for three weeks after, and then they opened it with the full conviction of finding only a birch broom, or the skeleton of some deformed monster in it. In this, however, they were mistaken, for they found in it what they had put into it, but in a much more advanced state of decomposition."

There is no prejudice more firmly rooted than the belief in the abduction

* The "Book of Glendaloc" does not now exist; but a transcript of its "Wonders" is preserved in the "Book of Ballymote," in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. The belief in the *brownie* still exists among the superstitious Presbyterians of the mountains of Derry and Antrim, who leave bread and milk for him on the hearth every night. It is, however, very difficult to find any genuine pagan Irish superstition without being more or less modified by the wonders of the Old or New Testament. The witch of Ender, and the serpent turned into the rod of Moses, have modified all our superstitions—the marvellous corrupting the marvellous. The devils going into the swine have also helped to tinge all our *saints' legends*. The only genuine stories we have are told in the "Discourse between Patrick and Caoilte Mac Ronan," a work which has not been interpolated by the monks. It is a purely bardic production. In all his lives, Patrick is made a greater man than Christ, and therefore all his miracles become ridiculous.

† See "The Irish version of Nennius," by the Rev. Dr. Todd, in the "Irish Archeological Society's Transactions," page 209.

‡ Whenever the good people venture abroad, or suddenly change their residence in the open day, their transit is marked by a whirlwind, in the eddies of which dust, straws, and other light substances, are taken up and carried along. When such occur, the Irish peasant, if conversing, ceases to speak, crosses himself, holds his breath, and mentally repeats a short prayer; and no irreverend expression with regard to the supernatural movement ever drops from him. Many persons have told us that they have often heard and ~~felt~~ the fairies pass by them with a sound like that of a swarm of bees, or a flock of sparrows on the wing.

of recently-confined females, for the purpose of acting as nurses either to the children of the fairy queen, or to some of those carried away from earth. In certain cases of mental aberration which sometimes occur at this period, the unhappy state of the patient is always attributed to fairy interference. It is believed that the real person is not physically present, but that the patient is one of the fairies who has assumed the features and general appearance of the abducted individual, while the actual person is "giving the breast" to one of Fin Varra's children in the fairy halls of the hill of Knock-naah. In such cases, if there has been any delay in recovery, the medical attendant is at once discarded, and if the friar had been called in to read prayers over her, and if this did not prove immediately effectual, all legalised practitioners, medical or ecclesiastical, are dismissed, and the fairy doctor is applied to. His mode of proceeding is usually as follows: he fills a cup, or wine-glass with oaten meal, and mutters over it an Irish prayer. He then covers it with a cloth, and applies it to the heart, back, and sides, repeating the incantation on each application. If it is a fairy that is present, one half of the meal disappears at one side of the vessel, as if it were cut down from above. That which remains is made into three small cakes and baked upon the hearth. The sick person is to eat one of these every morning "fasting;" when the spell is broken, the fairy departs, and is once

more replaced by the real mortal, sound and whole.*

As the person is not always conscious of her state while labouring under what is termed by physicians, "puerperal mania," it is rather difficult to get any very accurate or collected account of the fairy nursery in which they pass their time; and when the cures and charms prove ineffectual, and they "die all out," the truth becomes more difficult to attain, nevertheless it is not quite impossible. In proof of this, we would refer our readers to a very poetic and well-told legend in the Rev. Mr. Neilson's "Introduction to the Irish Language,"† where we have an account of one Mary Rourke, who, having died in childbirth, in the county of Galway, was washed, laid out, waked, keened, and buried with all due form and ceremonial. Mary, however, "was in Knockmagha, three quarters of a year, nursing a child; entertained with mirth and sweet songs, but notwithstanding, she was certainly in affliction. At length the host of the castle told her that her husband was now married to another woman, and that she should indulge no longer in sorrow and melancholy; that Fin Var and all his family were about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster. They set out at cock-crowing, from smooth Knockmaah forth, both Fin Varra and his valiant host. And many a fairy castle, rath, and mount they shortly visited from dawn of day till fall of night, on beautiful winged coursers:—

" 'Around Knock Greine and Knock-na-Rae,
Ben Bulbin and Keis-Corainn,
To Ben Eshlann and Loch Da éan,
From thence north-east to Slieve Guilin,
They travelled the lofty hills of Mourne,
Round high Slieve Donard and Ballachanèry,
Down to Dundrum, Dundrum and Dunardulay,
Right forward to Knock-na-Feadala."‡

* The "meal cure" is likewise employed, with some modification, for the heart-ache, and in that case, the expression, "Fóir an Cridhe, ease the heart, ease the heart," is made use of by the charmer on each application. Here the patient generally visits the doctor on a Monday, Thursday, and Monday, and the meal in the cup is lessened each time in proportion to the amount of disease removed, until at last it is completely emptied. The remnant is brought home each day by the patient, who must not lose any of it, nor speak to any person by the way. The invalid is then to make it into a cake, and sit by the fire until it is baked, taking care that neither cat, dog, nor any other living thing passes between him and his cake until it is baked and eaten with three sprigs of watercress, in the name of the Trinity. The meal cure is a very good specimen of fairy sleight of hand, and worthy the attention of modern wizards.

† Dublin, printed for P. Hogan, 1808.

‡ These are all the celebrated haunts of the fairy people in the west and north.

Now at the foot of Knock-na-Feadala there lived with his mother, who was a widow woman, a boy named Thady Hughes, an honest, pious, hard-working bachelor. Well, Thady went out on Hallow-eve night, about the very time that the court of Fin Varra were passing through the air, and as he stood in the gap of an old fort looking up at the stars that were shining bright through the clear frosty air, he observed a dark cloud moving towards him from the south-west, with a great whirlwind; and he heard the sound of horses upon the wind, as a mighty troop of cavalry came over the ford, and straight along the valley, to the very path on which he stood. Thady was in a mighty flustrification, and trembled all over, but he remembered that he had often heard it said by knowledgeable people, that if you cast the dust that is under your foot, against the whirlwind at the instant that it passes you, "them that's in it," if they have any human being along with them, are obliged to be released. So, being of a humane disposition, he lifted a handful of the gravel that was under his foot, and threw it lustily, in the name of the Trinity, against the blast, when, lo and behold! down falls a young woman, neither more nor less than Mary Rourke from Galway, all the way, but mighty weak entirely. Thady took courage, having heard her groan like a Christian, so he spoke softly to her, and lifted her up, and brought her home to his mother, who took care of her till she recovered. In process of time the heart of Thady was softened, and he took Mary to wife, and they lived mighty happy and contented for a year and a day, the lovingest couple in the whole county Down, till a stocking merchant from Connemarra, passing that way, recognised her as the wife of Michael Joyce, of Gort, who shortly after came all the ways from Connaught to claim her: and it took six clergy and a bishop to say whose wife she was.*

A few, however, of those who have

been carried away have returned, and have left us faithful records of all they saw, and what was said and done in the court of his elfin majesty. There lived a woman in Innis Shark, one Biddy Mannion, as handsome and likely a fisherman's wife as you would meet in a day's walk. She was tall, and fair in the face, with skin like an egg, and hair that might vie with the gloss of the raven's wing. She was married about a twelvemonth, when the midwife presented her husband, Patsy-Andrew McIntire,† with as fine a man-child as could be found between Shark and America, and sure they are the next parishes, with only the Atlantic for a mearing between them. The young one thrrove apace, and all the women and gossips said, that Biddy Manion was the lucky woman, and the finest nurse seen in the island for many a day. Now the king of the fairies had a child about the same age or a little older, but the queen was not able to nurse it, for she was mighty weakly after her lying-in, as her husband had a falling out with another fairy potentate that lives down one side of the Giant's Causeway, who, by the force of magic and *pish-rogues*, banished the suck from the Connaught princess for spite. The gentry had their eye upon Biddy Mannion for a long time, but as she always wore a *gospel* round her neck, and kept an *errub* sewed up in her clothes, she was proof against all their machinations and seductions. At long run, however, she lost this herb, and one fine summer's night the young *gaurilough*‡ being mighty cross with the teeth wouldn't sleep in the cradle at all, but was ever more starting and crying, as if the life was leaving him, so she got up at last, determined to take him to bed to herself, and she went down to the kitchen to light a candle. Well, just as she was blowing a coal, three men caught a hold of her, before she could bless herself, and she was unable to shout or say a word, so they brought her out of the house quite

* For further particulars on the subject of Irish medical superstitions, as regards the obstetric art, see the "Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science" for the present month.

† Patsy, Pad, Paddy, Parra, Pauric, Paddeney, Paurikeen, and Paudeen, are all abbreviations, synonyms, or short names for our patron saint.

‡ A very young infant.

easy, and put her upon a pillion, behind one of themselves, on a fine black horse that was ready waiting outside the door. She was no sooner seated behind one of the men, than away they all galloped without saying a word. It was as calm and beautiful a night as ever came out of the sky, just before the moon rose "between day and dark," with the gloom of parting twilight, softening every break upon the surrounding landscape, and not a breath of air was to be felt. They rode on a long time, and she didn't know where they were going to; but she thought to herself they must be on the mainland, for she heard the frogs croaking in the ditches; the *bunnaun lena* was sounding away in the bogs, and the *minnaun airigh** was wheeling over their heads. At last the horse stopped of itself all of a sudden before the gate of a "big house,"† at the butt of a great hill with trees growing all round it, where she had never been before in her life. There was much light in the house, and presently a grand-looking gentleman dressed all in scarlet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, and his fingers so covered with rings that they shone "like *lassar lena* in a bog hole,"‡ lifted her off the pillion as polite as possible, handed her into the house, and bid her a *ceul m'le fuilte*, just the same as if he had known her all his lifetime.

The gentleman left her sitting in one of the rooms, and when he was gone she saw a young woman standing at the *thrushal* of the door, and looking very earnestly at her, as if she wanted to speak to her. "Troth I'll speak, any way," says Biddy Mannion, "for if I didn't, I'm sure I'd burst." And with that she bid her the time of

day, and asked her why she was looking at her so continuously. The woman then 'gave a great sigh, and whispered to her, "If you take my advice, Biddy Mannion, you'll not taste bit, bite, or sup, while you are in this house, for if you do you'll be sorry for it, and maybe never get home again to your child or husband. I eat and drank my fill, *forrior geraugh*,§ the first night I came, and that's the reason that I am left here now in this enchanted place where every thing you meet is bewitched even to the mate itself. But when you go home send word to them that's after me, Tim Connecly that lives one side of the Killaries, that I am here, and may be he'd try what Father Pat Prendergast, the blessed abbot of Cong, could do to get me out of it." Biddy was just going to make further inquiries of the strange woman, when in the clapping of your hand she was gone, and the man with the scarlet coat came back, and the same woman bringing in a young child in her arms. The man took the child from the woman, and gave it to Biddy to put it to the breast, and when it had drank its fill he took it away and invited her into another room where the queen—a darling, fine-looking lady, as you'd meet in a day's walk—was seated in an arm-chair, surrounded by a power of quality, dressed up for all the world like judges with big wigs, and red gowns upon them. There was a table laid out with all sorts of eating, of which the man in the cocked hat pressed her to take something; she made answer that she was no ways hungry, but that if they could give her a cure for a little girl belonging to one of her neighbours, who was mighty *daune*, and

* There are no frogs in these small islands. The *bunnaun lena* is the bittern, and the *minnaun airigh* (the airy kid,) is the clocking snipe, so called from the noise which it makes like the bleating of a kid, while wheeling in the air during the twilight of a summer's evening. Neither of these birds are found in the small islands of the west.

† The word "big house" is applied by the peasantry to most gentlemen's seats.

‡ This, though a homely simile, is one very frequently used in many parts of Connaught, to express any bright shining appearance. The *lassar lena*, which grows in bogs and marshy places, is the *ranunculus flammea*, so called, from its brilliant yellow colour. It is a plant possessing many medicinal virtues, and will claim a special notice when we come to treat of the herb cures, and popular botany of the Irish.

§ Literally, bitter grief, woe, or sorrow; it is an expression denoting great regret.

never well in herself since she had a fit of the *feur-gurtagh*,* and to send herself home to Shark, she would be for ever obliged to them. The king, for that was the gentleman with the cocked hat, said he had ne'er a cure.

"Indeed, then," said the mother of the child, "as I was the cause of your coming here, honest woman, you must get the cure; go home," says she, speaking for all the world like an Englishwoman, "and get ten green rishes from the side of the well of Augh-valla,† throw the tenth away,‡ and squeeze the juice of the rest of them into the bottom of a tacyup, and give it to the colleen to drink, and she will get well in no time."

The king then put a ring on her finger and told her not to lose it by any manner of means, and that as long as she wore this ring no person could hurt or harm her. He then rubbed a sort of an ointment on her eyes, and no sooner had he done so than she found herself in a frightful cave where she couldn't see her hand before her. "Don't be any ways afraid," says he; "this is to let you know what kind of a people we are that took you away. We are the fallen angels that the people up above upon the earth call the fairies;" and then after a while she began to see about her, and the place was full of dead men's bones, and had a terrible nasty smell: and after a while he took her into another room where there was more light, and here she found a

wonderful sight of young children, and them all blindfolded, and doing nothing but sitting upon *poohans*.§ These were the souls of infants that were never baptised. After that he shewed her a beautiful garden, and at the end of it there was a large gate which he opened with a key that was hung to his watch-chain. "Now," says he, "you are not far from your own house;" so he let her out; and then says he, "who is that, that is coming down the boreen?" and when she turned her back to look who it was, behold the man with the red coat and the cocked hat had disappeared. Biddy Mannion could not see anybody, but she knew full well the place where she was in a minute, and that it was the little road that led down to the *amagh*|| just beside her own house, and when she went up to the door she met another woman the very *moral* of herself, just as fair as if she saw her in the looking-glass, who said to her as she passed, "What a *gomal* your husband is that didn't know the difference between you and me." She said no more, but Biddy went in and found her child in a beautiful sleep, with his face smiling, like the buttercups in May.

Here for the present we close our superstitions, with many kind thanks to the various friends who have assisted us. At some future period we hope to continue them. In the meantime, we would "thankfully receive, and gratefully acknowledge, the smallest contribution" from town or country.

* *Feur gortac*, literally, "*the hungry grass*," a weakness, the result of sudden hunger, said to come on persons during a long journey, or in particular places, in consequence of treading on a particular kind of *fairy-enchanted* grass, called the *féar gortac* by the native Irish. A bit of oaten cake is said to be the best cure for it.

† A holy well, in the barony of Murrisk, not far from Croagh Patrick, celebrated for its "cures," and its blessed trent.

‡ The antiquity of tithes is instanced in numberless examples in our "cures," and fairy lore. For example, ten gooseberry thorns are plucked to cure "the sty;" nine are pointed at the part affected, and the tenth thrown over the left shoulder. Nine was the mystic number, but the additional one was added by the church for wise purposes.

§ Mushrooms, fairy-stools, or puff-balls: the term is applied to all the family of fungi.

|| A cut away bog.

EASTERN RAMBLES.*

CHAPTER I.

SINAI, ITS LEADING FEATURES AND MOST REMARKABLE LOCALITIES—ANCIENT TRADITION AND MODERN HYPOTHESIS—WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY WAY OF PREFACE, TO THE CONVENT COOK.

It was chill and cold to a degree, when, fatigued with the exertions of the day just passed, I betook myself to the convent kitchen, in quest of food and fire. There is, indeed, nothing more trying to a wayfarer of the desert, than the rapid transition from heat to cold, in the four-and-twenty hours—you experience extremes of both. Well might the patriarch complain to Laban: "Thus was I, in the day drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and the sleep departed from mine eyes." Often I have felt the truth of poor Jacob's words; but at the present moment hunger and cold had succeeded heat and drought. Our servants were dispersed in all directions, and the bustle, infallibly incident on the arrival of a rather numerous party, neither had, nor seemed likely to subside. A cheerful fire, however, always a welcome sight, blazed in the ample hearth of the convent kitchen, over which hung a capacious caldron, simmering good-humouredly above the flickering flame, holding out the fair promise of a substantial supper for our hungry crew, to which there was little fear we should not do ample justice. But a man seldom knows when he is well off; and so instead of "letting well alone," I must go to turn a pile of fresh charcoal, as I imagined, into the already well-filled fireplace.

"What on earth are you about, my good fellow?" shouted a well-intentioned friend at my elbow; and, unceremoniously arresting my labours, he plunged a stick into the burning mass, tossing out of it a heap of Red Sea mullet, charred and smoky, which in my innocence I had mistaken for fuel, and thrown on as wood. Hunger no doubt quickens some men's faculties, while it dulls those of others. The staple commodity of our repast,

"in petto," was rescued by the acuteness of my good friend's nose—to his credit I record it—I reserve the name.

Presently in rolled by no means an unimportant personage, to wit, the brother who filled the multifarious offices of convent cook. He was a jolly, little, old fellow, short, stout, and well conditioned; a hoary head and silver beard compensating in some degree the fire of his rubicund countenance; but on the present occasion this good brother was evidently "chock full" of Arakee, and for the moment up for anything rather than the dull routine of his everyday avocations.

Coquus, on entering, steadied himself, looked superciliously all around him, and commenced operations by incontinently kicking the convent cat; he then seized grimalkin by her tail, and flung her to the remotest end of the apartment. My turn comes next, thought I; but no, his reverence had fallen foul of some pewter platters, laden with dirty rice and other delicacies; and finally jamming a flaring rush-light against a wooden shelf, the shelf took fire, and that end of the kitchen was in a blaze. Elated with this last and brilliant achievement, the cook turned his back on the conflagration, and solemnly declaring "he never would cook any man's dinner any more," retired under cover of the smoke. Fortunately the room was walled with granite; there were no more inflammable materials within reach; moreover neither cook nor convent being mine, I sat quiet and looked on.

At this juncture of affairs Paulo very seasonably appeared; but not, I must confess it, as Paulo ought, or as Paulo was accustomed to appear, for even Paulo had not abstained from Arakee, and was, in consequence, to

use an Irish idiom, "somewhat the worse for liquor;" but, indeed, I cannot say much the worse. Cooking, as luck would have it, was one amongst Paulo's numerous hobbies; so, *can amore*, he took up a mighty ladle that lay near, and, chaunting a sonorous refrain, or rather war-song, commenced the composition of a black, suspicious-looking mess, which he imaginatively termed soup. I had eaten of too many incomprehensible messes since I first set foot in Alexandria, to doubt the edibility of anything, so I took him at his word. Paulo was always what is called "a character," but Paulo, as he then stood before me, was a picture; the well-turned features, topped with the red tarboush—the bushy beard—the flashing eye—the countenance lit up, or left in dim obscurity, as the fitful blaze of the wood-fire rose and fell—his attitude as he brandished the reeking ladle—then the bubbling caldron, and the forgiving cat, which had resumed her station on the hearth, and gazed in mute astonishment at Paulo—formed, all, a most imposing tableau, the more satisfactory as affording a proof presumptive of something in the way of supper in the end.

Different was the scene, as on awaking about midnight, I rose from bed and walked out to the gallery outside my chamber, which looked down on the interior of the convent. The moon was rising over "the Mountain of the Cross," touching each rugged peak and beetling cliff with the first faint beaming of her silvery radiance, while the pile of crowded, strange-grouped buildings underneath me still slumbered in the shade; a light was glimmering from the chapel window, and presently the low, clear, chaunting of the monks, engaged in their midnight worship, fell softly on my ear. It was a scene of tranquillity, repose, and peace, that suited well the sacred precincts of "Horeb, the Mount of God."

The march of the preceding day had been full of interest and highly-pleasurable excitement. Sinai, from the day we left Suez, had been our grand object, and we joyfully "struck tent" by Serbal at break of day, determined to reach the convent in good time. As we cleared Serbal and its adjacent ranges, the country became more open, and the towering

mountains of days before were replaced by low, yet varied, ranges of rocky hills; until, as we neared the outskirts of Sinai, the eye wandered back on a world of round-topped crags, standing out in bold relief against the deep blue of the horizon. But mountain scenery in these wilds of Arabia, is, I believe, unlike mountain scenery in any other portion of the known world. The Alps of Switzerland, for example, present a combination of at once the beautiful and sublime—the pine-girt sides, green in eternal verdure; the snow-capped summits, mingling with the fleecy clouds, till earth meets heaven; but the scenery of Arabia Petrea is sterile, sublime, and unearthly.

Leaving the Desert of Sin, and entering that of Sinai, what a stupendous change!—gashes or deep gorges furrow the entire face of the country—mountains of entire rock arise on every side, craggy, precipitate, savage, bare, and desolate; in colour black, or brown, or red, or violet, or grey, or of a creamy whiteness: in form, various, fantastic, and at times grotesque—gigantic harlequins, grouped without order, now thronged together, so as scarcely to admit of elbow-room between, now encircling some isolated wádi, where the prickly gum or sickly acacia struggle for existence with the arid soil; it would seem the chaos of an universal earthquake—or the battlefield of quenched volcanoes—or the bones and bowels of an antediluvian world exhumed or half-protruding from the sepulchre—or a masquerade of nature—or, or, or—supply a fresh comparison, good reader, for I am positively run out; not but there are glimpses of the beautiful enhancing the sublime. How beautiful is that oasis in the desert, Wádi Feiran, with its cool streams and umbrageous date woods—beautiful as well as grand, Mount Serbal and its neighbouring valleys; but if we run beautiful and sublime against each other, I maintain it, in Arabia Petrea, the beautiful has not the vestige of a chance.

Now all this time while we have been discussing scenery, our dromedaries have jogged on to Wádi Soláf, and we are actually entering Nakh El Hawa, "The Pass of the Wind." Well, the baggage having been sent the long way round, we prepared to

penetrate the outworks of the Sinaite range.

The ascent of this pass is steep and toilsome; the narrow causeway, constructed with huge granite blocks, now plunging among frowning crags—now shelving along a mass of rock, while a yawning chasm opens at one's feet. I had tested my cross-grained dromedary's powers at a scramble, as I scaled that pleasant pass called Nagaboulboudra—I had fenced him a little over some cliffs by the Red Sea, the up-leap, by the way, was rather clumsy; but I would back him to any extent for "a heavy down." Here in this "pass of the wind," whatever might be the capacities of my steed, I could get no good of the saddle, for back it would go—then forward—perambulating all quarters of the quadruped, instead of staying, where nature intended, on the hump. A *lively* saddle it was to me that day. If you can't ride, you walk, and walking I hold to be the meanest of all methods of locomotion; but we had e'en to betake ourselves to our respective legs, and trudge over Nakb El Hawa as best we could. On gaining the crest of the pass, the perplexities and perils of the path were amply recompensed by an accidental rencontre with two fair ones of "Araby's daughters"—right pastoral demoiselles—who were pasturing their goats by the way-side—long-eared, shaggy, ordinary-looking animals enough; understand me, I said that of the goats—not the maidens, who, gentle beings, were anything but ordinary animals, they being of position eminent, both perched on a conspicuous rock; of appearance unique, if not prepossessing; complexion, brown, perhaps a wee thought sooty, but well calculated (as jet blacking manufacturers advertise) "to retain its brilliancy in any climate"; coiffure, a cheveux-de-friso of razor-shells (or the like), planted in the well-greased side plaits; a scollop-shaped shell poked in front, like the peak of a hunting-cap, completed the tasteful arrangement. As to features, three parts of the nose, and the whole lower extremity of the face, being enveloped in the loose abaiyeh, which, descending from the head, enwrapped the entire person, I am not capable of giving a positive opinion; but if the rest only equalled the eyes, I do not believe the young ladies would

have hidden them; there they sat, and there we left them, and there they may be, tending flocks and herds to this very day. Clearing the pass by a narrow defile, a long, broad plain, walled in on either side by a red granite range, lay spread before us, at the extremity of which, but partially screened from view by the swell of the ground, Jebel Horeb rose in front; and as we gained the highest portion of the wâdi, the mighty panorama of the sacred mountains burst gloriously on the sight. On our left, the red and sterile ridges of ed-Deir; a little to the right, long looked for Horeb, shooting abruptly from the plain, while the higher summit of Jebel Katharine outpeered it in the distance. Leaving the long wâdi of es-Sheik on our left, and rounding the eastern edge of Horeb, we entered the defile of Wâdi Shueib, a narrow gorge between ed-Deir and Sinai, and at less than a mile's distance from its entrance. On the skirt of Sinai, the white walls of the convent, with its garden of dark cypress, tall poplar, and green olives, greeted our eyes—a convent it is called, and no doubt a convent it actually is, but despite of the peaceful appellation, it has all the external appearance of a mountain fortlet—the lofty wall with embrasures, not to mention more than one suspicious piece of ordnance, giving, on the whole, a gentle intimation that however the holy fathers may disclaim the "arm of flesh," they deem it not superfluous to erect an imposing barrier between the potency of the Arab and the impotence of the recluse—the wolves of the desert, and the lambs of the fold. Be the case as it may, at the foot of this said high wall we were glad to find our baggage, bedawin, and dromedaries huddled, as they were, promiscuously beside the water-tank. Some little delay was occasioned while we waited the success of a missive which Paulo had just sent up, dangling at the end of a substantial cable that had been lowered on our arrival from a little door near the top of the fortification. This epistle, procured from the branch convent in Cairo, setting us forth, I suppose, as unexceptionable characters, produced a satisfactory result. First there appeared a head and shoulders from the orifice aforesaid; next issued the cable, slowly descending, with an om-

nous noose at its extremity; and, lastly, an inharmonious voice from the top of the wall bade us welcome in unintelligible Graek. By twos and threes, our arms and light goods hung round us, we were hauled up the wall, to the music of the windlass, and, on landing, were embraced, like old acquaintances, by the superior and a bevy of the brotherhood; very friendly old gentlemen, thought we, but beards uncomfortably bushy; in fact, it was equal to saluting a score of scouring brushes, but not near so clean. Piloted through an heterogeneous heap of building thrown in complete "chance medley" together, (a Christian church and Mohamedan mosque figuring amongst the rest in a contiguity so fraternal, I half imagined for the moment it was planned by the National Board of Education for Ireland), we were ultimately delivered into the hands of Brother Pietro, a mercurial genius, who, though the evening was "cold as charity," came to meet us arrayed in a fur-lined pelisse, but destitute of any other article of clothing from head to foot. Pietro was a lay brother, and a mad monk, an accomplished linguist, a polite gentleman, an untiring cicerone, and interminable talker, but with all his excellencies, gifted with so enormous a bump of acquisitiveness, that he asked for almost every article he set eyes on, and what he failed to get for asking, he appropriated by stealth. Poor Pietro, he belonged, I learned afterwards, to a family of respectability in Cairo, but becoming light in the head through illness, was banished to the wilds of Sinai.

Mounting a narrow staircase, we were led along a respectable corridor, from which opened the apartments destined for the use of travelers. This portion of the convent was new, and showed rather an increase of custom in the hotel department. Pietro having paraded us along the gallery, led us back to the head of the staircase from which we had set out, introducing us to the reception-room, a small chamber, comfortably carpeted and divaned, where a rosy-gilled little padre awaited to do the honors for the superior, whose absence he excused. All this and a complimentary oration, placing the convent and its delights at our disposal—allowing us to import, moreover, our own mutton from the other side of the

wall, with sundry other privileges and immunities, for he understood we were not *Latin* Christians—Pietro interpreted, with a variety of interpolations.

The honest monk having exhausted his stock of rhetoric, customary on such occasions, the learned man of our party, laying by his shebook, and hemming nervously, as being about to commit himself in Romaic, rose to reply. We were rather elated at having so erudite a member in our party, and awaited in some anxiety the display of elocution that was to amaze the dwellers in the convent, but, alas, for the vaunted powers of our good friend—he stammered, stumbled, grew red, hot, and choky, but his tongue refused to turn Romaic *pro hac vice*, so after blundering till the jolly father was convulsed with merriment, and Pietro leaped on his nether extremity, like a galvanized frog, the orator gave up in confusion, and betook himself vigorously to his pipe—of course, we loudly applauded, and our monk, rising from his cushion, departed, to put into execution the hospitable intents he had expressed.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, with a long-legged lay brother as our guide, and an Arab serf of the convent, laden with a leather bag of edibles, as commissariat, we set forth in high spirits to explore the heights of the sacred mountain. This time we were not compelled to have recourse to the trap-door, windlass, and cable, but entering a long, dark passage, secured at either extremity by a low but massive iron gate, we emerged at once into daylight and the convent garden. This garden, as far as trees and shrubs could make it, was very pleasant to behold; the fig, the almond, and the olive flourished in luxuriance; pot-herbs, and plants of various descriptions, looked fresh and vigorous, but as for neatness, or even the appearance of careful culture, many as were the pious proprietors of the premises, few were the gardeners of the establishment; indeed, to speak generically, your monk is a ruminating animal, and incontestably addicted to repose; he is neither given to wear out his brain by over study, nor his body by over work—he goeth through his offices, eateth, drinketh, sleepeth, and groweth fat, living to a good old age—he wanteth not for the

milk of human kindness; but on contradiction, he waxeth cross—he is a lover of small talk, and doth take delight in gossip—nor hath he a holy horror of good cheer—moreover, he despiseth not the sight or touch of gold, but the chink of the merry metal is as music on his ear—he is of a quiescent quality, and his worth is negative, if not nought.

Our guide was, however, well satisfied with his garden, and pointed out its beauties with a triumphant air, at which Pietro fell into raptures; but *he* was like a shuttlecock, going off at the slightest tap. Arriving at the end of the pleasure-ground, we were shown a gap in the wall, by which we descended, aided by a rope fixed on the outside.

The ascent of Sinai by the usual path is exceedingly easy, the remnants of a road, accommodated with occasional flights of steps, materially facilitating one's progress. Our first halt was at a spring of clear, cold water, in itself invaluable in the desert, but with a value enhanced by its miraculous origin. If the long lay brother was to be credited, this spring spouted from the rock to reward the piety of a prince of cobblers, who was determined to turn anchorite, yet, with all his devotedness, afraid to face the dog-days in these arid regions. So disregarding the well-known adage, "*ne sutor,*" &c., he invoked the subterraneous waters, and set up a hermitage by the well. Becoming an established saint, he worked wonders, and grew into renown; amongst other miraculous achievements, he actually compelled the Mokàttin mountain, like the moving bog of Allen, to walk from heaven knows where, to the back of Grand Cairo, and lest any one should doubt the marvel, there stands the mountain to the present day. This I call proof positive, and class the miracle above the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which so far from retaining its fluidity, obstinately congeals again, and, for no apparent reason in the world, has yearly to be melted by the powers of the Church.

Paul, an acknowledged sceptic in such matters, actually corroborated the account of the cobbler; he could not fail to believe it, so often had he heard the repetition of the story; indeed so impressed was he with the circumstan-

ces, that he hinted his intentions of returning at some future time, and setting up business as anchorite and miracle-monger on "his own hook." After we left the spring, the path which wound considerably, became steeper, and we arrived, after visiting the chapel of the Virgin, at the ruins of a gateway; where in the palmy days of monasticism, the fathers of the convent were wont to confess and toll the pilgrims, who came in crowds to visit the stations on the mountain; and a very pretty thing the monks must have made on the transaction. We now entered the little dell, where, as our monk informed us, the prophet Elijah held his solemn interview with God. It is a little valley, smooth and green; near the centre stands a fine old cypress, shading an ancient well; the craggy peaks of Sinai rise on either side, and a rude chapel marks the cave where the prophet hid himself from the presence of the Lord. This tradition may be true or false—it must rest on vague conjecture, but certainly the situation accords well with the tradition.

There, far withdrawn from the turmoil and din of men, in the heart of the "eternal hills" of Sinai, alone—but yet, alone with Deity—the prophet may have bowed before the "still, small voice." It is impossible to describe the feeling with which one treads the very ground whereon the presence of Jehovah rested once in glory—you look round you on those mighty barriers of rock, and reflect that this is Sinai, which "melted at the presence of the Lord." Visit the shores of classic Greece—stand on the hills of once imperial Rome—wander, with wondering awe, amidst the colossal skeletons of Egypt's bygone greatness—all tells at best of man—but this Horeb speaks of God—"The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I would rather pass one hour on Sinai, or rest beneath the ancient olives of Gethsemane, pondering the fallen fortunes and the future prospects of that Jerusalem before my eyes, than view "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

In about half an hour we gained the top of Jebel Mousa, the loftiest peak of Sinai, and the spot fixed on by Arab as well as Christian tradition as the place from whence the law was

given to Israel. This summit has been frequently, and very accurately described, consisting of an area of huge rocks, of about eighty feet in diameter. The ruins of a small chapel occupy its eastern extremity, and at the distance of about forty feet there stands a dilapidated mosque. From this platform the view is extensive and grand beyond expression; the eye roams over one chaotic mass of mountain—vast cliffs of bare red granite—crag heaped on crag—peak towering over peak—tumultuous, terrible—as it were, some angry ocean, lashed by the tempest's wildest madness—then suddenly transfixed in stone. Dr. Wilson, in his interesting work, "The Lands of the Bible," gives a minute and admirable description of the principal objects of view from the summit of Jebel Mousa. In vol. i. pp. 217-218, he writes:—

"Happily we had a perfectly clear atmosphere when we stood on Jebel Músá, and there was nothing around us except the higher peaks of Jebel Káttárin, and the ridge of which it is a part, to the south and west of us, to interrupt the view. It was terrific and sublime beyond all one's expectations. We were on the very axis, as it appeared, of the most remarkable group of primitive mountains in this remarkable peninsula. In the stability of their foundations, the depth of their chasms, the magnitude and fulness of their masses, the loftiness of their walls, and the boldness of their towering peaks, we had the architecture of nature revealed to us, in all its grandeur and majesty. The general impression of the scene was so overpowering that it was exceedingly difficult for us, for some considerable time, to fix our attention to its component parts; still we made the effort. Looking to the north-west, we saw a small portion of the sea of Suç, at the base of the mountains Deraï and Atákah, on the Egyptian side, and nearer to us, in the same direction, part of the peaks and shoulders of *Serbál*, and other mountains, contiguous to *Wádí Feirán* and *Mukatee*. To the north of us, overlooking the sandy plain of *Ramlah*, or *Hadhras* (*Hazereth*), we had the long range of *Jebel Téh*, with its dark summit and white flanks crossing the peninsula, and sending out several secondary ridges into the great and terrible wilderness, in which the children of Israel so long wandered under the curse of the divine displeasure, but miraculously supported by the divine grace and bounty. To the south-east we had before us a

portion of the sea of Akabah, with its deep blue surface, with the island of *Téran*, the largest in these parts, and some of its neighbours, of smaller dimensions, lying at its entrance. Beyond these we had the lofty mountains of Arabia, near and above *Mowilah*, bounding our horizon. Restricting our vision we had apparently quite close to us *Jebel Katherine*, with its two conical summits resting on a considerable platform, and outpeering the eminence on which we ourselves stood, as well as all the neighbouring heights. Looking over the gash, in our own mountain, in which stands the chapel of *Elijah*, which we had noticed in our ascent, we had a very distinct view of the hinder part of the remarkable peak which we had seen fronting the valley of *er-Rehah*, in which the Israelites were encamped before the Lord. . . . We looked down distinctly on *Jebel Edeir*, close to the convent, and the *Jebel Sáléh*, or the summit of *Monayah* behind, surmounted by the cross.

"The view from *Jebel Músá* is all and more than I have represented it to be, . . . notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, and particularly by Dr. Robinson, in his able work, we could find no sufficient reason for opposing the ecclesiastical and local tradition of about fifteen centuries, according to which it is the very spot where the Lord descended to commune face to face with his servant *Moses*. The tradition now referred to is in strict accordance with the inference which the Scripture narrative suggests."

So writes Dr. Wilson, and accurately and excellently has he depicted the leading features of the vast prospect that lies round the traveller as he stands on the commanding height of *Jebel Mousa*. But Dr. Robinson, the recent American traveller, whose learned work on Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petrea, has for some years been before the public, deserves more than a summary dismissal from our hands. Dr. Robinson, in direct opposition to the explicit statement above, asserts, "that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that *Moses* had anything to do with the summit that now bears his name," an assertion which, from so respectable an authority, demands a fair investigation; and as neither Drs. Wilson or Robinson appear to have examined the valley as you look south-east from *Jebel Mousa*, I may perhaps be permitted briefly to give the result of my

own researches on that quarter of the mountain, under which tradition would lead us naturally to infer the Israelites had encamped; for to fix on Jebel Mousa as the summit from whence the law was given to Israel, and then to place the encampment of the people in the valley of er-Raha, three miles distant, with deference to Dr. Wilson, I must maintain it, is manifestly absurd. Now Dr. Robinson's hypothesis is as follows: Wadi-er-Raha (which lies at the extremity of Mount Sinai—most remote from Jebel Mousa) must have been the valley in which the congregation of Israel assembled; consequently the Peak of Sinai, called Ras-es-Sûsafeh (the Horeb of the Monks), must, from its contiguity to Wadi-er-Rahah, have been the spot where Moses was commanded to come up into the Mount. "As we advanced," says Dr. Robinson, at vol. 1, p. 130, "the valley (of er-Raha) opened wider and wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. *Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, 'Here is room enough for a large encampment.'*" And at p. 141, after giving the dimensions of the valley as of two geographical miles in length, and in breadth ranging from one-third to two-thirds of a mile, he continues:—"The examination of this afternoon convinced us that here was space enough to satisfy all the requisitions of the Scriptural narrative as far as it relates to the assembling of the congregation to receive the law." Hence, at p. 176, Dr. Robinson concludes:—"The details of the preceding pages will have made the reader acquainted with the grounds which led us to the conviction that the plain of er-Rahah, above described, is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled." Having thus satisfactorily ascertained the locality of the encampment, the next thing was to look out for the mount from whence the law was given; this Dr. Robinson has with equal facility determined; for, turning to pp. 157, 158, we read—"At two o'clock we reached a third basin, surrounded by a like number of higher peaks, one of which is Ras-es-

Sûsafeh, the highest in this part of the mountain." . . . While the monks were here employed (at the Chapel of the Virgin of the Zone) "in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the *almost inaccessible peak* of es-Sûsafeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstances of the scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin, and the distance to the summit is more than half-a-mile. *We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course, but found the rock so smooth and precipitous that, after some falls and more exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course; from the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice, and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which gives to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament. The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us; the whole plain, er-Rahah, lay spread out beneath our feet with the adjacent wadis and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Rahah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law; here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be "assembled."*

Such, then, is Dr. Robinson's hypothesis respecting these sacred localities, and such the grounds for his hypothesis—the natural "adaptedness" of the plain of er-Rahah and contiguous Peak of es-Sûsafeh "to the circumstances of the scriptural history;" but, however unexceptionable *per se* the Wadi of er-Rahah may appear as the place of assembly, still one must pause before he concludes, with Dr. Robinson, that this plain is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled, and that the mountain impending over it was the

scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given;" for, first, is it probable, if this natural "adaptedness" be so apparent, and these localities be truly what by Dr. Robinson they have been assumed to be, that not one vestige of tradition corroborates this assumption?—nay, that the only tradition that exists places the scene of the scriptural narrative at the very other extremity of Mount Sinai? Call this tradition a monkish fable, if you will; but how comes it to be a *local tradition of the Arabs also*? What inducement could the Arabs have to perpetuate the superstition of the monks? None, surely. Yet a tradition of 1,500 years attests that the giving of the law took place on Jebel Mousa, the Mount of Moses, and that tradition is still held religiously by the inhabitants of the region in which this great transaction took place.

But dismiss tradition, and consider the capabilities of Ras-es-Sûfsafeh for the interview of Moses with his God. Dr. Robinson describes this summit of Sinai as "*almost inaccessible*"—nay, its side "*so smooth and precipitous* that, after some falls and more exposures," Dr. Robinson and party "*were obliged to give it up*." They were actually unable to climb it "*in a direct course*," and, with considerable difficulty, at length reached the summit by clambering "*round the face of the northern precipice*." Now, Jehovah selected this—not the most lofty, nor yet the most prominent, but confessedly the most inaccessible height of Sinai—there to hold an interview with Moses, a man at the time of upwards of *eighty* years of age! I must say this fact relative to the impracticability of the ascent, coupled with the negative argument derived from the absence of tradition, affords a *prima facie* evidence against Dr. Robinson's position.

Once more, if Dr. Robinson's hypothetical localities were incompatible with the scriptural narrative, would there not be demonstrative evidence that neither Wadi er-Rahah nor Ras-es-Sûfsafeh was the scene of the giving of the law and the assembling of the congregation of Israel? Now, we may strike out the "*if*," for the hypothesis is incompatible with the scriptural narrative. Let us read a few verses from the 32nd chapter of the

Book of Exodus—begin at verse 15:—"*And Moses turned and went down from the mount. . . . And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, there is a noise of war in the camp. And he (Moses) said, it is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the noise of them that cry for being overcome, but the voice of them that sing do I hear. And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing.*" Now, it is evident that neither Moses, from the *top* of the mount, nor Joshua, from a less elevated position, *saw* what was going on in the camp; they both spake as men who judged, not from *sight*, but *sound*. "*When Joshua heard*"—"It is the voice of them that sing do I hear"—"*As soon as he came nigh to the camp, Moses saw,*" &c.

The place of encampment, therefore, was not visible from the summit of the mount, or its immediate neighbourhood. Now, contrast this *fact* with Dr. Robinson's account of the prospect from es-Sûfsafeh:—"The whole plain of er-Rahah lay spread beneath our feet with the adjacent wadis and mountains, whilst Wadi es-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain." The place of encampment was invisible, says the Scripture—"er-Rahah and its adjacent wadis lay spread beneath our feet," says Dr. Robinson. Well, then, on Dr. Robinson's own showing, neither er-Rahah nor any one of the valleys adjacent could, by possibility, have been the place of the encampment of Israel. So much for Dr. Robinson's defence of his position. And now a word on his assault on the traditional claims of Jebel Mousa. Let us open the "*Researches*" at p. 154, vol. 1:—My first and predominant feeling, while upon this summit, was that of disappointment. Although, from our examination of the plain of er-Rahah below, and its correspondence to the scriptural narrative (?), we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law; yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling that there might, after all, be some foundation for the long series of monkish tradi-

tion which, for at least fifteen centuries, has pointed out the summit on which we now stood as the spot from where the ten commandments were so awfully proclaimed." (Observe, Dr. Robinson does here limit the *local Arab tradition* to a period of fifteen centuries.) "But scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and, while the former has a distinctness and definitiveness, which, through all our journeys, rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually, and almost regularly, to be but a baseless fabric. *In the present case there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had anything to do with the summit which now bears his name.* It is three miles from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood, and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from its summit, nor are the bottoms of the adjacent valleys, nor is any spot to be seen around it, where the people could have been assembled. *The only spot which is not immediately surrounded by high mountains, is towards the S.E., where it sinks down precipitously*" this it does not "to a tract of *naked, gravelly hills.* Here just at its foot is the head of a small valley, wady-es-Sebaiyeh, running towards the N.E., beyond the Mountain of the Cross, into Wady-es-Sheik; and of another, not larger, called El-Warah, running S.E. to Wady Nûsb, in the Gulf of Akabah; but both of these together hardly afford a tenth part of the space contained in El-Rahah and Wady-Esheik *indeed in almost every respect the view from this point is confined* . . . yet Laborde professes to have seen from it Serbal-um-Shaumer, and the mountains of Africa beyond—it must have been with the *mind's eye*;" for the accuracy of this latter assertion, as to the limited prospect from Jebel Mousa, turn back to the extract from Dr. Wilson, quoted above. . . . "In short, the visit to the summit of Jebel Mousa was to me the least satisfactory incident in our whole sojourn at Mount Sinai;" and little marvel that it was, for, with an hypothesis, ready cut and dry, backed by a latent determination not to see, and a deep-rooted horror of tradition, Dr. Robinson must have spent a dis-

mal "two hours and a-half" on the top of Jebel Mousa. With his predilection for er-Rahah, we have nothing to do here; but the assertion contained in the latter part of this paragraph, if correct, appears at the "first blush" to be a finisher: "Nor is any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled"—for if such spot be in the neighbourhood, from this height, it must be visible: if not visible, it cannot exist, *ergo*, &c., &c. Not so fast, most logical reader; for if you have not forgotten the passage in Exod. xxii—"The place of encampment could not be seen from the top of the Mount;" consequently, the fact of Dr. Robinson's not being able to see it should lead one to conclude, not that such place did not exist, but that some place for an encampment, in the direction of these "naked, gravelly hills," should be searched for, either by descending the mountain in the S.E. direction, or going all the way round by the Wady-Sebaiyeh.

Dr. Robinson, then (unless he be far more keen-sighted than Moses or Joshua), has unintentionally given us a lift in pursuing our investigation of this missing locality. "No doubt Dr. Robinson put into execution your very natural suggestion?" No doubt, my good sir, he ought to have done so; but, strange to say, this neither Drs. Robinson nor Wilson did, leaving it to a poor blunderer like myself to examine the localities as I best might; so if you are not wearied by your ascent of Jebel Mousa, return with me to the convent, and we will set out on our travels anew. I suppose you will not require luncheon there, for I perceive you have played your part in discussing the contents of our friendly Arab's "leathern bag."

Allons donc, let us walk up Wady Shueb; now we turn sharp to the right, round the edge of Jebel ed-Deir; we have entered Wady es-Sheik. Observe, by the way, that insulated mass of rock near the entrance, which Dr. Robinson overlooked in his map. Leaving an imposing space at the opening of Wady-er-Rahah, you have Jebel el-Furia on your left, on your right hand, of course, Jebel ed-Deir. Now mark this narrow gash at your right elbow, this is Wady Abouma-thee; we will turn in here—"but for

what purpose; don't you see in Dr. Robinson's map, this wadi runs but a short way into the mountain—it is a mere blind alley, and no thoroughfare." And how can I help that? I did not make the map. Captain Basil Hall, in cruising off the coast of Japan, I think, went to consult his chart, and found himself at that moment sailing through the body of a large elephant, depicted thereon! but he held his course notwithstanding—so shall we; for maps, unlike popes, are fallible. You perceive we have taken a short cut, and got into Wady-Sabaiyeh; to your left it runs into es-Sheik—but we turn to the right towards Jebel Mousa.

"Now this is by no means a narrow wadi, as Dr. Robinson, without having set foot in it, asserts," says Dr. Wilson, vol. i. p. 249. "Before starting, we examined the opening of Wady es-Sebaiyeh, which we found to be much wider than we had supposed. Mr. Sherlock remained at it for some time, endeavouring to measure it by pacing; and, directing our artist to make a sketch of Jebel Mousa in the distance, which he took in the valley, about a quarter of an hour from its entrance, Jebel Mousa pointing S.S.W." Mr. Sherlock then, came down the valley somewhere about to where we are. Nor is this wadi a very short one; for take that thread you are winding round your finger, measure on it, by Mr. Robinson's scale, two geographical miles, now apply it to the extreme length of this wadi, as laid down in Dr. Robinson's large map of Sinai, and you will find the extreme length of this valley, from its opening into es-Sheik to the outlet of Wadi Shueb, at the point of Jebel ed-Deir, to be above three and a quarter geographical miles!—this, according to his own map, is Dr. Robinson's "small valley of Wady-es-Sebaiyeh," the opening of which he saw from the top of Jebel Mousa!

We have now got to the corner of ed-Dier, where Wadi-Shueb divides it from Sinai; you perceive our valley here widens considerably. Before you is Jebel Mousa, distinct from ed-Deir on its right, and the more distant elongation of St. Katherine on its left. It presents itself a bold, towering, imposing mountain, receding with a sweep from the plain, and terminating

in a fine grey peak of granite. Unlike Horeb, it has scarcely any feature in common with the mountains on either side, or the range at our backs; they are red, bare, and craggy—this is covered with green herbage nearly to its peak, which peak as you observe is grey—"Grey-topped Sinai," as Milton emphatically calls it. The surrounding mountains are irregular and multiform; this is rather conical in shape, and outtops its compeers. The mountains both left and right are to all appearance inaccessible; this Jebel Mousa is, as you perceive, easy of ascent, at least to yonder crags which gird it, some distance up there. Now step the valley from the range behind us to that insulated mound, like the remnant of an artificial barrier set at the base of Jebel Mousa; it measures 540 paces even of my long legs, and the top of the mound is some 315 paces across. We compute here the 540 yards of *dead level*; but you see the opposite range does not rise abruptly from the valley, but its base retires gently from the level, so as to add most considerably to the practical width of the wadi; moreover, this continuation to Wadi Sebaiyeh, taking the base of Jebel Mousa, and the projection of Mount St. Katherine in its direction, rises and rises: so the farther you leave Sinai behind you, the higher you ascend, commanding a distinct view of Jebel Mousa for at least two miles. Now add two miles to three miles and a quarter (geographical), and you have pretty accurately the length of Wadi Sebaiyeh and its continuation; but Wadi Sebaiyeh opens broadly into Wadi es-Sheik, which affords good space for the skirts of an encampment—beyond the mound you will perceive Dr. Robinson's unfortunate gravel hills, forming an undulation at the inner edge of the wadi. "But how came it we did not see this plain from the top of Jebel Mousa?" Simply because the mountain retreats so far and so gradually from its base, and then shoots so abruptly into a narrow peak, that this undulating outskirt screens the valley from the observation of one that looks for it from that summit; the state of the case is plain, and the invisibility of the valley from the top of the mountain, is a striking peculiarity which marks its strict local accordance with the Scripture narrative.

Again, if the Israelites approached by way of Tûr, as some suppose, their route directly opens into this wadi. If, on the other hand, they journeyed by es-Sheik, Wadi es-Sheik opens directly into Wadi es-Sebaiyah. A man must be fastidious about localities who can cavil with a tradition that maintains this wadi and its impending mountain to be the scene of the giving of the law. But let us ascend Jebel Mousa. You are fatigued; well, sit you down, and I will give you a full and true account of my ascent, when I was passing a few days at the convent, early in the spring of 1845.

One fine afternoon I had employed myself in taking the dimensions of this wadi we have just stepped; and, having some time on hand before the day closed, the bright thought took me of climbing the mountain, exactly opposite to where we are now sitting. A little Arab urchin had been following me for some distance, so for lack of better company I took him with me, and up we began to trudge. As you can perceive, the ascent was exceedingly easy in the commencement (I have ridden up many a more difficult hill); but, after a while, the path became steep, though neither rough nor wearisome; in fact, we encountered nothing to retard our progress until we reached that crest of rock above there: here we came to "a stand still"—for, although we clambered over the cliffs with ease, a deep chasm ran along their inner base, penetrating, as it appeared, the very roots of the mountain, and extending all the way across. However, after a short search, we found a natural bridge of rock which spanned the chasm, and by it we reached the opposite side; here another barrier of crags ran parallel with the former, and this we climbed.

To my surprise, I now found myself descending into a basin deep and spacious, carpeted with a close green turf; while directly opposite me rose a vast perpendicular wall of rock, terminating in that dark grey peak before us. On its extremity to the right, this wall of rock gradually subsides into a series of low crags, while its left wing slopes gently till it meets the outer and higher margin of the basin in which I stood. I dare say the summit might be gained by mounting the crags on the right hand; but

at the extremity on the left, a very slight detour must bring one with ease to the top of the peak.

Such a scene of secluded solitude I never before witnessed. A barrier of rock cut off the plain below, and red and rugged peaks of sterile mountains reared their bleak heads on either side; but towering above all, in savage grandeur, there rose the awful front of Sinai. The loneliness and desolation of the spot was indescribable—not a sound to break the solemn stillness—not a moving thing to indicate life—not even a passing cloud to chequer the deep, monotonous, unbroken blue of heaven. The poor child I brought up with me had got terrified, and crept down. I was, indeed, alone. Could I regret it? No. I could now give utterance to my feelings without restraint; thoughts crowded on me. I was hurried back in thought, through a lapse of ages, to the days when Moses was wont to lead his flock to Horeb—"this mount of God." How often had he climbed this hill-side?—how often meditated, mused, and prayed, even on this lonely spot?—loving it for its loneliness, lingering in its solitude. Moses the Egyptian exile—then the mountain shepherd—then the great deliverer, the law-giver of Israel—the mediator between Jehovah and his backsliding people—Moses a child of nature, the man of God. I thought of Moses; but I remembered one greater than Moses had stood here; that above me, on that mysterious pinnacle, the presence of God incomprehensible had been manifested. There "Clouds and darkness were around him; righteousness and judgment were the habitation of his throne; his lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw and trembled; the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth; the mountains melted from before the Lord, even Sinai from the God of Israel." The cloud of glory had departed, the presence of Jehovah no longer burned "like a devouring fire" on the heights of Sinai. But had the secret, spiritual presence of the Lord departed also with his visible glory? No, truly; my heart then told me—"Surely God is in this place." I shall never, I trust, forget that hour upon the mountain.

I have now, I hope, said sufficient to show that the hypothesis advanced by Dr. Robinson is in itself untenable, and even if tenable, unnecessary to elucidate the narrative of the Word of God. Dr. Robinson is, I should think, a talented, a learned, and what is better far, a good man, and a sincere inquirer after truth; but he affords an example of the danger of examining a subject under the influence of a pre-conceived theory. Had he been less satisfied with his supposed discovery of the "adaptedness" of Wadi-er-Rahah to the scriptural account of the encampment of Israel before the Mount, he would, no doubt, have exhibited more energy in pursuing his inquiry with respect to the immediate localities of Jebel Mousa, and thereby saved himself a dangerous clamber, and much disappointment; but we all of us are too much given to play the part of the country smith. A horse is brought into the forge to be shod, and the smith takes down a ready-turned shoe; the shoe is a thought too small—so what does our knight of the bellows? Not take his bar of iron and turn his shoe to match. No, he has a readier method; he takes the horse's hoof, and pares and burns until he makes the hoof to fit the shoe, not the shoe the hoof. Our ready-turned theory is the shoe, the subject to be fitted is the horse-hoof, ourself the sapient smith, and so we pare, and cut, and burn, till we make a "neat job of it." 'Tis true the horse is crippled, and goes wondrous lame? but what of that. Ply whip and spur, urge the ill-used animal, and you will scarcely notice the defalcation when he "warms to his work." I may add, I was not the only member of the party who came to a like conclusion with respect to the local claims of Jebel Mousa and its subadjacent valley. Two German gentlemen, both men of learning and intelligence, went over the same ground, and made a similar examination. They went by themselves; we had not even told each other of our respective intentions; but on comparing notes in the evening, we found the result of our investigations materially the same. According to their measurements, however, the valley in question was more

extensive than my less accurate computation of its dimensions led me to suppose. Some months after, I had the pleasure of meeting a talented American artist, who had gone over the same ground, and made some admirable sketches of Jebel Mousa from the quarter I have endeavoured to describe. His opinion concurred with my own; indeed I always made it a point to pencil down my observations on the spot, before I wrote the proceedings of the day in my journal. In my account, I omit many names of places given me by the Arabs at the time, not only to avoid complexity in my narrative, as an Arab has a name for every little turn in a wadi or angle of a mountain, but principally to save myself superfluous annoyance from the printer's devil in correcting for the press, said demon not only making sad and, I grieve to say, habitual blunders in the proof-sheet, but falling foul, with especial malignity, of all foreign terms, phrases, and expressions, as if he thought one language was sufficient for the universe, and that his vernacular tongue. I trust most sincerely he will attend to this friendly hint. To the dry disquisition I have inflicted on the reader, I could add sundry other impertinences—as, how I ascended Mount St. Katharine, and lost my way at nightfall; how that mad monk, Pietro, broke bounds, and ran away from the convent; also the true narrative of the old Bowab's skeleton in the cemetery, who, three times incarcerated in the sepulchre, three times broke ground again, and took up his position at the doorway, sitting sentinel over the ghastly dead, and there he remains in his obstinacy, with drooping head and eyeless sockets, an impracticable ghost. The convent chapel, the shrine of the burning bush, the imaginary rock of Rephidim, even the very mould in which Aaron is fabled to have cast the golden calf, have all been abundantly described; and although truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, blend in the wild traditions of this region, yet surely enough remains to convince the unprejudiced inquirer that on Sinai may be traced, even to the present day, true records of Israel's wanderings, as well as an unfading imprint of Israel's God.

[THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.*

SARDINIA, although in the highway of the Mediterranean, has become so little known that, as Heeren says, "we are less acquainted with it than with Owhyhee or Otaheite;" and yet, in size, as well as in fertility, it is nearly equal to Sicily; and several of the ancient, and some amongst the modern writers, even hold that it is the larger island of the two: of the former is Herodotus, and of the latter, Captain Smyth, R.N., who surveyed its coasts, and published an account of it in 1828. Lord Nelson's letters afford abundant evidence of the importance which he attached to Sardinia, both as a naval station, and as an insular possession. "If I lose Sardinia," said he, "I lose a French fleet;" and he repeatedly pressed upon the government the policy of gaining it either by conquest or by purchase. "This," he writes to Lord Hobart, "which is the finest island in the Mediterranean, possesses harbours fit for arsenals, and of a capacity to hold our navy within twenty-four hours' sail of Toulon—bays to ride our fleets in, and to watch both Italy and Toulon; no fleet could pass to the eastward, between Sicily and the coast of Barbary, nor through the Faro of Messina. Malta, in point of position, is not to be named in the same year with Sardinia. All the fine ports of Sicily are situated on the eastern side of the island; consequently of no use to watch anything but the Faro of Messina." He adds: "In the hands of a liberal government, and free from the dread of the Barbary States, there is no telling what its produce would not amount to. It is worth any money to obtain; and I pledge my existence it could be held for as little as Malta in its establishment, and produce a larger income." Nelson's view of the capabilities of Sardinia is fully corroborated by the careful examination of its resources, as exhibited in the work before us; and it is melancholy to contrast it with the actual condition of the people of

that island, of all ranks, with their common misery and degradation—induced, partly by the many revolutions to which their country has been exposed—the various powers to which it has been from time to time a dependency—Phœnicians, Tyrrhenians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese, Spanish, and Piedmontese. The evils incident to such vicissitude of rule have been immeasurably increased by the neglect which this unhappy island appears to have experienced from all alike, and especially owing to the restrictive policy and injudicious legislation which have been its fatal dowry since its union with the House of Savoy—from the earliest date of that connection up to almost the present hour. We say almost, because within a year or two there have been some hopeful improvements.

Sardinia was, we are told, in early times named *Ichnusa*, from its resemblance in form to *ixnos*—the track of a foot; and that on the arrival of Sardinus—known as the Theban Hercules—with a Libyan colony, this appellation was exchanged for that of Sardinia. Captain Smyth represents the island as 163 miles long, and 70 wide. It is most advantageously placed for commerce with Spain, France, Italy, Sicily, and Africa, and is about 170 miles distant from Sicily, and 120 from Tunis. In the year 1843, Mr. Tyndale, who we find has travelled in very many distant lands, took into his head the strange notion of visiting Sardinia; strange, because nobody goes there now; more strange, as he was travelling for his health, and this island has had, in all time, classic and modern, the bad reputation of being unhealthy. We have to rejoice that he returned at all; and chiefly, that by his bold adventure he has been enabled to supply us with a mass of information on the subject of this lost Atalantis and forgotten land. His work is "work," showing wide observation and research,

* "The Island of Sardinia." By John Warre Tyndale, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. Bentley: London. 1849.

with, however, a fair allowance of such lighter reading as is likely to make it popular.

We shall endeavour to collect for our readers enough of matter to enable them to form their own opinion on the resources of this country, and the character and condition of its people ; and shall, then, if our space permit us, advert to one or two topics of interest peculiar to the island. The first is connected with antiquities—the unexplained and remarkable remains called the *Noraghe* and *Sepulture de is Gigantes* ; the other is historical—the singular institution of the *Giudici*, so long connected with the Sardinian polity.

In the spring of the year 1843, Mr. Tyndale left Genoa in one of the government steamers, bound for Porto Torres, in Sardinia, where he just touched, and then proceeded in the same vessel to Alghero, to which place it was conveying a passenger of importance, the new bishop of that diocese. Having rounded the island of Assinara, they coasted a shore of great beauty, and passed the *Capo dell Argentiera*, the highest and most westerly point of the island, upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The whole of this western coast has, we are told, from thirty to forty fathoms of water, within a mile of the shore :—

“ Some thirty Neapolitan boats in the offing had commenced the coral fishery, and in their form, and the cut of their sails, resembled the nautilus, numbers of which were basking around us, and spreading their transparent canvas to the light breeze, which scarcely ruffled the deep blue sea. Shoals of dolphins occasionally ‘ bared their backs of gold,’ and made those timid, fragile wanderers of the ocean appear and disappear from the surface ; while thousands of seabirds, floating and flying before us, gave a cheerful animation and voice to the surrounding beauties of nature.”—Vol. i. p. 51.

The bishop, whose acquaintance our author now made, had filled some high ecclesiastical offices in Greece, Turkey, and Wallachia, and having been lately appointed to the see of his native town, Alghero, was returning there. He is described as a well-informed and agreeable man, with handsome features, set off by a long beard, which, in Oriental fashion, he was continually stroking

and smoothing. Alghero, where they landed, derives its name from the word *alga*, the Latin for the sea-weed which lies in great quantities on its shores. The province of which it is the capital is about 536 miles square, with a population of about 32,000 souls. Two-thirds of this territory is, we are told, mountainous ; and though most of it is fertile, not more than one-sixth of the whole is cultivated. The pasturage also is neglected, and there is not much timber, which in most of the other districts of the island forms a fine feature, and a material source of wealth. The chief productions of this province are corn, wine, and oil, but the quantities exported are small ; and the coral fishery, which ought to be a great source of industry, is altogether in the hands of the Neapolitans and the Genoese. There are no manufactures, and education is neglected. Out of the whole population of the district, amounting to about 32,000, not more than 150 attended schools, while of the adults engaged in rural occupation, only one in sixty can read or write. The moral character of the people is not, as may be inferred, high. The principal crimes are “ *vendetta*,” cattle stealing, and the burning of underwood. Of the first we shall presently speak ; the others are much encouraged by the want of pasturage and by inattention. Judging from the nature of their crimes, we should form no very unfavourable idea of the elements of the Sarde character. The term *fuorusciti*—homeless—or, as Mr. Tyndale renders it literally “ *outgoers*,” embraces large numbers, and includes the bandit, the petty robber, the fugitive from the arm of the law, and those who fly from the consequences of the “ *vendetta*,” or revenge of an insult or an injury. The petty robbers are few, and the two last-named classes constitute, we are told, seven-eighths of the whole *fuorusciti* :—

“ Innocent or guilty—for they are a mixed herd—they lead a vagabond life in the forests and mountains with greater security and happiness than were they to undergo the risk of a trial by the law authorities, finding their own revenge for injury or insult more satisfactory and attainable than any legal justice and retribution. *Facinorosi*, the wicked, and *Malviventi*, the evil livers, are the names generally applied to these two classes

by way of contradistinction to the banditto and ladro, the bandit and the robber; for, continually in communication with their families, they obtain from them what they require, and only when hard pressed will a sheep from a neighbour's flock be stolen, or the stranger be stopped and applied to for assistance."—Vol. i. p. 93.

This state of things has arisen from long negligence and the maladministration of bad laws. Carlo Alberto, the present king, has done a good deal towards remedying it; but his efforts have been too exclusively directed to improving the police, without enough attending to the true source of the evil—the defective administration of justice. Some of Mr. Tyndale's bandit stories remind us of those gentlemen robbers of whom Mr. Ford makes honourable mention in his *Hand-book of Spain*. We shall indulge our readers with the main facts of one of them, especially as it comes in an authentic form, and illustrates the condition of the country at the present day.

Pepe Bona was born in the neighbourhood of Alghero, in 1787. In 1814 he was accused of the murder of a baronial law officer, and fled to the mountains, where he remained for five years, a *fuoruscito*, but returned to his home on the accusation being disproved. He lived with his family for many years industriously, and bearing a good character; but the friends of the law officer cherished against him a rancorous vendetta feeling, and in 1829 charged him with another crime. Conceiving that anything was better for him than to stand his trial, he fled again to the mountains, where he was joined by friends, partisans, and other fugitives, of whom he became the absolute and all-famed leader. In the year 1836, Pepe Bona sought an interview with the Marquis de Boyl, the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood of Alghero, of which the following extract is an account. It was given by the Marquis himself to Mr. Tyndale, and is in fact part of a letter which he wrote immediately after the circumstance to the Marchioness:—

"Towards nine o'clock in the evening, as I was finishing my dinner, a servant came and whispered to me that the celebrated Pepe Bona desired to have the honour of presenting himself to me.

The minister of justice, and all the official authorities of the village being at table with me, I ordered in a low voice which none could hear, that he should be conducted to my bed-room without passing through the room where we were dining. I then went there, and soon saw enter a man of middle stature, about forty-seven years of age, of calm and majestic deportment. His hair was grey, as was also his long beard; his eyes were dark, and his face much wrinkled. Four others were behind him, one of whom was a very handsome young man of twenty-one, of slender figure, with light beard and dark eyes. All were armed from head to foot, each carrying a gun, a bayonet, and a brace of pistols; and each of them held by a cord a dog of most ferocious aspect—a thorough Cerberus. Pepe Bona, followed by his sons—for thus he calls his comrades—advanced towards me, and they all kissed my hand with the greatest courtesy imaginable. After apologising for presenting himself thus armed before me, he hoped I understood his position, being continually pursued by his enemies and the hand of the law. He then proceeded to narrate to me the kind of life he had led for eleven years in the mountains, and, as he said, 'from having been calumniated by his enemies and the law authorities, without having killed any one'—alluding to the Primo and second affair of 1829. I was extremely delighted with his conversation, and questioned him on many subjects. He then begged me to ask pardon for him; and I replied that he could obtain it easily himself, as he already knew, *per impunità*—that is, by giving up another who had a price fixed on his head. At these words, my hero, drawing himself back a couple of steps, and grasping the handle of the bayonet, which was placed diagonally in his waistband, said, 'My lord, Pepe Bona has never betrayed any one; if the government does not choose to change the sentence on me, and I am to buy my liberty by treachery, I do not wish for that change; I prefer a thousand times to reside in the mountains with my sons and my honour—yes, with my honour, which I regard more than my life.' At this answer, I could no longer restrain myself, and giving him my hand, he kissed it most respectfully, bending his head. I commended the honourable sentiments with which he was animated; and after having promised to do all in my power to intercede with the government for his pardon, on the other condition, I endeavoured to reason with him, and make him see that some day or other he might be wounded, and then easily arrested. The four men

who were with him, and who had not hitherto spoken a word, here interrupted me as I was proceeding, and all of them simultaneously exclaimed, 'Inantio heus a morriri totus conca a issu' (Before that, we will all perish for his head). I then withdrew myself from them for a little while, to take leave of my guests, who were waiting for me in the other room, and ordered a supper for them, which they accepted with much pleasure; and to avoid any restraint on them, I retired to a little distance. How I longed for the pencil of Vandyke to paint their animated countenances, their large dark eyes turning from all sides to the door whenever it was opened. The five dogs beside them, their eyes fixed on their masters, watched greedily for the pieces of food which were thrown to them from time to time. My *maitre d'hotel* sat at table with the *fuorusciti*, and had to taste everything first, according to their request, as the dragoni, the government troops, might, as they hinted, have become acquainted with their arrival at the palace, and it was necessary to be on their guard, lest they should 'die the death of rats.' They gave me an account of their mode of life: wandering about all night, resting and concealing themselves during the day; and, outcast as they were, on assembling in the morning, they go through the rosario; and, courageous beyond all belief, are yet most humble in the presence of their chief, nor dare to raise their eyes when he reproves them. Their principal amusement is firing at a target, which they do constantly and with great dexterity. After supper they again kissed my hand, and it being past midnight, and every one in bed, I expressed a wish to accompany them to see them start on their horses. I was perfectly astonished in meeting, at a short distance, twenty more of his band, who, acting as a *vidette*, with their dogs, were guarding the security of their chief and their companions."—Vol. i. pp. 96-8.

The marquis was not successful in his application to the government; and two years afterwards—that is, in the Sept. of 1838—another *fuoruscito*, named Rosas, between whom and our bandit there had been a quarrel, found *Pepe Bona* asleep, unarmed, at the foot of a tree, and shot him dead on the spot. *Pepe*, we are told, was loved as well as feared,—and though

we much distrust the eulogy of any robber—it is added, that during his whole outlawry he never injured an individual who had treated him fairly.

Leaving the neighbourhood of Alghero, Mr. Tyndale proceeds to permeate the other districts of the island, and this, it is plain, was no easy undertaking, for the country is almost roadless, and a few public caleches, and about ten private carriages, comprise the statistics of all its locomotives. Small is the encouragement for travelling in Sardinia; comfort and cleanliness are not in favour there; and in all the island there is no hotel, and only three houses, which take ambitiously the humbler name of inns. As, however, in most countries where there is no public accommodation for travellers, hospitality is so uniformly met with, that it seems to be less a usage than a law. Mr. Tyndale says that his only embarrassment was the choice and decision as to the party from whom he should accept his board and lodging. "The traveller is sent from village to village, with a note, or a verbal message, and either, we are assured, is sufficient to insure him a hearty welcome." Some trifle may be given to the servant on leaving; but it would not be safe to offer anything in payment to a host, however humble he may be. The disadvantage is, that the privacy of the guest is not respected, and that he is as liable to cool questions and intrusive visits, as if he were in Kentucky.

The climate is, as we have said, unhealthy; and the ancient classics have many references which show that they thought as badly of it as we do. Cicero says, sarcastically, of one Tigellius, who was a native of this island, that he was "a man more pestilential than his country." Martial uses the word Sardinia as synonymous with death. Tacitus, in speaking of the expulsion of the Jews from Rome to this island, adds, "and if they should die of the unhealthiness of the climate, it would only be a paltry loss." We find, too, a like character ascribed to Sardinia in the middle ages, by Dante, who compares it to the worst localities of Italy:—

* The authorities for this, and many such other passages, will be found in Mr. Tyndale's work.—vol. i. p. 61, *et seqt.*

"Qual dolor fora so delgi spedali
Di Valdichiana tra Luglio e Settembre,
E di Sardegna e di Maremma i mali
Fossero in una fossa tutti insieme."
Inferno, canto xiv., st. 46.

"Intemperie" is the native term for the malady of the island, which seems to be a combination of fever and ague, or, as our author describes it, "malaria and something more." Captain Smyth mentions that it is a common opinion amongst the Sardes that the green figs of an infected district imbibe and evolve the deleterious principle of intemperie, and that he was cautioned by the viceroy himself against allowing his seamen to eat of the fruit of the delicious vale of Pula; "nor," as he further observes, "when the known quality of the fig-tree for intenerating meat is considered, does it seem a question unworthy of investigation;" yet, we collect from him that corn grown on such grounds is esteemed the best, the land being most fertile in the low and damp valleys. There seems, however, to be no room for doubting, that if the country were more cleared of wood, more drained, and better cultivated, it would be quite as healthy as most other lands.

The coral fishery has been, from of old, a branch of trade in Sardinia; and yet, of the boats engaged in it, about seven-eighths are Neapolitan; and of the small remainder, most are Tuscan, and but a few Sardinian. "The fishing ground," says our author, "extends from the island of Asinara down to Oristano, at about twenty miles off the shore, and at the average depth of about 300 feet." The coral is much superior to that found off the Sicilian coast; and the annual value of the fishery is estimated at £60,000. The Sardine and Anchovy fisheries are also important branches of industry; but owing, it is thought, to the want of energy of the Sardes, they have much decreased within a few years. During his stay in the province of Sassari, Mr. Tyndale had an opportunity of examining another source of maritime industry, and one which forms a main branch of the export trade of Sardinia. This is its tunny fishery, which is described minutely and at length. The value of this great fishery has of late years much decreased, owing in great part to the indolence and consequent want of capital which

afflict Sardinia, as they have long done our own unhappy country. The two great Tonnare, or tunny fisheries of Sardinia, are at this moment rented by foreigners, and four-fifths of the hands employed in them are Genoese:

"The tunny fish enter the Mediterranean about the end of April, follow the lines of coast into the Black Sea, and then returning back to the Atlantic, disappear about the middle of August; such, at least, is the general belief, but the cause of their short and rapid visit has never been ascertained.

"According to Aristotle, Pliny, and Ælian, they proceed to the Black Sea for the purpose of spawning, it being the only place where they do, 'nec alibi fertiliscent'; but this supposition is not tenable, as the eggs are found equally in the Mediterranean, and that they are driven in to escape the attack of the sword-fish, is no less erroneous, for that fish is found to mix with them without any hostility.

"The pursuit of innumerable shoals of small fish in the Mediterranean is another opinion; and Polybius speaks of their fondness for the acorns found on the well-wooded shores, from which circumstance Athenæus calls the tunny the 'sea-pig.'

"The last reasons are equally objectionable, as the shoals of small fish and the acorns do not abound till a later period in the year, when the tunny have returned to the Atlantic; and, indeed, no cause has been satisfactorily assigned beyond the natural instinct.

"The fact of the tunny keeping close to the shores in its grand tour is well attested; but the idea entertained by the ancients, that the visual power of the right eye was greater than that of the left; and, consequently, when entering the Black Sea, they kept on the south shore, and on the north when returning, would not be worth mentioning, were it not still prevalent amongst many of the fishermen.

"Æschylus, Aristotle, Athenæus, Ælian, Plutarch, Pliny, and other classical authorities, speak of this ocular peculiarity in a literal, as well as proverbial sense; and in the present day the 'ojo de atun,' and the 'occhio do tonno,' are Spanish and Italian proverbs for a side-look, an obliquity or cast of the eye; and, perhaps, our own expression of a 'sinister look,' may have been derived from it.

"The antiquity, estimation, and value of the tunny fishery are equally well authenticated; and it may not be generally recollected, that the Golden Horn at Constantinople, the Chrysoceras of

the Greeks, and Ausrei-Cornus of the Romans, inherits its name from the riches of the tunny fishery which existed at that point. Athenæus calls it the 'mother of tunnies.'—Vol. i. pp. 156-7.

The ancient method of catching the fish, as described by Ælian, corresponds, we are told, with that of the present day. The spectacle is now named a "mattanza," and the proper pendant to the picture is, as Mr. Tyndale remarks, a bull-fight at Seville or Madrid. Such of our readers as are desirous of knowing more of this important fishery will find it described at length, and apparently with great care, in Mr. Tyndale's first volume, of which it occupies twenty-six pages.† It is a characteristic of the indolence of the Sardinians, that although they are islanders, and have such rich fisheries on their coast, they profess an idle aversion to the sea. Most of the hands engaged in the tunny-fishery are, as we have seen, Neapolitans or Genoese; and the island does not contribute more than two officers and fifteen sailors to the whole navy of the Sardinian states.

The forests, which cover a fifth, or at least a sixth, of the island, might easily supply another source of national wealth; but they are mismanaged by the government, neglected and damaged by the people, and thus the profits derived from them are greatly below what, with ordinary attention and a tolerable system, they ought to be. A valuable oak—the *quercus sessiflora*, known there as the "quercia bianca," from its silvery green and palish medullary rays—is the prevailing tree. It is, next to the British oak—the *quercus pedunculata*—the best for ship-building,* combining, like it, the qualities of compactness, resistance to cleavage, and lightness. The cork, the chestnut, and the ilex—the *quercus gramuntia* of Linnaeus, and the *Balota*, or acorn-tree of Spain—are also common. This last is, as Mr. Tyndale thinks, more abundant in Sardinia than in Spain, and the swine fed upon the acorns are, in both countries, famed for the flavour of their meat. It seems

that the attention of the English government has been called to the importance of the timber trade of Sardinia; but unless some measures be taken to prevent the destruction of the forests, as now going on, they will soon become of little value to any one.

Horses and horse-racing—ever the industry of the idle—are the national passion of the Sardes. Their ancient laws indicate the early attention paid to the breed of horses, and there is hardly a villager so poor as not to own one. Boast of the merits of their steeds they all do, and "and to disparage a Sarde's horse is," as Mr. Tyndale observes, "as dangerous as to praise his wife." The abundance of these animals is easily accounted for. In the first place, their average price is about four pounds; in the next, they keep themselves, as the owner has only to turn them loose upon the common, always at hand; and, lastly, they are much required, as in most parts of the island they are the only means of transport. The Sarde horse has the valuable qualities of sure-footedness, docility and endurance, and with the aid of a stick, a sharp bit, and starvation, he is indoctrinated into a peculiar step called the *portante* pace. This movement is described as something between a Turkish amble and a trot—a *glissade*—and delightfully easy, "Il viaggiare in Sardegna," says an Italian writer, cited by Mr. Tyndale; "e perciò la più dolce cosa del mondo; l'antipongo all' andare in barca col vento in poppa." "Travelling in Sardinia is, on this account, one of the most agreeable things in the world; I prefer it to going in a boat with the wind astern." Mr. Borrer,‡ we remember, mentions, that except the "chasseurs d'Afrique," who have Arab steeds, the cavalry in Algeria are mostly mounted on Sarde horses.

The Sarde language assimilates quite as much to the ancient Latin as to the modern Italian, and this and many of their usages show how long the Roman influence has lingered there. It has a good deal the aspect of the Romance dialect, but on examination is found to

* From the Spanish *matar*, to stay; but its accepted meaning in Italian and Sarde is *check-mate*, or conquer.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 154.

† *Vide* vol. i. p. 153 to 179.

‡ "A Campaign in the Kabylie, by Dawson Borrer, Esq."

resemble more nearly the Roman and Neapolitan; and it is singular that it should approximate to them, rather than to the speech of Piedmont, with which country it has been so long and so intimately connected.

Dante and others refer to the too careless costume of the Sardinian women. Mr. Tyndale does not much complain of this particular, but he assures us of the sober truth of what is a good deal worse, that is, that in most parts of the island the people of both sexes, young and old, wear at night no clothes whatever. Here are his "ipsissima verba:" "The Sardes almost always sleep naked, married and single; and no matter how many may be in the bed—father, mother, and children—all are in a state of complete nudity, a practice I had several opportunities of witnessing." Where such indelicacy prevails, no one will be surprised to hear that the standard of morals is not high.

The Sardes have to a remarkable degree the Italian talent of improvising; and one district—the Limbarra—is especially the Parnassus of the island. These Improvisatori and Improvisatrici are wont to "lisp in numbers, and to breathe in song;" and yet, it seems, few, we believe none, have been recognised as poets. "The shepherd," says our author, "roaming on the mountains, with a happy indifference as to A or Z forming any part of his speech, will perpetrate couplets and stanzas, *ad infinitum*, either to his mistress or to his flock. His heart is a high-pressure rhyming engine, which must have a vent, and the length of his pastorella's locks, or the tails of his sheep, are equally his safety-valves. This innate power of making verses is much aided by the nature of their language, which, like the Italian, is simple, melodious, and abounding in vowel endings. The mode, however, in which they can most of them deal with a given subject, so much above what might be expected from either their station or their education, is very deserving of notice.

The soil of Sardinia is, as we have said, fertile; and on this account the colonise thens were eager to gain and Carthagina island. When from their

hands it passed into those of the Romans, Polybius describes it (lib. i. c. 79-82) as "an island very considerable, as well by the greatness and the number of its inhabitants, as for the fruits and produce of the country."

While subject to Roman rule its agriculture appears to have advanced, for we find in the Latin writers many references to its productiveness. Not to speak of Pomponius Mela, Silius Italicus, Lucan, and Pausanias, and many others,* we shall just mention that Claudian, himself a native of fertile Egypt, describes it as "dives ager frugum," and that amongst some better known to us—Horace, tells of the "opimas Sardiniae segetes feracis;" Cicero calls Sicily, Africa, and Sardinia "the three granaries of the state;" and Livy says that the corn for the Roman army and navy was supplied from this island. When we compare the present condition of the country with passages such as these, authenticating its former fertility, it is instructive to observe what wonders native indolence, the want of settled order, evil usages, and bad laws, have wrought in rendering it poor and unproductive. During the seven centuries that it remained connected with the Roman empire, it was, as we have seen, one of the granaries of the state. The population, in the time of the Romans, amounted to about two millions, and most of the land was under cultivation. In the present day the population is stated at 524,000, that is a little more than a fourth of what it was, and three-fourths of the lands are uncultivated. The main causes of this reverse appear to be, the decay of the Roman empire, and the loss of the impulse which the prosperity of Sardinia had derived from her connexion with Rome; then her complete separation from the Roman rule, and the disorganization into which she was thrown by the irregularities, and the unsystematic sway of the Vandals and Saracens. Consequent on all this was the decrease of population, which appears to have, of itself, led to an early and extensive "communanza" of land; "for private property," Mr. Tyndale observes, "re-signed or unclaimed, naturally merged

into open and public possession." These communal, called also "vidazzone" portions, are at the present day so numerous, that the "tancae," or inclosures (from the Sarde "tancare," to enclose), belonging to individuals, are but few in comparison to them. The latter are usually vineyards, olive grounds, almond plantations, orchards, and the like, with small portions for tillage or pasture. "The vidazzone is," says our author, "a large extent of land possessed by either communes or individuals, divided by an ideal line into three portions, one of which is annually set apart for tillage, the rest being left fallow, and open for pasturage; but the name, though generally applied to the entire of the land, is nevertheless used as the part cultivated, in contradistinction to the 'parabile, or fallow, a word derived from the Latin 'pabulum.' The communal as well as the private vidazzone are alike subject to the immemorial usage of letting about two-thirds lie fallow. The former are annually apportioned by lot, and the latter changed at the will of the proprietor, consequently the cultivators of the soil under either tenure have no interest in its improvement, for," as Mr. Tyndale says, "the same portion seldom falls to their lot on the next partition, and it is only one year in three that they obtain any profit for their labour." This injurious usage of leaving two-thirds of the land fallow, is obligatory on the landowners and the tenants alike: all admit its evil, but all pertinaciously oppose every attempt at alteration.

The oppressive feudal system prevailed in Sardinia until the year 1836, when it was abolished; but so much that is bad was left, that even this change has made no perceptible improvement. The lands were, on the abolition of feudalism, divided "into extensive freeholds, held by the king and the nobles; into common lands, belonging to, and occupied or leased by, the communes; and a very small portion held by the labourers in mountainous districts"—

"The private land owners, who scarcely ever reside on their estates, employ a superintendent; but when they cultivate the land themselves, the labourers are paid irrespective of their labour, though the more general system

is to subdivide the land into small allotments held on annual leases, for which the poor and wretched tenants, if such a title can be given them, are obliged to incur heavy debts to their landlords for the necessary stock; and thus becoming subject to his exactions, years of labour are frequently insufficient to clear the amount of their incumbrances. Sometimes they agree to give the landlord half the produce, somewhat on the cottier system of Ireland, they finding the labour, oxen, and implements, and he, land, seed, and dwellings; but even this, the most favourable system, gives them barely the means of subsistence, never of much profit; and in their frequent removal from farm to farm, they only exchange one misery for another. This metayer system has all the evils, without the advantages found under it in Tuscany.

"Without entering into details of the state of agriculture, it may be observed, that in a few instances the government has enacted theoretical laws, private individuals have attempted reforms, and practical improvements have been made by foreign colonists who have established themselves there; but with these exceptions it may be said to be in the lowest degree of worthlessness, and in everything connected with it the most consummate ignorance and prejudice prevail. The radical evils are the great extent of *communanza*, the defect in inclosures, the system of *vidazzoni*, the want of cottages near the cultivated lands, the unhealthiness of the soil and air, the general idleness, listless antipathy to work, and want of population. The three first have been mentioned, and the others require but little comment. The labourers generally reside in the towns or villages, preferring them to detached cottages in the agricultural districts; and as it is their custom not to leave their homes before the sun is well up, and to be at home by sunset, for which the noxious exhalations before and after these hours are their excuse—the time consumed in roaching their destination, refreshing themselves and returning home, reduces their positive labour to half a day's work, and on this account labour is both scarce and dear." —Vol. ii. pp. 105-8.

Such is the condition of the land system in Sardinia, and yet the best authorities aver that there is enough of uncultivated soil to support seven times the present population, and that were even what is now in cultivation well worked, treble the produce might be gained with only the same amount of labour. The very fertility of the

island is assigned as the "inopem me copia fecit," one of the causes of its distress; another is found in the unhealthiness of the climate, its fevers, ague, and intemperie: but all these ills arise, mainly no doubt, and perhaps altogether, from neglect—from the forests which cover a large portion of the island being still uncleared, from the vast quantity of land left idle, from the want of drainage, and, in a word, from the ignorance and indolence of the people. Were they instructed in the duties of their station, rather than in Latin and belles-lettres, and taught the better methods of agriculture, the physical and moral condition of their island might wear another aspect. All the blame, however, is not to be ascribed to those idle habits of which Mr. Tyndale makes such frequent mention. The government is not guiltless: it has to answer for ill-judged laws badly administered; for what it has, and for what it has not done, for such a primary want as that of roads, rendering the transport of produce difficult, and thus reducing profits; and for export duties, which are at once fluctuating and oppressive. We are told that in consequence of this last-mentioned circumstance, cheese was in the Donori district so plentiful in the year 1842, that "for want of the means of carriage and export, some of it was used for manuring the ground; and in the Nuoso country grain was so abundant that it rotted and was destroyed;"* and Mr. McCulloch,† in speaking of the corn trade of this island, says, with, we are told, great justice: "As if to annihilate the possibility of the peasantry emerging from their depressed condition, and to oblige them to confine their industry to the supply of their indisputable wants, it has been enacted that no corn shall be exported if its price exceed thirty reals the starello, and a heavy duty is laid on all that is exported, as a substitute for a general land-tax. Most other articles of export have been loaded with similar duties, and it would really seem that every device that ignorance and shortsighted rapacity could suggest, had been practised to reduce this 'benignant nurse'

of imperial Rome to a state of poverty and destitution."

The wheat of Sardinia is said to be heavier and harder than that grown on the Continent, bears a higher price at Genoa than that of Odessa, and is always preferred in the making of macaroni, vermicelli, and other "paste."

Before leaving the topic of agriculture, we must notice an institution of some interest connected with it, called the Monte di Soccorso. This is a fund for the loan of grain and specie, established in 1650, and designed for the aid and encouragement of agriculture. It is divided into two parts, the Monte Granatico, and the Monte Nummario, and has in every town and village ramifications, called "giunte locali," composed of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. The "giunte locale" is in subjection to the "giunte diocesana," of which the bishop is president, and this again is subordinate to the "giunte generale" established at Cagliari under the direction of the viceroy and chief authorities.

"The object of the institution is to furnish indigent agriculturists with grain for sowing, with money for the purchase of oxen and farming implements, and to meet the expenses of labour; and to these purposes alone are the funds, on any pretext, to be applied. In September a proclamation is made in the villages, notifying to all applicants for assistance, that they must appear on a certain day before the giunta locale, to declare the number of their oxen, the quality and extent of the ground they have prepared, and other particulars, previous to granting their demands. These being confirmed by a visit of the local censor to the spot, assisted by five inhabitants of the place, of known probity, their claims are submitted to the giunta diocesana, when, if approved, the advance is made on a certain day. All grain thus borrowed is returned at harvest time, allowing an interest of one-fifteenth. When there is a superfluous quantity of grain in the magazines after all the loans have been made, the remainder, to prevent the risk of being spoiled, is distributed in equal portions to all the inhabitants of the village, of whatever condition, who are only bound to return, at harvest time,

* See vol. ii. p. 109.

† Geo. Dict., Art. "Sardinia," 636.

the quantity actually received; and this repayment, as well as the other, is made under the superintendence of the local censor, who levies the grain upon the spot previous to harvest.

"With regard to the funds in money, one-half is advanced on the purchase of oxen and instruments of labour; and the other on the expenses of the harvest, &c. The former, purchased by these means, are a security for the sum lent; and for the latter, an interest of one per cent., from September to September, is exacted with rigour, and if not obtained in cash, the institution has further a lien on the crop while on the ground.

"The funds of the 'Monte Granatico,' consisting exclusively of grain, are lent and reimbursed solely in kind; while those of the 'Monte Nummario,' although derived by the sale of produce obtained by 'roadia,' or otherwise, must always be reduced to money. To this is added the produce of the sale of any grain remaining over and above the stock which each monte granatico is required to possess as capital; as well as any bequests and fines which may fall to the establishment. Their funds, which, at the time of their foundation in 1767, amounted to 60,000 starelli (about 82,028 bushels) have now only amounted to 200,000, or about 287,097 bushels. Each giunta takes annually by 'roadia,' a certain quantity of corn and barley for seed, and hires land for its cultivation. The 'roadia' consists in the compulsory tillage and sowing of the land by the inhabitants of the village, each of whom is bound to contribute in his turn a day's labour with his oxen, or some other service, under pain of a proportionate fine; shepherds alone being exempt from this duty. These unpaid services are confined to such labours as precede the harvest; but the expenses of the threshing, winnowing, and transport of the grain to the magazines, are defrayed by the monte, unless any labourers should not have been included in the former task, in which case they are bound to perform these duties."—Vol. ii., pp. 116, 117.

If, after payment of demands, a surplus should remain, the monti may, with permission of the Viceroy, apply it to public objects, such as the construction of roads, bridges, drainage of marshes, &c. In some of the monti the funds have, as we learn, increased one-third since their foundation, and yet so dilatory are the local authorities in availing themselves of the means of

doing anything for the benefit of their neighbourhood, that a considerable loss of life is incurred every year from the want of bridges.

We are disposed to agree with Mr. Tyndale, in thinking, that as private institutions, unfettered by government restrictions, something of the nature of the Monte di Soccorso might be advantageous. It seems, however, that they have not proved so in Sardinia; the central system on which they depend has not worked well, and has tended to encourage indolence rather than exertion. The repayment of the loan is often evaded, fraud and partiality prevail in the administration of the funds, the government is placed in the position of an exacting creditor, while its many debtors experience a constant persecution.

The system of the Sardinian government was introduced by the Aragon dynasty and, based on the principles of the Catalanian Cortes; it was for that period extremely liberal. The "Corte Generale" assembly, or parliament, was formed of three chambers, or "Stamenti"—the ecclesiastical, the military, comprising nobility and gentry of the age of twenty-one, and the royal chamber, composed of deputies from the towns. The "Stamenti," which became the established title of the Sarde parliament, met in early times once in every ten years; but they do not appear to have been at any time an effective assembly, and for about three centuries and a-half—that is, during the whole period of their connection with Spain, they were convoked no oftener than seventeen times, which is about once in every twenty years. Since the transfer of Sardinia to the house of Savoy, the Stamenti have been as they are now, but the shadow of a name. They were at first applied to for donations, but their power of refusal was not recognised, and they were not even assembled. For upwards of a century the application to the Stamenti has continued to be an unmeaning form, and at the present day, the Sardes have no longer the semblance of representation, or anything to do with taxes but to pay them. Although the rule of the present monarch* has thus be-

* This article, it will be seen, was written before the recent abdication of Carlo Alberto.—Ed.

come absolute in Sardinia, it would be unjust to withhold from him the praise of having done, at least, more than any other sovereign of his race towards cleansing the Augean ills of that ill-fated island. He has, as we have seen, abolished the feudal system, and he is now applying himself to the introduction of a new code of legislation, and a better arrangement of the public departments. Never, indeed, was there a state which it was easier to improve; in no other, perhaps, were the laws so confused, so conflicting, so badly administered, or the people so universally involved in litigation.

The relation between Sardinia and Piedmont has been at times compared to that of our own country with England. We do not see that the parallel is at all more striking than a celebrated one which was once instituted between the river in Macedon and the river in Wales; and the resemblance, if any, lies in the fish which are in both. The Sardes, like our fellow-countrymen, are intelligent, but like them, they are disposed to indolence, and more patient of misery than of toil. With soils which energy might make to teem with produce, each rests content with the lowest scale of subsistence; while the fisheries around their mutual shores either lie neglected, or yield their rich profits to other hands.

Whether these traits are the result of race, or have been wrought by wrong influences to which the inhabitants of these islands have been re-

spectively exposed, it is not our purpose to inquire; neither can we dwell on phases of better character in which the nations are again alike. If, as has been averred, they are both of Punic origin, there seems but little reason to suppose that their common indolence is a native attribute—it apparently formed on ingredient in the Carthaginian character. Of that great people we know hardly anything, save through their jealous rivals; but even from them we may collect, that there was no more enterprising nation in all antiquity—none who so fearlessly explored the seas, or who carried commerce and colonies to such distant lands. In connection with this topic, it may be worth while to direct attention to those singular Sardinian ruins called the *Noraghe*, and which appear to be of Phœnician, or Carthaginian origin. Their main feature is a truncated cone, or tower, from thirty to sixty feet high; and they have a sufficient resemblance to the round towers of our own country, to excite our interest about them. Mr. Tyndale, in a learned dissertation on the subject, refers to the able work of our distinguished antiquary, Dr. Petrie. We had intended to have examined at greater length both the *Noraghe*, and the *Sepulture de is Gigantes*, but exhausted limits warn us to desist; and for these and other points deserving of notice, but quite untouched upon, we commend the reader to the well-filled pages of Mr. Tyndale's scholarlike book.

THE LEGOFF FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

ON the coast of Brittany, between the town of St. Brieuc and the village of *Bignic*, lies a kind of manor-house, at all times ennobled by the surrounding country with the appellation of "*the Castle*;" the origin of this name arose from an embattled tower that overshadowed the rest of the building. In fact, before the revolution of '89, the Coat D'Or was the dwelling of the lords of that place; then becoming national property, the owls took possession of it, and there, in peace, propagated their species until 1815, when the *Legoff family* bought this demesne and came to live on it. Its aspect was gloomy, and its environs uncultivated; on one side the ocean, and, on the other, wilds of rushes stretching out of sight. Between the two seas which it commanded, like a promontory, the castle appeared lonely and sad, and the tower, a kind of lighthouse.

On a winter's evening, the three brothers Legoff were sitting in a chamber on the ground floor, which they generally used as a parlour. It was a large room, presenting a *bizarre* mixture of luxury, elegance, and rustic simplicity; for, whilst a rich carpet spread its brilliant colours over the floor, the ceiling was blackened both by smoke and time; the walls were merely whitewashed, but the hangings were of white silk, with red damask under-curtains; a few rush-bottomed chairs humbly bore company to a magnificent *fauteuil* of rosewood and velvet, surprised to find itself in such bad society. Carbines, sabres, daggers, boarding-pikes, and fowling-pieces in their leather cases, were suspended over the chimney-piece; an ebony piano, inlaid with brass, occupied the further end of the apartment, of which the three brothers Legoff were not the least ornament.

The sweet and intelligent countenance of Joseph made a pleasing contrast with the ugliness of his brothers. Everybody was at once attracted by his delicate and thoughtful appearance, and soon found him most agreeable. With his long brown coat buttoned to the chin, and his sleek fair hair di-

vided in the middle, falling negligently on his neck and shoulders, you would have thought him one of those old Breton hards who mingled their pious meditations with the holiest inspirations of the muse. The two others, to speak candidly, had the look of unlicked bears.

The brother Christophe wore, under a wrapper of goat-skin, the dress of a sailor during the time of the emperor; he had short legs and remarkable *en-bonpoint*; a long and uncultivated beard, heavy eyebrows, and an enormous head, covered with a forest of black hair: with a flip he could have killed Joseph, or a bull with a blow.

Jean, the eldest of the family, about fifty years of age, was a long, thin fellow, and beside Christophe, bore no small resemblance to Don Quixote in the company of Sancho Panza; his red moustachios were bristling like the quills of a porcupine; the most important portion of his dress was a grey coat, which he wore *à la façon de l'Empereur*. The three brothers wore great wooden shoes, in which they strutted with ease over a carpet worth a thousand crowns.

Seated around the fire-place all three appeared the prey of a violent anxiety, which each expressed according to his character: Jean and Christophe by swearing, Joseph praying in a low tone, and watching in an absent manner the blazing fire. From time to time, Christophe or Jean, each in his turn, would start up and look through the window for some minutes, then returning to his place would sit down more agitated than before. Joseph interrupted his prayers to consult one of those wooden clocks, called *coucous*, which mingled its monotonous ticking with the chirruping of the crickets and the whistling of the wind.

The evening was already far advanced, and exceedingly dark; the apartment was lighted by the fire only. The storm raged without.

The clock struck seven, and at the seventh stroke Christophe and Jean stood up together, and began walking

up and down the room, a lively anxiety imprinted on their faces: motionless on his seat, Joseph redoubled the fervour of his prayers. They listened to the noise of the rain beating against the windows, and the roaring of the ocean as it broke against the rocks.

"Bad weather," said Jean.

"Fatal anniversary," added Christophe; "nineteen years ago, on the same day, and in like weather, our old father and young brother perished at sea."

"God be merciful to them!" murmured Joseph, crossing himself.

"Ay, and day for day, hour for hour, seventeen years since, Jerome died," exclaimed Jean, shaking his head.

"Faith, it is true," said Christophe, with a kind of superstitious awe.

"My God," said Joseph, with fervour, "be it thy will that this unfortunate day brings no new misfortune."

At this moment the door opened, and a servant man appeared on the threshold, the rain dripping from his hair and clothes.

"Well, Yvon, what news—what news," asked the three brothers at the same time."

"No news—no news, masters," replied Yvon in a dispirited tone; "we beat the coast from Bignic to Herissière, where we lost all traces of our young mistress; between the two villages she must have taken to the fields, unless, taking advantage of low water, she left the road to gallop across the sands."

"If it be so, all is lost!" cried Christophe, in despair.

"It is more likely," rejoined Yvon, "that Mademoiselle, overtaken by the storm, has taken shelter in some neighbouring cottage."

"No, no," said Jean, "she is not a girl to fly danger, and if she live, she is on horseback and galloping home."

A blast of wind shook the doors and windows, and they heard the tiles tumbling from the housetop.

"Heaven protect us!" cried Joseph, falling on his knees.

When Yvon had retired, a lively altercation took place between Jean and Christophe. They began reproaching each other with the strange manner in which Jeanne had been brought up, and concluded by saying, that neither of them were blameable on that account; and all their re-

proaches now fell upon Joseph. This point once established, the fable of the wolf and the lamb was really acted, with this difference, that instead of one wolf there were two.

"Behold, wretch!" exclaimed Jean, turning on Joseph the fury of his passion—"behold the result of the fine education you have given that child—the fruit of your cowardly condescension and blind tenderness."

"But, Jean ——" timidly interrupted Joseph.

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Christophe, pushing him by the shoulders, "you are the whole cause of the mischief."

"But, Christophe ——" humbly began Joseph.

"Answer!" exclaimed Jean, "in what family but ours did you ever see girls of sixteen leave home in the morning, go galloping over the fields, and returning only in the evening?"

"Would to God she had returned?" said Joseph; "but, Jean, the horse which Jeanne rides for the first time to-day, it was you gave it to her, much against my will."

"Oh! *Mille Tonnerres*, I forgot that," returned Jean, striking his forehead; "a young animal, fiery, restive, scarcely broken; if any misfortune happen to the girl, I shall visit it upon you."

"You shall answer for her on your head," added Christophe, shaking him by the arms.

"I would willingly give my life to preserve her to you," replied Joseph. "But, you forget, it was you who made a present to Jeanne of the riding-dress which she wears to-day; and, was it not you, also, who gratified her wish for an English saddle?"

"But, knave! it was you who fostered those faults and imperfections which spoil her good qualities. It is you who encouraged her in all her caprices. It is to the over-tenderness of your cares, and the blindness of your compliance, that we owe her whimsical selfwilled ——"

"Without the slightest deference towards us," interrupted Jean.

"Following but her fancy," replied Christophe, "trifling pitilessly with our love and peace."

"A demon, in fine!" exclaimed Jean, burying his hands in his pockets.

"You see then, villain, that if any misfortune happen to her, you alone

ought to be blamed for it." Joseph bore the fire of this double battery with the resignation of a martyr.

"My dear brothers," began he, timidly, "I do not wish to examine how far you have been my accomplices in the weaknesses with which you reproach me—meanwhile, allow me to observe, that if, at any time, a voice were raised, to advise, direct, or even reprimand, that voice was never other than mine; if I had been consulted, if I had been allowed to act freely, Jeanne should be different from what she is, and now, we should not be trembling for the safety of so dear a being. Remember, brothers, that I always blamed the taste for violent exercises which it pleased you to encourage in her. Have I not, many a time, braved your anger in seeking to give another bent to her inclinations? How happy would it not have made me, to see at our fireside a girl pious and modest, guardian spirit of our home, devoted to the peaceable cultivation of domestic virtues? If my hopes have failed me, God knows it is not my fault. Is it not you, brothers, who have reared her a young amazon? Have I inspired her with aught else than the love of arts, and a taste for holier studies?"

"Do you mean to say, master bigot, that had we given you your way, we would have at our fireside a prude, stuffed with piety, deafening us, from morning to night, with her sermons and *oramus*?"

"Brother," answered Joseph, "do you think it preferable to tremble at every instant for the safety of her we love better than ourselves?"

"Enough, enough!" said Christophe, with an air of brutal authority; "moreover, all that shall soon be changed. I am tired to see a child giving laws in the house, and, to speak frankly, leading us by the nose. I take upon myself to give her a good scolding."

"And I," said Jean, "to point out to her a line of conduct rather different from the one she has hitherto pursued."

"Hark! hark!" exclaimed Joseph, standing up with a sudden movement of fear. It was the tempest which redoubled its fury: the waves rushed with fearful violence into the fissures of the rocks, bordering the shore. Although it was but the month of February, the thunder rumbled, and

one could see, in the glare of the lightning, the sea rolling mountains high. The three Legoffs remained motionless with fear. The clock struck eight.

"Come, brothers," said Joseph, "we have wasted too much time in words. Let us get torches lighted, and let our servants come with us, to search the coast and the environs."

But as they were preparing to leave, a violent knock shook the door of the castle; almost at the same time the pavements of the courtyard resounded under the hoofs of a horse, and the entire house re-echoed with a joyful barking.

"The holy name of God be blessed!" exclaimed Joseph, in a transport of pious joy and gratitude. Jean and Christophe compressed the emotion of their hearts, and prepared to receive the young girl according to her merits.

Frightened at the severe expression which darkened their brows—"Brothers," said Joseph, "let us be indulgent once more, let us not treat this child with a severity to which she has not been accustomed. She is a tender and susceptible being, whom we must fear to scare."

"Behold," said Christophe to Jean, "this crouching dog is going to lick her feet."

Joseph wished to insist; but suddenly two large greyhounds rushed into the room, jumped madly on the furniture, rolled on the carpet, then hastily ran away, to return almost immediately, escorting with their gambols the entrance of their young mistress.

She entered, calm and smiling—a riding-whip in her hand. She was a tall, handsome girl, haughty-looking, delicately and gracefully formed, dark complexioned, with a fine and transparent skin.* She had not that extreme frailty of those *fleurs de salon*, to which must be dispensed with care, the kisses of the sun, and the caresses of the breeze. On beholding her, you would rather have thought of one of those hardy plants which love the open heaven, and bloom best in the free air. Nor in her did vigour exclude grace, and all that might be considered rather masculine in the charms of her person was softened by the sweet *éclat* of youth which beamed on her brow and in her countenance. Already might you have read in her eye that dreamy and listless expression, that first agi-

tation of a soul and of feelings ignorant of themselves; yet, she had the rosy pouting lips of a capricious and self-will edchild. Her black hair, dishevelled by the rain, hung in dripping ringlets along her cheeks. She wore a velvet cap; a riding-dress of a simple taste wrapped the entire of her elegant and flexible form.

She walked straight to brother Jean, whom she kissed, saying: "Good evening, uncle Jean."

Then she kissed brother Christophe, saying: "Good evening, uncle Christophe."

The last she kissed was brother Joseph, repeating: "Good evening, uncle Joseph."

Having done so, she approached the grate, and whilst presenting to the fire her pretty little feet: "What is the matter, uncles?" demanded Jeanne; "I am told, you have been anxious about your niece! The only talk at Bignie is the anxiety caused in your house by my absence."

"It is," said Jean, "that coward Joseph, who always takes foolish notions into his head. He imagined that on account of the tempest, the coast was not safe, and that your life was in danger."

"The storm!" exclaimed the young girl; "it is delightful weather, Joseph."

"That is what I have been endeavouring to persuade him," replied Christophe, "but you know him to be as bold as a rabbit, and as brave as a lion: if he but hear the wind whistle, he thinks it the end of the world. He was frightened also on account of that horse which you rode for the first time."

"Oh! it's as gentle as a lamb," said Jeanne.

"That is exactly what I have been telling him," exclaimed Jean—"a lamb, a poor sheep in harness! but since a spirited ass made master Joseph bite the dust, he has vowed an implacable hatred to horses and donkeys."

"Dear child," said Joseph, "it is but too true; you have caused us much uneasiness. If you do love us, my darling Jeanne, you will in future be more mindful of our happiness."

"The devil take the booby!" exclaimed Christophe, crossly; "methinks he is going to lecture the child. But what a condition you are in, my little Jeanne," added he, lifting up the folds of the riding-dress soaked with rain.

"Your hands are as cold as ice," said Jean, "and your feet are all wet—but, Jeanne," added he, startled at the paleness of her cheeks, "you can scarce hold up, your limbs bend; you see," said he, addressing Joseph, "this is the result of your severe reprimand." Christophe rolled over the sole *fauteuil* of the drawingroom; and Jean made the young girl sit down; then both disappeared, leaving Jeanne alone with Joseph.

"It is nothing, my dear Joseph," said she, giving him her hand—"the agitation of riding, that is all. That horse, to tell the truth, flew like lightning! and I must allow that it blows rather hard along the seashore."

"Heartless child," said Joseph, in an affectionate, though reproachful tone, tenderly kissing her hand, "it is not thus I would wish you to be, beloved Jeanne."

"It cannot be helped, Joseph," replied she, with a slight gesture of impatience; "for some time I know not what I feel. Tell me—tell me, Joseph, what wild spirit has seized upon my heart?—this fever which preys upon my soul?—this desire of action—this restlessness hitherto unknown, which impels me to seek for danger. To-day, for instance, I was almost mad. I escaped killing myself, doubtless, because you were praying for me. Nor is this all: often I feel sad, nor know I why; often, would you believe it? do I surprise myself weeping, and cannot guess the cause of my tears. Well, my poor Joseph, I believe the source of all this is *ennui*. Hide me not. All you could say to me, on this subject, I have already said to myself. You love me—you all three are good—your only desire is to please me. In the morning, you are rivals for my first glance, and, in the evening, for my last smile. You anticipate even my whims—you watch my caprices to satisfy them. In fact, you love me so dearly, that I own to my shame, never, to have wept for a mother, whose caresses I never enjoyed. I am ungrateful—I know it, I feel it; but weariness overcomes me."

"Jeanne, Jeanne, how changed now," said Joseph, sighing: "has that time passed for ever, when study was the only employment of your days? Where have fled those happy hours, when the reading of a loved book sup-

plied the desires of your heart and of your mind?"

"Oh! why speak of those loved books?" exclaimed the young girl, in a passionate tone; "why did you ever allow them to enter under this roof? It was they which taught me that the world ends not at our horizon; that the sun was not created alone to shine over Bignic; and that, in fine, there is still something beyond that sea, and beyond those fields, which encircle us on all sides."

"Speak thus no more, child," said Joseph; "trouble not the affection of Christophe and Jean; spare these excellent hearts—is it not enough to have troubled mine?"

"Christophe and Jean could not comprehend me; I do not even comprehend myself. If I have disturbed your heart, Joseph, 'tis because there alone I can hope to find sympathy. In the tumult of ideas which besiege me, to whom shall I turn if it be not to you, my guide, my counsel, my master in all things, you who have made me what I am? Cannot you, Joseph—you who know everything—unravel the mystery of my own heart. Why am I thus, Joseph? I rise in the morning, buoyant with life and hope: yet, what I hope, I know not, but I feel life overflowing within me. The coming day will, methinks, reveal some sweet secret which I long to hear. Hours pass in vague expectation, and evening closes around me: sad, discouraged, and troubled to feel that the past day has brought no novelty to me, and that it has glided away as unmarked as the one which preceded it. I want for nothing; you do not even leave me leisure to desire. My will is your only law. Was there ever, under heaven, a more spoiled child than I? Betimes I ask myself, if you have not the magic wand of that fairy, whose tale you so often repeated me, to put me to sleep in my cradle. Tell me, Joseph, whence comes that vague dream of a happiness unknown to me, those aimless aspirations, that undefined hope, ever deceived and ever renewed?"

Having thus spoken, the young girl fixed upon Joseph an anxious and inquiring eye; but Joseph answered not. He remained silent, gazing into the fire, his feet on the fender.

Christophe and Jean soon returned to the parlour. Jean carried gravely

on a tray a decanter of Spanish wine; Christophe held carefully two black velvet slippers, lined with swan's-down. Joseph took the tray from his brothers, and whilst Jeanne slowly sipped the sparkling wine, Christophe and Jean kneeling before her, unlaced her boots, and helped her to glide her small and pretty feet into the silky down. This done, they still remained kneeling, with their eyes turned towards their idol, bearing no small resemblance to a pair of crouching dogs, beseeching even a look from their mistress. The burly Christophe, with his enormous head, and the lank and lean Jean, with his bristling mustaches, had the appearance, the one of a bull-dog, the other of a terrier. From the manner in which the young girl received this homage, it was easy to perceive that she had long been accustomed to it. When she had warmed her feet and hands at the fire, she retired to her apartment, and returned shortly after, habited in a *robe de chambre* of white cashmere, confined at the waist by a silken cord.

During the absence of Jeanne, the three brothers had her supper served beside the fire; she seated herself at the table, and began eating with a good appetite, whilst her three uncles gazed upon her with admiration, and her two dogs jumped about her to lick up the crumbs she let fall. From time to time she addressed some kind words to her uncles, and threw to her dogs the bones of a partridge to crunch.

"Why don't you smoke, uncles?" said she to Jean and Christophe.

"I have no more tobacco," replied Jean.

"And I broke my pipe," said Christophe.

Jeanne took from her pocket some tobacco, wrapped up in grey paper, and handed it to Jean. Then she offered Christophe a common pipe, in a little wooden case.

"You see I did not forget you," said she, smiling. "Passing through Bignic, I remembered that my uncle Christophe had broken his pipe, and that uncle Jean was at the end of his store. So I stopped at the shop. Inside there was a wedding; this morning, Yvonne, the shopkeeper's daughter, was married to the son of Thomas the fisherman. They recognized me: I had to dismount, to congratulate the new-married couple. Both, young and good-

looking, were seated side by side, hand in hand. They spoke not to each other, but seemed so happy, so very happy, that I returned, my heart quite moved."

At these words, the three brothers looked at each other stealthily.

"I don't like to see people get married," said Christophe, frowning.

"Why so, uncle?" asked Jeanne, inquisitively.

"Because—because," stammered Christophe, in an embarrassed manner.

"Simply because," replied Jean, pulling out a great cloud of smoke, "marriage is a very foolish institution."

"Marriage!" cried Jeanne, "marriage—foolish institution!—that is not what Joseph has taught me."

"Oh! but Joseph is a silly fellow, imbued with idle prejudices."

"Nor is it what the curate of Bignic says in his sermons," replied Jeanne; "to hear him, marriage is a most divine institution."

"Priests all say the same," returned Christophe; "but tell me, if they believe what they say, why do they not marry? Moreover who gets married? Nobody. Sure neither Joseph nor I ever thought of it, and those who do it once don't wish to do it twice," continued he, pointing at Jean. "Not many years since I was still good-looking, and many a damsel did I meet in my way, who coveted both my heart and hand. Nor did Jean want opportunities to try his luck once more; but thank God, both of us understand that celibacy is the natural state of mankind."

"But still my father married," said Jeanne.

"That was not the best thing he did," replied Christophe.

"Do you mean to say, uncle, that I am one too many in the house?" added the young girl, rising from the table, the tears starting to her eyes.

At these words, they took her hands, covered them with kisses, and protested that they looked upon her as a blessing from heaven. Christophe, angry with himself, tore his hair, and owned that he was a wretch unworthy of pity. Jeanne was obliged to calm him, and kissed him with a moving grace.

"Do you not see," said Joseph, "your uncles were jesting, and wished only to make you understand that you are yet too young to think of marriage?"

"Too young!" exclaimed Jeanne; "Yvonne, who was married this very day, is only sixteen, and I, next spring, shall be seventeen."

"Yes," replied Jean, "but well-educated girls never marry before thirty."

"I am I well educated?" saucily asked the self-willed girl.

"Your mother," said Joseph, "was thirty-two when she married Jerome."

"Pray what age was uncle Jean's wife when she married him?" asked Jeanne.

"But she was a *Vicandière*," returned Christophe.

At these words Jean's brow darkened, and he was about to speak, when the conversation was interrupted by a violent clap of thunder, which shook all the windows of the castle. The storm continued with unabated fury.

"Indeed," said the young girl, "this is bad weather for those at sea."

At this moment a servant-man entered, and said, that they thought they heard, for the last quarter of an hour, the firing of some ship in danger. Jeanne and the three brothers listened attentively; but they only heard the rambling of the thunder and the noise of the waves, which sounded, in fact, like distant firing. Christophe ordered the lantern of the tower to be lighted.

Jeanne was evidently pre-occupied; her uncles observed her with inquietude. Being of a delicate constitution, she either felt influenced by the weather, or forebode that something strange was about to occur in the order of her life. She was uneasy and nervous; she sat down at her piano, and ran her fingers over the keys, then got up, almost immediately, to go to the window. After staying some moments, her forehead pressed against the glass, watching the flashes of lightning which tore the veil of night, she returned to her piano, tried to sing, but ceasing suddenly after a few notes, she remained silent, her head resting on her hand.

The three brothers, standing round the fireplace, gazed attentively upon her.

"There is something wrong," whispered Jean, mysteriously, in the ear of Christophe.

"She is yet but a child," said the latter; "let us endeavour to amuse her, and change the current of her thoughts."

They all three approached and stood

near Jeanne, but she seemed not to perceive them.

"You are sad, dear Jeanne," said Joseph, placing his hand tenderly on her shoulder. She started.

"I sad!" exclaimed she, looking up; "why should I be sad? I am not sad, Joseph."

"I say, Jeanne," began Christophe, "we haven't gone a fishing for a long time."

"I don't care for fishing," said she.

"And hunting?" asked Jean; "when shall we go and beat our fields and preserves?"

"I don't care for hunting," said Jeanne.

"This morning," added Joseph, "after your departure, we received a parcel of books and songs."

"I care for neither fishing, hunting, books, nor songs," repeated Jeanne.

The three brothers looked at her with a disconsolate air.

"Come," said Christophe, "has any desire of yours escaped our observation? Is there some fancy we neglected to satisfy?—some caprice we did not guess?"

"Perhaps," asked Jean, "you are not pleased with the last jewels arrived from Paris?"

"If you dislike your ermine muff," said Christophe, "you must tell us so."

"I'd bet," exclaimed Jean, rubbing his hands, "that she wishes for a new cachmere shawl."

"For an Arabian horse," said Christophe.

"A double-barrelled gun?" demanded Jean.

"A diamond brooch?"

"A pair of pistols?"

At each of these questions, Jeanne shook her head with a disdainful and pettish air.

"*Mille millions de tonnerres!*" cried Christophe, at his wit's end, "what have you need of? what do you wish for?—whatever it be, I will give it to you, even should I re-equip *La Vaillance*, and, myself alone, make war against the whole world. Speak, command, order. Shall I lay at your feet all the treasures of the Indies?"

"Do you wish one of the stars of the firmament?" exclaimed Jean, wishing not to be outdone in generosity, "I will pluck it from the sky, myself, and place it on your forehead."

"And," said Joseph, in his turn, leaning towards Jeanne, "if you wished at your girdle one of the flowers which grow on the highest peak of the Alps, I would go seek it."

To all these questions the young girl replied not, nor did she seem inclined to reply, when all at once she stood up, her brow pale, her eye sparkling.

"Hark! do you not hear?" she exclaimed, running to open a window overlooking the sea; and they all four remained motionless, their eyes peering into the void. After a few minutes' gloomy silence, a pale light silvered the foaming waves, and at the same moment the sound of a gun was heard.

CHAPTER II.

PREVIOUS to their becoming owners of the Coat D'Or, the Legoffs were merely a poor family of fishermen, living as they best might. In 1806, this family was composed of the father, his wife, and four sons, of herculean stature, all healthy, and ever hungry, save the youngest, who inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, for which he was often ridiculed by the others: however, all three loved him, and if they laughed at his weakness, they protected him when necessary, so that the children of the village seldom dared to bully the little Legoff, who had over at command the arms of the three fine lads, which were anything but paralysed.

On the first day of the year 1806,

the eldest joined the army. In the month of November, of the same year, was published the decree of the Continental blockade, dated from the imperial camp at Berlin. At this news the head of the family began to think: he was brave, enterprising, and accustomed to a seafaring life; the two sons left him (he accounted as nothing the last) were possessed by the adventurous spirit of the age. With the aid of a shipowner of St. Brienc, he obtained letters of marque, armed the privateer *La Vaillance*, and took to cruising in the channel, accompanied by his two sons, and some willing accomplices recruited at Bignon. The trade was a good one; the Legoffs followed it conscientiously, that is, with-

out any conscience at all. The inhabitants of Bignic still remember the story of an unfortunate Danish brig, which these demons seized under the pretext of a dozen of English china plates being very innocently on board; but at that time people were not so particular, or rather were too much so.

Thanks to the honesty of their proceedings, the Legoffs were enabled, after a few months, to buy out the ship-owner of St. Brieuc, and then plunder on their own account.

In the meantime the little Legoff (his name was Joseph) grew up under the care of his mother, a pious, simple, and good-hearted woman, who reared her son in the fear of God and the practices of religion; on the other hand, the curate of Bignic, who had taken a great fancy to Joseph, for his mild and good disposition, was fond of bringing him to his parsonage, and developing the natural learning he had discovered in him; thus the young Legoff became the pride of his village. He knew not only how to read, write, and calculate, but had also picked up a little Latin, cultivated literature, and even occupied himself with theology. He sang in the choir, and it was reported, at Bignic, that he was no stranger to the fine things which the reverend curate expounded on Sundays from the pulpit. His mother's desire was, that he should enter the Church—she even hinted it to her husband; but old Legoff, who, although a Breton, had at all times shown Voltairean tendencies, positively declared that he would have no black-coat in his family. The good woman was, therefore, compelled to abandon the fondest of her ambitions.

In 1812, old Legoff saw his family increased by a fifth son; the child was christened Hubert, and Master Pirate invited to his table the best sailors of his crew to celebrate this happy event.

The poor mother scarcely enjoyed this last blessing of Providence. Shortly after the birth of Hubert, she fell dangerously ill, and having dragged on a lingering life for some months, she breathed her last in the arms of Joseph, who was the only one at home to assist her in her last moments. During the absence of his father and brothers, Joseph took care of the house, and watched, with care and tenderness, over the childhood of the newcomer.

At last, in 1815, old Legoff and his two sons, Christophe and Jerome, resolved to peacefully enjoy the fruits of their plunder. With the fortune they had realised, they purchased the Coat D'Or, and there retired with Joseph, little Hubert, and 50,000 francs a-year. Since the rout of the French army in Russia, no news had been heard of Jean, the eldest of the family, and they had every reason to believe that he had perished in that awful disaster. The Legoffs consoled themselves by looking at the last-born, who grew visibly; but scarcely had these good people enjoyed their happiness two years, when a dreadful misfortune befell them.

The old privateer was fond of little excursions at sea, with his youngest son. One day that the boat sailed to the open sea, a furious storm rose, and ever since, nothing was heard either of the father or of the son—both were swallowed by the waves.

You may imagine the despair of the three brothers. Nothing could depict the grief of Joseph, who, having brought up his young brother, looked upon him almost as his child; but Heaven reserved for them a consolation. A short time after, they were all three seated before the door of their dwelling, and conversing sadly over their recent misfortune. A poor wretch approached them, badly clothed, almost barefooted, and leaning on a stick; a thick beard concealed half his face. Though still young, he seemed to bend beneath the weight of years. The three brothers at first mistook him for a beggar, and Joseph was about to offer him alms. The poor man, however, after contemplating them in silence, said, in a broken tone—

“Is it possible that you don't recognise me?”

At these words six arms were thrown open to receive him. This was Jean returning from the farthest corner of Russia, where he had been kept prisoner. They at once told him what had happened in his absence; the joy of his return was, therefore, mingled with bitterness.

Thus were our four brothers collected under the one roof—rich and happy, having but to enjoy the fortune which they owed to England alone. Born and reared in misery; once humble owners of a little cot-

tage, now possessors of an old manor-house, lords of its domains, and kings of the coast along which they had once gathered seaweed and cast their nets. Nevertheless, weariness soon overtook them; and their fireside became as unhappy as it had formerly been poor.

Like branches torn from the parent tree, Christophe, Jerome, and Joseph never recovered from the misfortune which at once carried away the stem and the offshoot of the family. That sombre dwelling, no longer cheered by the green old age of the father, or the merry youth of the last-born, became as silent and desolate as the grave. Their home in losing little Hubert had lost the only charm it possessed. The three brothers loved that child—above all, Joseph cherished him with an uncommon affection. Hubert was their toy—their amusement, as well as their hope. Rather disinclined to marry, devoted to celibacy by reason as much as by taste, they had all three placed on that fair head the future of their dynasty: to him they left the care of transmitting their name to posterity. What fine projects had they not formed round his cradle!—what sweet dreams had they not caressed! In the evenings, by the fire-light, the little darling climbed upon the knees of the old pirate, or went gently to sleep in the arms of Joseph! What an education they had planned for him, the only heir of his brothers! What a magnificent fortune might he not hope to possess—fine projects and sweet dreams, blasted for ever by a single gale of wind. He alone will enter into their sorrow who knows what an abyss of mourning and sadness the emptiness of a cradle causes in a home—he who has wept over one of those cold and silent nests, once so full of joy, sportiveness, and rosy smiles. The unexpected return of Jean brightened for a time their darkened horizon. All was at first but a scene of exultation and delight. Jean felt a joyful surprise in finding a castle for his home, instead of the poor cottage he had left; and nothing could exceed the happiness of the three brothers to see once more the eldest of the family, whom they had thought dead. Time was pleasantly whiled away by marvellous tales and fraternal *causeries*. Christophe and Jerome narrated their exploits in the terrible war they had

waged against English trade. Jean told of his campaigns, and the sad story of the various calamities which had filled up the years of his absence. He spoke of his marriage with the *vi-vandière* of his regiment, and the poor soldier's eyes filled with tears when he described to them her beauty and courage. He told of her death, fighting beside him at the dreadful passage of the Beresina. How his heart swelled when speaking of his little Louis, the only offspring of their marriage, who was lost midst the disasters of that retreat, and who, Jean had dreamed, might yet be preserved to fight for France against his most hated foes, the English.

At this narration the three brothers could scarcely restrain their emotion, nor did Joseph fail to assign such misfortunes to a curse from heaven on their ill-gotten wealth.

"But lost!—how lost?" asked Christophe.

"Little do you know the dangers of that retreat. No sooner had my poor Fanchette been killed, than I fell wounded by her side; taken prisoner by those devils of Russians, I was sent chained to Siberia, and I have never since heard of my poor little Louis."

Joseph listened to them, for he was the only one who had nothing to relate; however, faithful to his moralizing nature, he lost not the opportunity of pointing out to them the necessity of union and concord; and showed them that their only consolation lay in their love of each other.

Struck by the truth of his observation, the brothers, for once, paid every due attention to what he said. In fact, all went on smoothly for some months.

Jerome and Christophe were two real sailors, and Jean a true soldier: all three good companions—all having the same sympathies and political opinions. However, brought up to work, possessing active dispositions, and accustomed from their earliest youth to the hazards of a perilous life, young and full of vigour, they soon felt that weariness which inactivity engenders in strong natures. They were honest, good-hearted, but rough and coarse-mannered; incapable of replacing the activity of the body by that of the mind, long wore their days and long their evenings. Their curiosity once satisfied, they knew not what

to do with themselves, nor could they imagine how to shorten the lingering hours.

Bigne was rather a poor village, and offered them no resource; St. Briene had no attractions; and being people of neither taste nor imagination, they knew how to employ neither their wealth nor their time. Their desires were still as limited and simple as when they inhabited their cottage. Their meals were scarcely more sumptuous than formerly; damask and plate were perfectly unknown on their table. The elegance of their attire corresponded with the luxury of their service: they wore more jackets than coats, and more *sabots* than boots. As to the castle, it was frightfully dilapidated. Unoccupied for a space of more than twenty years, its walls were stained by the damp, the ceilings were cracked, and the surbases eaten away by the rats. All the chimneys smoked, and not a single door or window closed properly.

The Legoffs, when coming to settle themselves there, took care not to change in the least so charming an abode: they scarcely dared to replace, by oiled paper, the panes which were wanting in every window. The most necessary pieces of furniture were strewn here and there, in vast and cold apartments with earthen floors. Joseph, who had refined tastes, and in a high degree the sense of order and harmony, of which his brothers were completely destitute, had endeavoured to give the house a more decent appearance; but being roughly warned to keep his advice to himself, he complied without a murmur, and with his usual resignation: not that these good people were misers, far otherwise, but, born in poverty, they wanted that sense which may be termed the "sense of fortune." The only tribute they paid to the wonted ostentation of *parvenus*, was their having half a dozen of servants, whose sole employment was to rob and plunder their masters on the most improved principle.

The total want of occupation buried the three brothers in *ennui*, and *ennui* naturally drove them into the path of vulgar amusements: they set themselves to drink, smoke, and play at cards. The castle became a sort of tavern—a gathering point for all the bad charac-

ters of the country. Christophe and Jerome collected all the old sailors of their crew, and Jean recruited all the *viens grognards* he could discover for twenty miles round. Every day you might see at the Coat D'Or, the army and the navy fraternizing glass in hand; but their fraternity was of short duration; for, as always happens among idle people, disunion glided between the two sailors and the soldier. Although Jean had returned from his campaigns in a miserable state, yet he had, from the very first, assumed the airs of a hero and a conqueror: talkative, a boaster, *par excellence*, he affected fine language and manners, deeply imbued with the feeling of his own importance; nor was it long before he fatigued his two brothers by his assumptions of superiority. From his own story, he had lived on terms of intimacy with the emperor, who could not do without him, and took his advice in every difficulty. You may add to such impudence, that he was often too ready to express to his brothers how little he esteemed the profession which had enriched them; nor did he refrain from giving them to understand that, after all, they were nothing else than pirates and robbers.

Jerome and Christophe began saying to each other that their eldest brother abused rather too much their credulity; and at last they became indignant to see him setting himself up as a great lord in that castle where he had had merely the trouble to enter without clothes or shoes. One fine day the war broke out: Jean did not exactly say to the pirates that they were miscreants, who twenty times over merited the rope or the galleys; nor did Christophe and Jerome exactly say to the soldier that he was but a barelegged rascal, who should beg his bread had not his brothers taken care to earn wealth for him.

These reciprocal compliments were always confined to debates, held under the pretext of deciding which of the two was superior, the army or the navy; and which was to yield the way, the flag or the colours. So much passion was displayed in the argument, that you might have imagined, on one side, Jean Bart or Duguay Trouin, and on the other, Turenne or Le Grand Condé, claiming the honour of

having saved France. Christophe and Jerome boasted of all the exploits of the French navy, and reproached Jean with all the disasters which had caused the downfall of the empire. Then Jean would take, on his own account, all the victories of the emperor, and charge his brothers with all the defeats that France had experienced at sea. You may easily imagine the exchange of civilities, which such arguments were likely to cause between folks, who handled the tongue with as much gentleness as long ago they exercised, when using their carbines or boarding-pikes; specially when arrayed: Christophe and Jerome with all the old pirates, and Jean with the wreck of *la Grande Armée*, their discussions, heated by wine, brandy, and smoke, gave rise to combats truly Homeric. These stormy sittings always began by a tender fraternity; they would at first give toasts to the glory of the emperor, and the ruin of England; they embraced each other, and drained their flowing glasses; but a single word was sufficient to destroy this tender harmony. This single word thrown into the conversation, as a spark in a magazine, the rival passions took fire, blew up, and, drunkenness aiding, became tempests, which drowned, by times, the voice of the ocean. The sailors would beat the soldiers at Waterloo, and the soldiers would beat the sailors at Aboukir. On both sides they shouted, broke glasses, and, from time to time, threw empty bottles at each other's heads, until conquerors and conquered rolled dead drunk under the table.

Meanwhile Joseph lived in this den, as an angel in the dwelling of the damned. To see him seated by the fire, with his fair hair and sweet face, in sad and thoughtful attitude, while his brothers, at a table loaded with glasses and bottles, gambled and drank, swore and smoked, you would have thought him, in truth, an angel of Albert Durer's in a *Kermesse* of Teniers, contemplating with a melancholy pity the turbulent joy of the drinkers. Imagine a hind in a wolf's den, a dove in a nest of vultures. Moreover, he assisted at these scenes of debauchery only to interfere between the contending parties, when drunkenness was at its height, and they commenced flinging insults and decanters at one another's heads.

Sometimes he succeeded in calming their passions, but oftener he was a victim. Happy, when they contented themselves with forcing him to swallow some glasses of rum, or pushing him by the shoulders, sent him to bed. Only for these events, which would have been burlesque but for the scenes with which they were accompanied, the life of Joseph flowed along, full of calmness and thoughtfulness. He had settled for himself, in the highest part of the tower, a nest, whence he saw and heard nothing but the waves. There nothing breathed of luxury or elegance, but all revealed his graceful and poetic disposition. The walls were hidden by glass-cases of butterflies and insects, and shelves laden with books, minerals, dry plants, and shells. Over his bed hung an ivory crucifix, and a little font surmounted by a palm branch; close by, a violoncello slept peacefully in its black wooden case. A table, covered with delph palettes, occupied the middle of the room. All the furniture was of walnut-wood, but neat and shining; an Indian mat spread over the floor its fine surface; the centre of the ceiling supplied by a plate of glass, over which the sea-gulls often skimmed with their light wings, left to view the celestial vault—now blue, now veiled by clouds. It was in this humble retreat that Joseph passed his days, divided between study, the fine arts, and pious exercises. He loved poetry, and composed, in the dialect of Brittany, sacred poems—sweet perfumes, which he confided to the wild sea-wind alone. He played the violoncello with great feeling, and painted with exquisite taste the flowers which he reared himself. Divine love sufficed to all the desires of his heart, and towards heaven reascended all the treasures of tenderness with which it had endowed him. Never had any desire troubled the peaceable course of his thoughts—never had any deceitful illusion disturbed the brightness of his looks. All his dreams were of God, and flew to God; he never failed to attend on Sundays both mass and vespers at Bignic. He was worshipped in the village and its environs—the very reverse of his brothers, whom no one liked on account of their fortune, which was a source of general envy, and the origin of which, according to

some, did more credit to their courage than to their honesty. Joseph himself, on this subject, was not without his scruples, and they carried him so far as to consult the priest at Bignic, to know whether he could, without offending God, accept the share of the booty which fell to him from his father, adding, that he would rather renounce it, and live peaceably by his own labour, than expose himself to the displeasure of his Divine Master. This he would surely have done, had not the old pastor dissuaded him from it, exhorting him, however, to sanctify his inheritance by alms-doing, and render to the poor what his father had taken from the rich.

Joseph had not waited for the advice of the good father to do so, for the poor blessed him for his charities. On the spot where stood the cottage in which he was born, he had built a little chapel, where masses were offered regularly, every month, for the repose of his father's soul. He had also established at Bignic a school, and an hospital containing ten beds for invalid sailors and poor fishermen. Well may it be thought that so holy a life drew upon him, at home, endless sarcasms, especially on the part of Jean, who, in his proper capacity of ex-corporal of *la Grande Armée*, boasted that he believed neither in God nor the devil. After a time, his irreligious tendencies having proselytized Jerome and Christophe, Joseph became a butt for all the soldiers' and sailors' jokes, which the three brothers could imagine. They knew, for instance, no greater pleasure than to make him lose mass, or sing before him some song that was not exactly a psalm, or else to oblige him, by some stratagem more or less ingenious, to eat meat on a Friday. Thus they took revenge on him for his superiority, the influence of which they felt, but would neither yield to nor acknowledge; nevertheless they loved him, and would not allow a single hair of his head to be harmed; still they were, unconsciously, jealous of his not feeling the same lassitude as they did. Above all, nothing vexed them more than to find him book in hand; Jean would then call him a hypocrite, and the two others a pedant and a bigot. One day they took advantage of his absence to enter his room, with the intention of burning all his books; but when they recog-

nised, hanging as a relic over the head of Joseph's bed, the last dress which their mother had worn, these savages were seized with a religious respect, and retired disconcerted without daring to effect their purpose. Joseph bore with angelic patience all the affronts which his brothers heaped upon him. His greatest sorrow was to be no more able to entertain at the castle the old curate of Bignic, whom he loved and venerated; he had been obliged to renounce the happiness of receiving him, fearing to expose him to the raileries which the redoubted corporal would not have spared. Meantime disorder daily increased: Jean, Christophe, and Jerome had gone so far as to lose all reserve and command over themselves; the Count D'Or was the very picture of a country inn on a fair day; it merely wanted a sign hanging at the door. They kept open house, and used to get drunk from night to morning—even sometimes from morning to night. The best part of the family income was spent in wine and liqueurs of every description; they also played high, so that this holy place was both an inn and a gambling-house. The servants imitated their masters, and the kitchen had its saturnalias as well as ancient Rome. In short, after some months the place was no longer bearable, and Joseph, having several times attempted, and always in vain, to bring back his brothers to a better course of life, began to think seriously of retiring from that hell, and of going to live in the neighbouring village; however, before taking a step which could not fail to compromise his brothers, and bring on them the contempt of all honest men, he wished to try a last effort, and endeavoured once more to recall these unfortunate men to better feelings. First he went to see the curate of Bignic, and having consulted him on the miseries of his home, returned with a remedy which it only remained to beseech his brothers to apply to the redemption of their souls.

He hesitated for a long time; he knew beforehand what a rebuff he was sure to meet, how many antipathies he should have to combat. Still it was the only remedy for so many evils, the only chance of salvation for those strayed sheep. But how was he to win them to his opinions?—by what

spell could he overcome these rebellious spirits and soften their hardened hearts? At last he thought the propitious moment had arrived. It was an autumn evening: all four were seated round a cheerful fire; Joseph was silent and dreamy as usual; the three others pale, unwell, and not a little ashamed of an abominable debauch in which they had indulged the day before: they had been put to bed dead drunk; and though their constitutions were of steel, and their faces long accustomed to redden but from the effects of intoxication, they felt most uncomfortable. When Joseph turned towards them his sweet and brilliant eye, the colour rose to their cheeks; he then rightly thought that it was time now, or never, to risk his proposal. Having prayed God to assist and inspire him, at the moment when Christophe, Jerome, and Jean shook the ashes from their pipes, and prepared themselves to go to bed, on the 15th of October, 1818, at the ninth hour of the evening, Joseph began his discourse, and with a voice which he endeavoured to render firm and persuasive, spoke thus:—

“Brothers, we lead a miserable life—miserable before God and miserable before men! What would our sainted mother say were she still amongst us?—what must be her grief if from heaven she look down upon her sons?”

At such an opening they stood both silent and confounded, for whatever might be their faults, they remembered their mother with sentiments of profound love and veneration. Jean was about to reply by some impiety, but Christophe forestalled him, and said in a hasty tone—

“Jean, respect your mother; she was far before us all.”

“Brothers, it is chiefly by our actions that we should honour her memory,” replied Joseph, with more confidence. “Alas! if God restored her, could she recognise those children whom she reared in the strict observance of all the duties of religion? ‘Jerome, is this you?’ would she say, in that sweet voice, the harmony of which still vibrates in our hearts. ‘Is it you, my beloved Christophe?—and you, Jean, my first-born, the child of my election? Can these be my four sons?—they who promised to become the pride and consolation of my old age?’”

Jean bit his red mustaches; Jerome and Christophe turned aside to wipe the tears from their eyes. There was yet some good feeling in them; however, we must admit that being still under the influence of their late debauch, they were marvellously disposed to tears and repentance.

“It is but too true,” said Christophe; “we live like scoundrels; ’twas that gipsy of a Jean who infected us with the vagabond habits of the camp.”

“Halt there!” cried Jean. “In the service we were remarked—the emperor, my wife, and I—for our temperance; ’twas Jerome, ’twas Christophe, who tainted me with the abominable manners of a seafaring life.”

“Have we, then, descended so low,” cried Joseph, interrupting them, “as to accuse each other of being the cause of our vices and irregularities? There was a time when we lived united, like simple and contented children of a good God: we were poor, but work employed our days, and we went to rest each evening with joyous hearts and peaceful consciences.”

Encouraged by the silence of the assembly, Joseph drew an energetic and faithful picture of the Coat D’Or, ever since the death of their father. He sounded the abyss into which they had fallen, and unveiled the future which awaited them if they persisted in their evil course of life. He predicted the shame and ruin of their house; and whilst he expressed himself with a painful conviction, Christophe and Jerome listened with humility; nor did Jean even endeavour to hide his emotion. All three beheld with awe the degradation at which they had arrived. When Joseph found himself master of his auditory, when he felt these three men as so many grains of sand in his hand, he advanced with a more certain and confident step towards the real object of his discourse.

“Brothers,” pursued he, “we have not fallen so low that it is not in the power of God to raise us up again; for there is no abyss, whence the grace of the Lord will not draw the sinners, who tend towards him their beseeching hands.”

“What do you expect of us?” rejoined Christophe, sadly, “vainly should we stretch out our arms, none of us are learned like you, and lassitude devours and destroys us.”

"I am not learned, Christophe!" replied Joseph. "More than once have I been attacked by the evil which overpowers and consumes you; I have deeply reflected upon it; the cause of our misfortunes, brothers, is the want of some serious duty, to bind us to life; it is loneliness, it is egotism; it is, in a word, because we have no family. A family is like a sacred and eternal tree, whose trunk nourishes the boughs, and whose boughs, in their turn, carry life to the offshoots, which are at a period to restore the sap they have received. Are we not, ourselves, branches torn from the parent stem, without roots in the past—without heirs for the future? We cling to nothing, nothing clings to us; we live by ourselves, and for ourselves alone—wretched life, of which we carry the burden! Tell me—tell me, my friends, in your hours of weariness and disgust, have you never dreamt of a calm, of an honest home? Tell me, brothers, if in the delirium of your stormy life, you never turned towards holy pleasures, and more real enjoyments? Do you not remember, Christophe, and you also Jerome, the time when our young brother filled our hearts with gladness, by the tenderness of his joyous youth? He was more our child than our brother. Recall to your mind the cheerfulness which he lent to all around him. Hear ye not still the fresh laughter of his merry voice? See ye not his smiling lips and caressing arms? In the evening, what delight we took in hushing him to sleep on our knees! How we disputed his caresses, and his fair head to kiss. How happy would Jean have been to take him in his arms, and feel his rosy fingers pulling his long mustaches."

"What is the good of awaking such remembrances?" said Christophe; "Hubert is dead; the sea robbed him from us, never to restore him."

"God could restore him, brothers," said Joseph, energetically. "True it is, that we have too many reasons to fear that he is dead—but does not Jean still hope some joyful day may restore him his lost Louis?"

"Would to heaven such happiness was in store for me!" uttered Jean, no longer capable of restraining his tears.

"Many a time," continued Joseph, "have I seen in my dreams a woman—angelic creature!—seated at our fire-side, and receiving from him who had

chosen her, the sweet name of wife. The three others, affectionate and respectful, called her their sister. She entered, calm and serious, bestowing upon us all the sweets of domestic happiness. She had, at the same time, that prudence which directs, that goodness which encourages, that reason which convinces, that amenity which persuades—her presence alone embellished our dwelling—her voice appeased our passions, recalled exiled order, and tightened the bonds of our sympathies. Enchanting dream! in which young children gathered round the hearth, and our mother—heavenly angel!—blessed the terrestrial angel who had brought upon us such felicity!"

Then Joseph went on depicting, under their poetic and actual light, all the salutary influences which the presence of a wife should exert at the Coat D'Or. He employed all the persuasion heaven had given him, to prove to his brothers how necessary it was that one of them should marry; either Jean, Christophe, or Jerome, for Joseph tacitly left himself out of the question. More chaste than his chaste prototype of patriarchal times, he had never gazed upon any female, save his mother; his learning, his piety, his extreme youth, his delicate health, and his bashful and retiring character, dispensed him so naturally from entering the lists he had opened to his brothers, that it never came into his mind to explain or defend himself on that point. The arguments of Joseph unrolled before the three brothers a series of ideas which they had never dreamt of hitherto. Jerome and Christophe were, by nature, so little inclined towards marrying, that they never gave themselves the trouble of thinking of it. From astonishment they passed to reflection; the poetical arguments by the aid of which Joseph had developed his proposition, had but slightly moved these men; but the perspective of real and positive good had seized upon them from the first. To speak candidly, they were weary and not a little ashamed of their course of life; they reciprocally accused each other, and asked no better than to change it; so that the lecture of their youngest brother awoke in them more sympathies than might have been reasonably expected. Christophe and Jerome imagined that the presence of a woman in the house would, in some

measure, restrain Jean; and Jean, for his part, knew by experience that a wife would bridle the excesses of Jerome and Christophe. Joseph, who had reckoned on warm opposition, saw with no little surprise, how favourably the proposition was received by his brothers.

The corporal was the first who broke silence. "Joseph is right," said he; "no doubt, if one of you took a good and clever wife, who would mind the housekeeping, things would not go on so badly; our servants have converted the Coat D'Or into a nest of thieves—we are plundered as on the highway."

"Besides," added Jerome, "don't forget, that when we become old and sickly, we will be mighty glad to find by our bedside a little woman nursing us, and making *tisanne* for us."

"And then wouldn't it be nice," said Christophe, "to see a woman tripping about the house like a mouse. Afterwards come the young ones, and, as Joseph says, they always amuse and enliven a home."

"None know that better than I do," said Jean, "but the strongest argument is: if no heir spring up, at the death of the last survivor, our fortune falls to the state."

"That is true," exclaimed together, Christophe and Jerome, astounded.

"Decidedly," returned Jean, "that Joseph has had a first-rate idea. After all, believe me, a female in the house is always good for something—she goes to and fro, and attends to everything."

"She mends the linen," said Christophe.

"And she gives heirs," said Jerome, rubbing his hands.

"It's all settled," exclaimed the corporal.

"Ay, settled," replied the two sailors.

Jean arose in a solemn manner, and addressing himself to Joseph, who trembled in silence, and feared only that the three brothers would all wish to marry.

"It's all arranged," said he to the latter; "you must be married in a month!"

"I give my consent," said Christophe.

"And I my blessing," said Jerome.

On hearing this, poor Joseph became as pale as death; he wished to explain, but as the evening was far

advanced, the three brothers bluntly moved an adjournment, and retired each to his own chamber, leaving Joseph under the thunderbolt which he himself had drawn upon his head.

From that day the three Legoffs did not give him a moment's peace; and vainly did he urge his tastes, his habits, his retiring nature, his vows of chastity, and the weakness of his constitution. Christophe, Jerome, and Jean showed themselves merciless. After having pressed and harassed him unceasingly, they appealed to his better nature; they hinted that he held their salvation in his hands, and that henceforth he would have to answer for it before God and man. They at last had recourse to his vanity; for like the invisible fluid which heats the world, and is everywhere present, from ice to flint, vanity insinuates itself into hearts apparently the least accessible to it. They pointed out to him that by education, as much as by manner, he was the only one of the family who could aspire to a marriage with honorable aim, suited to their condition. Driven to extremities, Joseph consulted the curate of Bignic, who read to him private lectures, and enjoined him, in God's name, to sacrifice himself for the sake of his brothers. Henceforward Joseph no longer hesitated. In order to save them, he plunged, a new Curtius, into the abyss of marriage, which he had imprudently opened at his own feet.

There was in the environs of Bignic a Mademoiselle Maxime Rosancoët, living on the produce of her farm, where she dwelt isolated and alone, without parents or friends. She was an austere and pious woman, in her thirty-second year; she possessed some money, and had formerly some pretensions to beauty. It is not now uncommon to find in Brittany, well-born females, who retire on their own farms, and prefer to die old maids rather than misally their heart and mind. Mademoiselle Maxime went every Sunday to hear mass at Bignic. Of course Joseph had at last remarked her; she was the only woman he had ever remarked during his whole life, and besides she had so good a fame for piety and charity, that when the choice of a wife came upon the *tapis*, Mademoiselle Rosancoët naturally presented herself to the mind of our hero. It had been agreed at the Coat D'Or that

the victim should be left the full and free choice of the instrument of his tortures. Joseph having mentioned Mademoiselle Rosancoët, they all four went to ask her in marriage. Jean was the spokesman; but seeing that he became confused in his speech, Jerome interrupted him, and simply related the object of their visit, whilst Joseph, red as a poppy, knew not to which saint to recommend himself. Jerome spoke like a true sailor. Mademoiselle Rosancoët mingled with her religious ideas those of generosity and self-denial. She had heard of the Legoffs in general, but in particular of Joseph. The strangeness of the proposal did not startle her; but it is also right to say that the curate of Bignic had already seen to that matter, and, a few days before, had a long conversation on the subject with the most pious and docile of his flock. In short, Mademoiselle Rosancoët having listened to Jerome, gave her hand to Joseph, and consented to quit her farm and go live at the Coat D'Or. A day was fixed on the spot for the signing of the *contrat*,* and Joseph, when retiring, dared to kiss the finger-ends of his betrothed. On the way home Jean lavished on Joseph encouragement and consolation.

"How do you like her?" said Jerome to Christophe.

"And you?" asked Christophe of Jerome.

"Anything but young, *sacre bleu*!"

"Anything but handsome, *mille tonnerres*."

"It's a disabled old frigate," said the one.

"An old brig stranded on the shores of eternity," said the other.

"Our friend has made a nice choice."

"*Que le diable t'emporte!*" exclaimed Christophe, "I'll wear this old damsel for a curse in the house."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the Coat D'Or; they occupied themselves at once in arranging everything in a manner worthy to receive the future

queen of the castle. The walls were whitewashed, the windows were glazed, and the floors underwent repairs; the tip-top tailor and the most fashionable jeweller of St. Brieuc were called in; the wedding clothes were ordered; and Joseph selected for his bride a magnificent set of real pearls. He endeavoured to look sprightly; he neglected his violoncello and his books; the nearer the fatal hour approached the more young Legoff became melancholy and sad, and he even neglected his devoutness to wander alone along the sands, his brows bent, and his eyes wet with tears. Meanwhile the day of the signature of the *cravat* arrived. Early in the morning, Jean, Christophe, and Jerome were on foot; each of them had put on his black dress-coat, and their necks were confined in the starch of a white *cravat*; all three wore a sneering and rather sarcastic mien.

When it was time to go to Mademoiselle Rosancoët's farm, they called Joseph, who had not as yet made his appearance; but Joseph answered not. They looked for him—no Joseph! Must it be related? At the decisive moment his courage failed, and his strength betrayed him: he took flight in the morning, leaving in his stead a few lines, informing his brothers that he had not sufficient energy to complete the sacrifice. He besought them to pardon him, and promised never again to appear before them. At this news the soldier and the two sailors looked at each other with consternation; they burst into fits of anger and rage. To speak the truth, the occurrence was most embarrassing; the troth was plighted; for more than a month this marriage had been the chief topic of conversation throughout the surrounding country. The great object was to save the honour of the Legoffs and not to injure the reputation of a Rosancoët. But what to do, and how to do it?—none of them could suggest.

"I know but one way," cried Jean, shaking his head.

* The signature *du contrat* is a formality used in France when a match is agreed upon; previous to the marriage the family of the bride collect at their own house the nearest relations and most intimate friends of both parties, when the notaries of both families present the marriage settlements to be signed by the contracting parties and nearest relations. This ceremony usually takes place with great pomp.

"Which?" demanded together the other two.

"Tis that one of you," replied Jean, "do take the place of Joseph, and marry the damsel. After all, he who submits is not so much to be pitied; she is rather a fine specimen of a woman."

"Since she pleases you, why don't you take her?" said Christophe.

"Why not Jerome?" answered Jean.

"Why not Christophe?" replied Jerome.

"Why not Jean?" again exclaimed Christophe.

Every one of them found an excuse. Jean pleaded his former marriage; Jerome a sabre-cut; Christophe a gunshot wound. Thus, for nearly an hour, they tossed the poor woman from one to the other, like a ball or shuttlecock; nor was the exercise unaccompanied with curses against Joseph. Meanwhile time flew; Mademoiselle was waiting.

"Well," exclaimed Jean, "let chance decide."

No sooner said 'than done: each wrote his name on a slip of paper, which he rolled between his fingers, then threw it into Christophe's cap; the operation finished, the three brothers crossed their right hands over the fatal urn, and each bound himself by oath to submit without murmur to the decree of destiny. Jerome having slipped his fingers into the cap, which Jean held half shut, drew, not without hesitation, a ball of paper, which he tremblingly unrolled: a cold perspiration bedewed his face, nor were Jean and Christophe much at ease; but when on a sudden they heard Jerome roar like a tiger, they burst out laughing. They sang and danced like two cannibals, round the victim whom fate had placed at the disposal of their tender mercies. Jerome entertained the secret hope that Mademoiselle Rosancoët would not consent to a substitution of persons; but matters turned out differently. The rigid old maid was as jealous of her reputation as the Legoffs of their honour; she preferred accepting the hand of Jerome to being exposed to the ridicule and gossip of the neighbourhood. The *contrat* was signed, the banns were published, and, soon after, Jerome Legoff and Mademoiselle Maximo Rosancoët exchanged wedding rings at the foot of the altar.

Joseph alone was wanting at the ceremony; the fugitive had not as yet reappeared.

The day following this great event, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, the husband was walking alone on the coast, looking gloomy and preoccupied; he thought that if Joseph ever crossed his path, he would cut off both his ears. It was only at the end of two months that Joseph dared to return to the Coat D'Or. During that time, spent as an exile in the surrounding villages, Joseph had become careworn. On beholding him so pale, thin, and delicate, Jerome consented to spare him, but declared before his wife that he never could forgive him.

Unfortunately this marriage did not bring the happy results which they expected. Madame Jerome possessed none of those qualities which make the charm of a home; she realised neither the poetic dreams of Joseph, nor the expectations of the three others. She reformed the house, but made it unhappy. Jean said that nothing was changed, save that there was an owl more in the dwelling. Serious, austere, stiff, and even a little peevish, like most of those women whose youth has passed in devotion and celibacy, she managed her household affairs with a strictness to which her husband fell the first victim. She proscribed the pipe, and kept the key of the cellar. The consequence of this was, that Jean, Christophe, and even Jerome, deserted by degrees the Coat D'Or, and went to Bigini, to drink and smoke at ease. At first they were cautious enough to return home without betraying the manner in which they had spent their day; but they soon forgot themselves, and it so happened, that one evening Jerome presented himself before his wife in a deplorable state. Madame Legoff complained bitterly, and asked if it were thus he kept the promises he made when she consented to leave her retreat and settle at the Coat D'Or. In spite of all she said, Christophe and Jean did not the less persist in their former habits; but Jerome, troubled by the remonstrances of his wife, still less than by the reproaches of his own conscience, resolutely devoted himself to the practice of domestic virtues: he at once renounced tobacco and wine, and was seen assiduously accompanying Madame Legoff to church. As a

consequence, he became at the end of a few months the prey of a deep melancholy, which soon brought upon him an attack of consumption. He lost his appetite, and became, in a short time, thin and dry as a red herring: he spent his entire day seated by the fire in a careworn attitude, and no one was able to get a word, or even a look from him. The presence of Joseph alone awoke him from his lethargy. Jerome had taken such an aversion to him, that he could not see him enter the room without becoming greatly irritated; and to such a degree did he carry his dislike that Joseph was obliged to appear no more before him.

Things were thus, when they heard at the Coat D'Or, that an officer of the English navy had, at St. Brieuc, dared to make insulting remarks on the origin of the Legoff's fortune. Christophe took no time to consider, he hurried to St. Brieuc, insulted the English officer, and appointed a place of meeting. At this news, Jerome roused himself; a disgust of life inspired him with a desperate resolution;—without uttering a word, he forestalled Christophe by twenty-four hours, and, assisted by two seconds, winged the Englishman, who returned compliment for compliment, both falling mortally wounded. Jerome was carried home on a litter, almost lifeless. Just before breathing his last he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "I got married instead of Joseph, and I got killed for Christophe."

His wife and brothers wept by his side. After a short silence he held out his right hand to Christophe, and said, in a faint voice, "I thank you."

Then, stretching his left hand to Joseph, uttered—"I forgive you."

Thus he died. They persuaded Madame Legoff that her husband, in the perturbation of his last moments, had addressed to Joseph what he intended for Christophe.

Madame Jerome soon followed her husband to the grave. She died in giving birth to a daughter, whom she solemnly confided to the care of Joseph and his two brothers. At her last breath, she expended on the head of her child, and on Joseph, all the treasures of that tenderness she had hitherto so carefully repressed.

There are hearts which reveal themselves only at the last moment, like those Persian vases which, alone in

breaking, shed around the perfumes they contain. She bathed her infant with tears, and covered her with kisses; she invoked on her little head the protection of the three brothers; her words were grave and solemn. About to wing its flight, her soul cast a last beam over that pale countenance, from which life was departing. When she had breathed her last, Joseph took the child in his arms and presented her to Christophe, who promised to watch over her, and to Jean, who swore to bestow upon her that fatherly affection with which he once cared his Louis. A few days after, the dear orphan was christened at Bignic. Jean, as god-father, gave her the name of his patron; but Christophe, at the same time, wished her to bear the name of the brig on which the Legoffs had made their fortune: she was accordingly baptized Jeanne Vaillance.

From that time the Coat D'Or presented a strange and touching spectacle; what neither the prayers of Joseph, the marriage of Jerome, nor the remonstrances of his wife could achieve, a white and rosy little infant did by enchantment. On the verge of the two graves which had opened before their eyes, Jean and Christophe had already felt their bad passions tottering, and finally dying away by the side of a cradle.

They abandoned themselves, without an effort, to all the playfulness of love—they emulated, in tenderness, the care of Joseph; and it was touching, indeed, to behold the three men leaning over the little dove's nest, watching its first warbling, and the first fluttering of the dear bird. The infant grew, and with her, the affection of the brothers. She was a fine child, lively, petulant, and healthy. She sprang up, in the open air, in the bosom of a wild and rugged nature. The sunbeam and the sea-wind darkened the fairness of her complexion; her form became slender, her limbs nimble; she became *svelte*, but hardy as the stem of a palm-tree. Jeanne was endowed with an intimate superiority, an instinctive elegance. She not only avoided assuming anything of the manners of her uncle the sailor, or her uncle the soldier, but on the contrary, it was she who adorned them with a reflection of her own grace. By the contact of this amiable creature, their manners softened, their habits lost

some of their vulgarity, and their language its coarseness.

She was, at first, to them a loved and precious plaything; but insensibly a sentiment of respect and deference mingled with the expression of their tenderness. It was most strange to see that tenderness at once creating in them that "sense of fortune" hitherto unknown to them. They changed nothing of their simple habits; but, for their niece, they indulged in all the whims of luxury and comfort. They wrapt the child in swaddling clothes that might shame the daughter of a king. The better to decorate her apartment, they exhausted themselves with foolish inventions and extravagant expenses. Paris sent its furniture of a taste the most *recherché*, and also its richest stuffs. Nothing appeared too handsome or too costly to deck the cage of so charming a bird. All was in accordance; they showered diamonds and jewels upon her; lace, silks, velvets, arrived in bales at the Coat D'Or. However, discernment and *à propos* did not always guide their prodigalities; Joseph endeavoured to correct those eccentricities, and moreover Jeanne preferred, to the gaudy attires which they heaped upon her, the muslin dress in which she rambled along the coast, with the spray of flowery heaths wreathed in her hair.

At fifteen, Jeanne was the pride of the Coat D'Or. Joseph was her master in everything. He adorned her mind with as much care as Christophe and Jean decked her budding beauty. He had taught her what he knew of painting and music; they read together the poets, and, during fine days, studied, in the fields, the history of insects and flowers. During the winter evenings, the young girl would sit at her piano, and Joseph take his violoncello, then both would execute little concerts, whilst the two brothers, at the corner of the fireplace, would listen with all the ecstasy of which their coarse nature was susceptible. Jeanne played without talent, and sang without much method, but had a clear voice, a pure taste, and unaffected sentiment. She thus had, in all her movements, an unspeakable charm, to which they submitted like slaves, lovers of their chains. Joseph's affection was more serious and deliberate. Jeanne, in the fullest acceptation of the word, was a spoiled child, whimsical, self-willed,

and changeable as the wave; she had all the caprices of a queen of fifteen years. Joseph lectured her by times, but there was in the bottom of his heart, an adoration which may be compared with that of the angels at the Virgin's feet. That tender and poetical soul had, at length, met a sister to its own likeness—the dove was no longer alone in its nest, it had found its mate.

As to the affection of the soldier and the sailor, it became real idolatry. Child—they loved her dearly; but when they saw under their roof, at their fireside, a young girl, as amiable as handsome, elegant, and graceful, living familiarly their life; sweet, caressing, and fluttering around them, repaying the kindness of their care, then were these two men out of their senses; their love, exalted by their pride, knew no bounds nor measure. However, they loved her, above all, because her gentle hand had drawn them from the abyss of shameful passions. They delighted in finding mysterious affinities between this child and the old brig, whose name she bore. One had been the foundation of their fortune, the other, so to speak, of their honour: often it seemed that bearing the name of the old privateer, she ennobled and purified the source of their riches. This love, at length, assumed all the characters of passion, and its rivalities filled the Coat D'Or with charming emulation. Jean and Christophe were jealous of Joseph, and, at the same time, jealous of each other. The old hatred of the flag and colours was revived; but the young girl had the tact to give to each his due, and hold the balance of self-love in perfect equilibrium. She called Christophe, her uncle—the admiral, and Jean, her uncle—the general—a secret struggle, nevertheless, existed between them. Each was constantly on the watch to surprise the fancies of Jeanne, they questioned her privately, and used a thousand stratagems to surpass each other in munificence. For instance, the following event occurred on the fifteenth anniversary of Jeanne's birth. For several months previous, Christophe and Jean had consulted to know what present they could make their niece on that important day.

"All well considered," said Jean, "I'll give nothing whatever to Jeanne; her last birthday ruined me; more-

over, she wants nothing. I'll wait till next year."

"If such be the case," exclaimed Christophe, "I'll follow your example, brother Jean. Vaillance has enough of jewels and nick-nacks to dress all the women of St. Brieuc; her last new-year's gifts emptied my purse. Like you, I'll wait till next year."

"It's far better," added Jean.

"We have been extravagant enough," replied Christophe.

"Very well, it's agreed," said Jean; "we'll give nothing to the child, for her fifteenth anniversary."

"It's all settled," concluded Christophe.

The great day having arrived, Jeanne, who had reckoned on handsome presents, was not a little astonished to see her uncles come and kiss her, empty-handed; Joseph alone offered a bouquet of flowers, the first gift of spring. Meanwhile Christophe laughed in his sleeve, and Jean had an air of cunning satisfaction. On the stroke of twelve, a cart, drawn by a horse, and bearing a large case, stopped before the door of the castle; the case was carried into the house, and whilst it was being opened, the young girl lingered about it, wondering what marvel the monster of deal should bring forth; Christophe and Jean rubbed their hands and looked at each other stealthily. At last the boards gave way, the hay is plucked out, the canvas alone still veils the mysterious treasure. Jeanne is pale, motionless; anxiety and curiosity agitate her young heart. Jean and Christophe regard her with *complaisance*. Soon the canvas is ripped open with a scissors, the last veil falls, the young girl clasps her hands, and Christophe and Jean triumph, each on his side.

It was a handsome ebony piano, inlaid with brass, of exquisite workmanship, good taste, and of the greatest richness. Jeanne, who until that day had nothing but a miserable harpsichord, asked which of her uncles she was to thank for such an agreeable surprise. At this question each of them assumed the air of a retiring conqueror.

"It is a trifle," said Jean.

"It's hardly anything," said Christophe.

"It's not worth speaking of," added the first.

"It is not worth a 'thank you,'" added the second.

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"In fine, which of you is the guilty one?" exclaimed Jeanne, smiling; "for the least I can do is to kiss him."

"Since you wish," said Christophe. "Since you insist upon it," said Jean.

"Well, it is I," exclaimed they, together, opening their arms to Vaillance. At this double cry, they turned hastily towards each other.

"Methinks," said Christophe, "that brother Jean is joking."

"I believe," replied Jean, "that brother Christophe is in a jesting mood."

"I am not jesting at all," said Christophe.

"And I," said Jean, "have no wish to laugh."

The truth is, that neither of them had a wish to laugh; Christophe's eyes sparkled with rage, and the red hair of the soldier's mustaches seemed so many needles, ready to prick the face of the irritated sailor.

"Uncles, explain yourselves," said the young girl, to whom this scene was an enigma.

"I maintain," exclaimed Christophe, "that it is I, Christophe Legoff, ex-lieutenant of the brig *La Vaillance*, who give to my niece this very piano."

"And I affirm," exclaimed Jean, "that it is I, Jean Legoff, ex-officer of *la grande Armée*, who offer this same ebony piano to my niece."

"What— *mille diables!*" exclaimed Christophe; "a piano which cost me a thousand crowns."

"A thousand crowns, which I have positively paid," cried Jean.

"I have the receipt for it," said Christophe.

"The receipt! I have it in my pocket," exclaimed Jean, drawing out a letter, which he opened, and placed before the eyes of the sailor, whilst the latter unfolded a paper, which he presented to the face of the soldier.

Fortunately a second van had just stopped before the castle, and the servants brought into the parlour a second case, perfectly similar to the first. All was at once explained, Christophe and Jean, unknown to each other, had had the same idea, and on the same day, at the same hour, two pianos, directed to Jeanne, had arrived at St. Brieuc by two different carriers.

"Ah! traitor," said Christophe, walking up to Jean, "you said you

would give nothing, that you would wait till next year."

"And you, master cheat, you pretended that your purse was empty."

"Good cat, good rat."

"To a pirate, pirate and a-half."

But what were they to do with two pianos, one ebony, the other rose-wood, both equally rich and handsome? Christophe praised this, and Jean exalted that: between both, Jeanne hesitated a long time. If a question of life and death had been in suspense for Jean or Christophe, their agony could not have been greater: to content—at the same time, her uncle the admiral, and her uncle the general—the young girl decided that the ebony piano should be placed in the drawingroom, and the rosewood one in her chamber.

Thus time flew; none of the signs of passion were wanted in the love of these men for that child; that love had unconsciously become, even in the heart of Joseph, a feeling of complete egotism. Never had it entered their minds, that the young girl could have any other duty to fulfil, than that of being the comfort of their life. They had the simplicity to believe that this flower of grace and beauty had bloomed but to perfume their home; and such was their blind confidence, that they never had dreamed they might lose this treasure. Jeanne, on her part, appeared not to imagine that there could be, under heaven, more amiable beings than her uncles, and a more charming life than that they led at the Coat D'Or. Bignic was to her the centre of the world; her dreams never went beyond the distance a horse might journey in half a day. Never had she turned to the horizon an ardent and inquiring eye; never had she heard in her young heart that vague murmuring which we hear at the morning of life; like the mysterious rustling that pervades the wood, at the break of dawn. The activity of an almost warlike education had preserved her hitherto from that strange malady, called reverie, which troubles else careless youth; her imagination slumbered as yet. It was an imprudence of Jean and Christophe which caused it to awake. It has been already said, that Christophe and Jean were less jealous of each other, than they were of Joseph; whatever the young girl could do to conceal the preference of her heart,

and whatever they could do to win it, they well understood that Joseph was preferred, and had no illusion thereupon, though it was for them a source of continual surprise.

"It is indeed hard," said they, sometimes, "Joseph has never given her anything but flowers, and we have ruined ourselves for her. He does not hesitate to lecture, nay, even to blame her; he is a simpleton, who never saw any fire but that in the chimney, and who shall die a coward's death. We shall die, you and I, like true heroes: yet, it is that knave who is loved and preferred."

"He is a learned man," added Christophe, shaking his head, "he has given Jeanne a taste for reading; the child loves books, and he lends them to her."

"If Jeanne love books," said the soldier, fatally inspired, "we'll give her some, a little cleaner and better bound than the dirty old ones of Joseph."

Accordingly they wrote next day to Paris, and, in about a week, Jeanne, returning one day from a walk along the coast, found in her room a library full of books splendidly bound. It was, alas! Pandora's box: nothing could be more moral than this selection, save that the choice of poets and novelists glittered in the first rank, and that the contemporary literature forming the major portion, they were, for the most part, the best intentioned poisoners in the world. Jeanne and Joseph, for even he could not resist the temptation, drank deeply of these enervating waters, and thus both lost the original serenity of their souls.

Though Joseph had long since left behind the sweet fears of youth, his heart was as young as that of his nieces. Innocence and purity had preserved, in their earliest bud, the flowers of his life's spring; the same influence had hastened the blossoming of the one, and caused the tardy blooming of the other.

To the reading of these strange poems, unlike all they had hitherto read, they applied themselves with a feverish ardour; they sat beside each other, in the daytime, on the fine and golden sand of the lonely creek, and, at evening, by the light of the lamp; such exciting occupation disturbed Joseph's mind. What passed within his secret heart, God alone knew. As

to Jeanne, she became, all on a sudden, restless, dreamy, agitated, changing by turns from an extravagant gaiety to a deep melancholy; never being able to account for her joy or sadness. She soon asked herself if the universe ended at the horizon, if Bignic were the capital of the world, and if her whole life were to glide away under the smoky roof of the old castle. Vainly did her uncles endeavour to change the current of her thoughts—vainly did they redouble for her those tender-nesses and cares—she felt annoyed, even angry, at their cares and tender-ness. Joseph was long a silent spectator of the first emotions of her heart, and the awaking of dormant feelings; long was he alone in the secret of that soul which, as yet, did not know itself. However, enlightened by their egotism, rather than guided by the delicacy of their perceptions, Jean and Christophe began, in their turn, to have some slight notion of what caused the troubles of their niece. Joseph saw them, but under their poetic and beautiful light; of a nature less elevated and hardly imaginative, Christophe and Jean had been struck, only by the external symptoms of Jeanne's perturbation. The misers understood, at last, that the treasure they had concealed in their dwelling might, one day or other, be stolen from them. It was evident that the bird they had caged,

had grown, had wings, and at the first song of some bird of passage, calling it into the free air, would fly away through the bars of its gilded prison. In a word, to use a language more in accordance with the ideas of the two uncles, they discovered that the girl was then sixteen, and that, unavoidably, a day should come, when they must think of marrying her. Nor could they hide from themselves, that to marry Jeanne was to lose her. They did each other justice. Jean said to himself, that the man whom Jeanne would choose, could never bring himself to live with so coarse a being as the pirate; and Christophe thought that the husband of their niece would never be content to live with a person so badly educated as the corporal. However they both agreed that the Coat D'Or was anything but a delightful place, and that two doves would soon be tired of cooing in such a nest. Finally, their extravagant affection revolted at the notion of Jeanne, their love, joy, and pride, ceasing to be their own child, and belonging to a man, who would dare to call her his wife, in the teeth of Jean and to the very beard of Christophe.

Matters stood thus, when on a stormy evening, the sound of the signal gun was heard above the raging sea.

A BOUQUET OF BALLADS.

BY DON GAULTIER.

THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

FROM THE ROMANIC.

The sun is setting 'mong the hills: "Bring water," Dimos said—
 "Bring water, oh, my children! your evening meal is spread;
 And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, here sit thee down by me—
 There!—take these weapons I have borne, and henceforth captain be.

"But you, my children, take my blade—my widowed blade—and go
 Cut down the branches for a bed where I may lay me low,
 And bring me quick a holy man—confession I would make,
 And number all my sins to him, while yet I am awake.

"Full thirty years an Armatole—full twenty summers I
 A Klepht have been, but now I feel my time has come to die.
 Oh! make my tomb, and make it both broad and high, that so
 I may have space to battle, if need be, with the foe!

"And in the wall upon the right an open window make,
 That when beneath the melting snows the Spring begins to wake,
 The swallows fluttering by to me the joyful news may bring,
 And I may hear the nightingales in May's fair morning sing!"

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

FROM THE ROMANIC.

There is darkness on the mountains, a dark and lowering veil—
 Is it the rain is falling there? or beats the driving hail?
 'Tis not the hail is driving there, 'tis not the falling rain,
 But Châron passing o'er them with his melancholy train.

He drives the young before him, and behind the old men go,
 And he leads the tender little ones link'd to his saddle-bow;
 The old men lift their hands to him, imploring him to stay,
 And with a voice of wail the young cry out, and thus they say:

"Oh, Charon, stay! dear Charon! by yonder little town,
 By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly down,
 Fain would the old its waters drink, the young the disc would fling,
 And the tender little children pluck bright flow'rets by the spring."

"Push on, push on! I will not stay by yonder little town,
 By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly down;
 The mothers coming to the spring would know the babes they bore,
 And wives and husbands meeting there would ne'er be parted more."

THE ATHENIAN GIRL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

I have planted beds of roses 'neath my window, and they bloom
 Fresh and bright, and send their fragrance sweetly up into my room ;
 And the nightingales they warble love and joy from out the spray—
 Hush, ye warblers, yet a little ! know ye not he is away—
 That my true love hath departed for the field with sword and spearth,
 For the Holy Cross to battle, and for freedom, home, and hearth ?
 Saw ye not how I unloosen'd from my neck my pearlin' band ?—
 To the man of God I gave it for my darling fatherland.
 Saw ye not that months have vanish'd since I last adorn'd my hair ?
 Have ye seen me pluck one rosebud here through all these months of care ?
 Hush, ye warblers, yet a little, till my love comes from the plain,
 Comes to teach us freedom's praises in a new and nobler strain !
 Bloom, ye roses, yet a little, and I'll twine ye in my hair,
 When, to greet our conquering heroes, forth with song and dance we fare !
 Oh ! and if ye should return not with the rest, my darling boy,
 Where, oh where am I to hide me from the revel and the joy ?
 By my rosebeds couching lowly, chaplets there of thorns I'll twine,
 And one bird with me shall tarry, mingling its lament with mine !

THE MAINOTE'S WIDOW.

Gashes seven upon his forehead, on his bosom gashes three,
 In his hand his red glaive, in his eye the pride of victory,
 There he lay upon the field, and, scattered thickly round and near,
 Lay the weapons of his foemen—pike and rifle, sword and spear.
 But so near his side they lay not, who had borne them in the fray ;
 From the hero, backward reeling, roll'd in dust and gore they lay.
 —“ Daughter, fetch me forth the garland hangs above my couch, but see
 That you grasp it lightly—fragile, sere, and withered it must be.
 As upon my bridal morning, shall it wreath my brows anew,
 And upon this field of slaughter I our bridal bed will strew.
 Bring with you fresh flowers the fairest, lay them on my bridegroom's bed—
 Soft and pleasant be their greeting to my noble sleeper's head !
 Roses I will plant around him, that in after days shall wave
 In the vale of the Eurotas, fresh and fragrant from his grave ;
 And I'll twine for thee a chaplet of their flowers, my daughter dear,
 When some youth of noble mettle wins thee for his plighted fere—
 One who for his bridal present bears with him a Turkish head
 For each blood-red rose that blossoms o'er thy father's bloody bed.
 But to-morrow morning early, ere my bridegroom is awake,
 I will doff my festive garments, from my brow the garland take,
 And, array'd in weeds of mourning, to the lonely greenwood creep,
 Not to hear the nightingale that warbles from the thicket deep—
 No ! to seek me out a tree that bud has none nor leafy spray,
 Where the widow'd turtle dovelet sits and plains the livelong day,
 By the spring whose crystal waters still she dabbles with her wing,
 Ere she drinks or bathes within it, since she lost her bosom's king.
 There I'll lay me down to wither, fade, and droop beneath the sun,
 Where the rain shall wash the tear-drops as adown my cheeks they run,
 And we'll wage a woful conflict there, my turtle-dove and I,
 Who shall mourn her love the truest—who for him shall soonest die !”

TO HIS MISTRESS.

FROM GOETHE.

Why dost thou lure me to this garish pleasure—
 This pomp of light?
 Was I not happy in abundant measure,
 In the lone night?

Shut in my chamber, when the moon was beaming,
 Unseen I lay,
 And, with its silver radiance o'er me streaming,
 I dreamed away.

I dream'd of hours which golden joy was filling,
 And I was blest,
 For love, tumultuous love, e'en then was thrilling
 Deep in my breast.

Am I the same, treading with thee the dances
 Of this bright hall,
 Amid the whispering tongues and jealous glances
 That round us fall?

No more Spring's sweetest flowers can claim my duty,
 Or charm my view,
 Where thou art, darling, there are love and beauty,
 And nature, too!

TO HIS MISTRESS, WITH A RIBBON.

FROM GOETHE.

Little flow'rets, little leaflets,
 Have they woven with fairy hand,
 Playful sunny elves of springtide,
 Lightly called at my command.

Zephyr, bear it on thy pinion,
 Drop it on my darling's dress—
 So she'll pass before the mirror
 In her doubled loveliness.

She, of roses still the fairest,
 Roses shall around her see;
 Give me but one look, my dearest,
 And I ask no more of thee.

Feel but what this heart is feeling—
 Frankly place thy hand in mine—
 Trust me, love, the tie which binds us
 Is no fragile rosy twine.

MAY SONG.

How gloriously gleameth
 All nature to me !
 How bright the sun beameth !
 How laughs out the lea !

Rich blossoms are bursting
 The branches among,
 And all the gay greenwood
 Is ringing with song !

There is radiance and rapture
 That nought can destroy,
 Oh, earth ! in thy sunshine,
 Oh, heart ! in thy joy !

Oh, love ! thou enchanter,
 So golden and bright—
 Like the red clouds of morning
 That rest on yon height—

It is thou that art clothing
 The fields and the bowers,
 And everywhere breathing
 The incense of flowers !

Oh, maiden ! dear maiden !
 How well I love thee—
 Thine eye, how it kindles
 In answer to me !

Oh, well the lark loveth
 Its song 'midst the blue,
 Oh, gladly the flow'rets
 Expand to the dew—

And so do I love thee,
 For all that is best
 I draw from thy beauty
 To gladden my breast !

And all my heart's music
 Is thrilling for thee !
 Be happy, thou dear one,
 As thou lovest me !

 LOVE'S DREAM.

Thou oft in dreams hast seen us stand
 Before the altar hand in hand,
 Thyself the bride, the bridegroom I.
 Oft on thy lips, when none were watching,
 I've hung, unnumber'd kisses snatching
 In hours of waking ecstasy.

The purest rapture that we cherish'd,
 The bliss of hours so golden, perish'd
 Even with the hour that saw it rise.
 What reck's that mine have been such blisses?
 Fleeting as dreams are fondest kisses,
 And like a kiss all pleasure dies!

A SEA-SIDE MUSING.

The sun is bright above,
 And the air is soft and sweet,
 And the sea-waves in the light, love,
 Come rippling to my feet.
 They ripple to my feet
 With a low and fondling tone,
 That my spirit seems to greet
 With a music like thine own.

She roams, they seem to say,
 She, so deeply loved and long,
 Where our waves, in sparkling play,
 Chaunt a mellow under-song;
 And the murmuring melody,
 And the bright and golden shine,
 Are mingling with her thoughts of thee,
 As they mingle now with thine.

Roll on, bright waters, roll,
 And to my loved one bear
 An echo from my soul
 Of the tempest surging there—
 Of the voice that *will* be heard,
 Howe'er, where'er I be—
 "Where, where is thy sweet bird,
 That she nestleth not with thee?"

Oh, for the word of might
 That space and time should bow,
 And bear me far in flight
 Where my soul is breathing now!
 Then, beloved as thou art,
 I would peril all beside,
 But to fold thee to my heart,
 Though it throb'd but once, and died!

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

'Tis sweet for him, the livelong day that lies
 Rapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,
 Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore—
 Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this;
 Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss
 To be afar from her whom we adore.

Distance and time, eternal powers, that be
Still, like the stars, o'erruling silently,
Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.
Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,
Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,
And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,
Yet can I think of her without a pain—
My spirit soars away serene and free,
And, by the strength of its divine emotion,
Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,
Refines desire into idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,
And floats along the sunshine airily,
More lightly in its beauty floateth never,
Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate,
By fear unclogg'd, for jealousy too great—
I love! oh, yes, I love!—I love her ever

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE"

CHAPTER IX.

BUDDHISM, WHEN INTRODUCED INTO CEYLON—WIHARES AND DAGOBARS—CONTENTS OF DAGORAH THAT WAS OPENED NEAR COLOMBO IN 1820—DALADA RELIC BROUGHT TO CEYLON, A.D. 310—TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY US IN 1818—PUBLICLY WORSHIPPED UNDER THE SANCTION OF OUR GOVERNMENT—GIVEN UP IN 1847—LORD TORRINGTON'S DESPATCH ON THE SUBJECT—THE CAPITAL, DURING THE REIGN OF THE KANDIAN KINGS, WHEN THE DALADA WAS EXHIBITED—THE PRINCIPAL BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON—SHRINE OF THE DALADA—BUDDHA—THE PRIESTHOOD—EXTRACT FROM THE BISHOP OF COLOMBO'S DESPATCH—BUDDHA'S COMMANDS TO THE LAITY—WORSHIP OF BUDDHA—WORSHIP OF THE GODS—THE KAPPURALLAS—CONJOINT WORSHIP OF BUDDHA AND THE GODS.



BUDDHISM was introduced and established in Ceylon during the reign of Dewinepatisse, the fifteenth king, and this event is supposed to have taken place about 235 years after the death of Buddha. Cingalese history states, that a priest of Buddha, of extreme

sanctity, was sent by the monarch of a country, called Maddadisay, which was situated eastward of Ceylon, to convert the natives of Lanka Diva. The priest met the king, Dewinepatisse, as he was returning from hunting the wild elephant; the monarch and his

train, unaccustomed to the sight of a man, with head and eyebrows shaven, clad also in a dress they had never before seen—namely, the yellow robes of a priest of Buddha, thought that a spirit of evil stood before them, and not a human being. The priest informed the king for what purpose he had been sent to Ceylon, and put the following queries to him, to ascertain if his mind were sufficiently enlightened to understand the tenets of Buddhism: Have you relations? Many. Have you people not related to you? Many thousands? Besides your relatives, and those who are not related to you, are there others in your realm? There are no others in my realm, but there is one other, and that other one is myself. The priest, being fully satisfied of the intellectual capabilities of Dewinepatisse, by these prompt and sapient replies, commenced a discourse, illustrating in flowery language the sublimity and purity of the religion and actions of Buddha. The monarch listened attentively, and, approving of the doctrines inculcated, became a convert within a short period, many of his subjects following his example. The King of Maddadisa^y had given a branch of the bo tree* to the priest, which was to be planted in Ceylon, if the natives became converts to Buddhism; and in accordance with this command, the branch was planted at Anooradhapoora, which was the ancient capital of Ceylon, where it miraculously grew and flourished; and the Cingalese now point out a bo tree at Anooradhapoora, which they declare to be the tree originally brought into Ceylon. The priest also brought part of the jaw of Goutama Buddha, which Dewinepatisse caused to be deposited in a dagobah, which was 120 cubits in height: wihares, or places of worship, dedicated to the service of Buddha, were built,

and the national system of religion was declared to be that of Buddha. Although we disbelieve the miraculous growth of the sacred tree, and many other fables connected with the arrival of the first priest of Buddha in Ceylon, still, from historical records, and the magnificent ruins of wihares, and dagobahs, that are to be seen at the ancient seat of government—namely, Anooradhapoora—we feel fully convinced, that it was in this part of Ceylon that the first wihare, or temple of Buddha, and the first dagobah, or edifice to contain relics, were erected. It is a curious and interesting fact, that in all countries, where Buddhistical doctrines are followed, the monumental buildings, which have been erected to contain relics† of Buddha, are invariably of the same form—namely, a bell-shaped tomb, which is surmounted by a spire. In Ceylon, these receptacles for the sacred relics are built over a hollow stone or cell, in which the relic is deposited, enclosed usually in a thin plate of gold, or in a wrapper of fine, white muslin; with it are also deposited images of Buddha, pearls, and gems. These edifices in Ceylon are solidly built with bricks, which are usually covered over with chunam; and we subjoin an account of a dagobah which was opened in 1820, near Colombo, by Mr. Layard, the father of the enthusiastic explorer, and talented author of “Nineveh and its Remains.” In the centre of the dagobah, a small, square compartment was discovered, lined with brick, and paved with coral, containing a cylindrical mass of grey granite, rudely shaped into a vase, or karandua, which had a closely-fitting cover or cap of the same‡. This vase contained an extremely small fragment of bone, pieces of thin gold—in which, in all probability, the bone had originally been wrapped—pieces of the blue sap-

* The bo, or sacred tree, is most magnificent, being clothed in luxuriant foliage, bearing an exquisitely odoriferous bell-shaped flower, of a white hue. The Buddhists affirm that each successive Buddha had attained supreme wisdom whilst sitting under some peculiar tree; and that Sidharte, or Goutama Buddha, reached the pinnacle of heavenly knowledge, whilst reposing under this tree, which is held sacred by all Buddhists in Ceylon, at the present time.

† These relics are either hairs or small portions of bone.

‡ The contents of this vase are very similar to one that was discovered at Benares by Mr. Duncan, who concluded from an inscription that he found in the same place, that a temple of Buddha has existed there above 700 years ago.

phire, and ruby, three small pearls, a few gold rings, beads of cornelian and crystal, and pieces of glass, which resembled icicles in shape. In the compartment with the vase were also placed a brazen and an earthen lamp, a small truncated pyramid, made of cement, and clay images of the cobra capella, or hooded snake. In an historical account of Ceylon, we read:—

“The characteristic form of all monumental Buddhistical buildings is the same in all countries, which have had Buddha for their prophet, lawgiver, or God; whether in the outline of the cumbersome mount, or in miniature within the labored excavation, the peculiar shape, although variously modified, is general, and enables us to recognize the neglected and unhonoured shrines of Buddha, in countries where his religion no longer exists, and his very name is unknown.”

The relic, which is considered most valuable by rigid Buddhists, is the Dalada relic, or tooth of Buddha,* which was brought to Ceylon during the reign of Kitsiri Majan, from Northern India, by a princess, in the year 310 of the Christian era; and in the 853rd year after the death of Goutama Buddha, to prevent the relic falling into the hands of a neighbouring monarch, who had made war for the express purpose of obtaining possession of the Dalada. Buddhists affirm that in whatever country the relic is to be found, that country will be taken under the special protection of Buddha; the nation, therefore, becoming, in the estimation of all professors of Buddhism, a sacred one—thus Ceylon is termed by the Cingalese, the sacred island. The Cingalese believe also, that their country never could have been completely subjugated, until a foreign power had obtained possession of the relic. In 1818, Sir R. Brownrigg, after the Kandian rebellion, took possession of the Dalada relic, and Dr. Davy, who was in Ceylon during the whole time of the war, thus writes:—

“Through the kindness of the governor, I had an opportunity of seeing this celebrated relic, when it was recovered, towards the conclusion of the rebellion,

and brought back to be replaced in the Dalada Malegawa, or temple, from which it had been clandestinely taken Here it may be remarked, that when the relic was taken the effect of its capture was astonishing, and almost beyond the comprehension of the enlightened; for now they said, the English are indeed masters of the country; for they who possess the relic have a right to govern four kingdoms: this, for 2,000 years, is the first time the relic was ever taken from us. The Portuguese declare that in the sixteenth century they obtained possession of the relic, which the Cingalese deny saying, that when Cotta was taken, the relic was secretly removed to Saffragam. They also affirm, that when Kandy was conquered by us in 1815, the relic was never surrendered by them to us, and they considered it to be in their possession until we took it from them by force of arms. The first adikar also observed, that whatever the English might think of having taken Pilimi Talawe, and other rebel leaders, in his opinion, and in the opinion of the people in general, the taking of the relic was of infinitely more moment.”

The relic was kept by us from 1818 until 1847, and during that period was exhibited by the servants of a Christian monarch, to the priests and followers of Buddha, who came to worship the Dalada. On the 28th of May, 1828, the Dalada was publicly exhibited at Kandy to the worshippers, under the sanction of our government, the whole ceremony being conducted with great splendour; also on the 27th of March, 1846, there was another public exhibition of the relic to the Siamese priests, who had come from their own country to worship the tooth. In 1847, however, orders were most correctly sent, by the home government, desiring the relic to be given up to the priests, to dispose of as they chose. Some of the chiefs and priests, it was stated at that time in Ceylon, proposed sending the relic to England, to be placed in the custody of the Queen of Great Britain, but this request, for obvious reasons, could not be acceded to, by a Christian government.

The superstitious belief of the Cingalese Buddhists is so well known,

* In a native work, still extant, and much prized by the Cingalese, called the ‘Dathadastu-Wanso,’ the history of the relic will be found.

that during the late insurrection, apprehensions were entertained that the ringleaders might make the possession of the Dalada subservient to their own purposes, and in Lord Torrington's despatch to Lord Grey, dated from the Queen's House, Colombo, August 14, 1848, we read :—

“As the possession of the Buddhist relic or tooth, has always been regarded by the Kandians, as the mark of sovereignty over their country, and it was stolen and carried about in 1818, being used as a signal for rebellion, which only terminated with the recovery of it, it was judged right, by the commandant, to demand the keys of the temple, as well as of the shrine of the relic, which had been delivered by me into the charge of two priests and a chief, about a year ago. He then assured himself that this object of veneration had not been removed from its accustomed position, and converted into a signal of rebellion. But not trusting any longer to the integrity of the priests or chiefs, by whom the insurrection has been organized, the keys have, for the present at all events, been retained in the possession of the commandant.”

The Dalada relic is placed in the principal temple at Kandy, which is attached to what was the palace of the Kandian monarch—in fact the Dalada Malegawa was the domestic wihare of the royal family. This temple is considered by all Buddhists as the most sacred in the island of Ceylon, from the fact that the Dalada relic or tooth of Buddha is enshrined within its walls; and during the reigns of the kings of Kandy, the people flocked from all parts of the island to worship the relic, on the various occasions of its public exhibition. The time for the exhibition of the Dalada was named by the monarch, and the nation looked upon that period as one of rejoicing—the chiefs flocked to the capital, attended by numerous followers; elephants were to be seen bedecked with their richest trappings, their masters reclining luxuriously in the howdahs, which in many instances were attached to the bodies of the elephants by broad bands, studded with pearls and precious gems. Palanquins, bandies, haccories, and every description of vehicle were also called into requisition, to bear the inhabitants of distant villages to the scene of re-

joicing. When the appointed day arrived, the monarch, accompanied by the whole of the royal family and chiefs, all clad in their costliest jewels and robes of state, went to worship the relic, which was exhibited by the priest of the highest rank, who reverently raised it above his head, to enable the assembled multitude to gaze thereon. As soon as the vast assemblage caught a glimpse of the sacred relic, they salaamed most lowly, giving utterance simultaneously to the exclamation of praise—“*Sadhu*”—this word was repeated by those who stood in the back ground, until the air was replete with the sounds of adoration, and the joyous expression was re-echoed from hill to hill. Festivals and rejoicings succeeded in the palace and the hut, until the excitement and enthusiasm which had been called into action by the exhibition of the relic had subsided—then, and not till then, did the mighty throng of chiefs and people, who dwelt in distant villages, depart for their respective homes—and tranquillity again reigned in Kandy.

The Dalada Malegawa is an edifice of two stories with a curved sloping roof, built somewhat in the Chinese style of architecture, and is approached by a double flight of stone steps. Upon entering the temple, the walls are found to be covered with sacred emblems, and decorations of brass: a flight of steps lead to the sanctuary, which is situated on the upper story: this room has folding doors with brass panels, on either side of which curtains are suspended—the apartment is about twelve feet square, and without windows, consequently the sun's cheering rays can never illumine this abode of superstition. The walls and ceiling are hung with gold brocade, and white shawls with coloured borders; a platform, or table, about four feet high occupies the principal part of the room; this table is also covered with gold brocade; on this shrine are placed two small images of Buddha, the one of gold, and the other of crystal; before these idols, offerings of odoriferous flowers and fruit are placed—four caskets about twelve inches high, enclosing relics, are arranged on the shrine, in the centre of which stands the casket, or *karandua*, which contains the sacred tooth. This casket is in

the form of a bell, being made in three pieces, and is about five feet high, the diameter at the base being nine feet six inches, and it appears to be made of gold, but we were informed by a Kandian chief, that it was composed of silver, richly gilt. The chasing of the karandua is simply elegant, and a few gems are dispersed about it, the most costly of which is a cat's-eye, which is set on the summit. Although the workmanship of the casket is unpretending, yet the various ornaments and chains which are suspended about it, are of the richest descriptions, and the most elaborate designs. These ornaments have been presented from time to time by various worshippers of the god, in token of gratitude for favours supposed to have been conferred by him, and the wealthy devotees of the present day frequently make additions to these valuable embellishments. The most exquisitely beautiful of all these ornaments, is a bird which is attached to a massive and elaborately chased golden chain. The body of the bird is formed of gold, and the plumage is represented by a profusion of precious gems, which consist of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and cats-eyes. Description is inadequate to convey a correct idea of the extreme and extraordinary effulgence and exquisite beauty of these elaborate decorations, which the limner's art alone could faithfully delineate. The karandua is opened by a small door, which is placed in the middle of the casket.* This precious tooth of Buddha, it is affirmed by Europeans, is an artificial one, made of ivory, which is perfectly discoloured by the hand of time; but most assuredly, if a natural one, both from its size and shape, this tooth could not have been carried in the jaw of a human being, but that it might have belonged to some ancient alligator, many centuries ago, is extremely possible. This discoloured memento of superstition is wrapped in a delicately thin sheet of virgin gold, and deposited in a box of the same precious material, which is of the exact form of, and only sufficiently large to receive, the relic. The exterior of

this delicate bijou is studded with precious stones, which are arranged in symmetrical order: this box is placed in a golden vase, which is decorated with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, in a style similar to the box, and being wrapped in rich brocade, is enclosed in a second vase of gold, which is encircled with folds of pure white muslin. This vase is then located in a third, which is put into a fourth, both being formed of the same precious metal, and similarly folded in muslin. The last vase is nearly eighteen inches high, and the workmanship, delicate chasing, and the tasteful manner in which the gems are arranged, in the whole series of vases, is most exquisite. The fourth vase, with its contents, is deposited in the shrine or karandua, and is taken from thence at stated periods to be worshipped, and none but the chief priest ever presumes to touch the Dalada relic. When we saw the relic, it was placed in the centre of an exquisitely beautiful pink lotus, the flowers of the bo tree being strewed around, and tastefully arranged on the shrine; but it was most pitiable to behold the benighted Buddhists, many of them learned men and good scholars, prostrating themselves before a piece of discoloured bone. There is also a smaller, and most exquisitely beautiful casket, or karandua, studded with precious stones, in which the relic is placed, when it is borne in the religious processions, or when the chief priest, in troublous times of commotion or war, should think it necessary to insure the safety of the Dalada, by removing it from the temple. Above the shrine, and attached to the wall, are plates of gold, on which are inscribed sacred emblems and characters: on either side of the principal shrine there are smaller shrines, which are covered with gold and silver cloths, on which are placed gilt lamps, and offerings of flowers and fruit; and the effluvia arising from the cocoa-nut oil, with which the lamps are supplied, combined with the perfume of the votive flowers, renders the atmosphere of this unventilated apartment most oppressive.

A contiguous staircase leads to a

* Until 1847 the Christian government agent of the province, as well as the Buddhist chief priest, used each to have a key of the karandua.

similar apartment, which is decorated in the same manner as the one we have described, where is to be seen the recumbent figure of the god Goutama Buddha, the size of life; the features are well delineated, and the figure is gilt, with the exception of the face and hands. Near him are placed figures of other gods and the goddess Patine, the shrine being decorated with golden ornaments, many of which are studded with precious stones.

The god Buddha is represented by the Cingalese in three attitudes—namely, standing erect, with one hand raised, as if preparing to step forward (*see woodcut*); seated on a cushion, with the legs crossed; and reclining on his side, his hand placed under his head, which rests upon a pillow, we had two figures of Goutama Buddha presented to us; the one in the act of advancing, from which the illustration is taken, is of ivory, about five inches in height; the hair, eyes, lips, and palms of the hands, being coloured to represent life, whilst the drapery is relieved by stripes of vermillion. The other figure is of bronze, about three inches and a-half in height, and represents the god seated cross-legged; the ornament, or sacred emblem, which is placed on the crown of the head of each of these idols (*see woodcut*), is used solely to designate Buddha, as the emblem of the other gods is of a totally different character. In the Malegawa, a most valuable seated figure of Buddha was to be seen in 1847 (and we presume it is there now), which had been presented by the Siamese priests; it was nearly eleven inches in height, and was carved out of a cat's-eye. Having had the good fortune to have been conducted over the Dalada Malegawa, by a Kandian chief, we were shown all that was considered either curious or magnificent. Amongst the most valuable or valued of the curiosities was the aforesaid image; and not having the slightest feeling either of reverence or fear for Buddha, we attempted to take up the cat's-eye figure for the purpose of examining it minutely, and most unluckily we took it up by the shoulders. At this act, both our conductor and the priest started back in affright, as it is considered the greatest breach of decorum to raise an image of Buddha

by any part save the base, and then both hands must be used to perform the operation—a fact of which we were not previously cognizant, otherwise we should have refrained from outraging their prejudices, as we deem it bad taste to set the customs of a nation at defiance, even though they be idolaters; consequently we pleaded our ignorance, and our apologies were accepted. In many of the Buddhist temples, the images of the idol are gigantic, and the robes in which he is clad are generally of a bright yellow: occasionally puce or violet colour is used, which, although canonical, is not considered so orthodox as yellow. Buddhists declare, that the statues of Buddha are not placed in the wihares for the purpose of adoration, but to recall more forcibly to the minds of his followers, the precepts which he inculcated, and the example which he set them in his blameless life.

We had also handed to us Buddha's betel-box, his bowl for holding rice, and his chatty for containing water; all of which were composed of virgin gold, which was so extremely pure and ductile, that these vessels could be bent with the most perfect facility, reassuming their pristine form with equal ease. The vessels are ornamented with most delicately-chased figures, the designs and workmanship of which are incomparable, and these ornamental articles are carried by the attendant priests in all religious ceremonies and processions. There are also at Kandy two other Buddhaical temples, namely, the Asgirie and Malwatte Wihares, in the latter of which is to be seen a gigantic recumbent figure of the god, which is nearly thirty feet long, clad in yellow robes; there are several smaller figures of Buddha, both seated and standing, and two of them are robed in violet-coloured draperies. The ceilings and walls of this temple are painted in arabesque, the most brilliant colours imaginable having been used; and although they have lost some of their brilliancy, yet the design is excellent, and the effect produced is pleasing in the extreme. Near to the Malwatte Wihare is a small temple, in which is a seated image of Buddha of the natural size: it is a well-proportioned figure, the face being

remarkably handsome, the expression most benignant, and the features well defined; in short, the figure is well executed in every respect.

In no part of the world was the combination of church and state more completely apparent than in Ceylon, under, or during, the Kandian monarchy. We have shown, that the temple, in which the most precious articles in the world, in the Buddhist's estimation, was enshrined, was attached to the king's palace; the monarch, his family, ministers, and household, going there constantly to worship.

We shall now proceed to give an account of the priesthood, their ordination, and the mode in which Buddha is worshipped, by which we will further exemplify the union of church and state. The Malwatte and Asgirie Wihares at Kandy, are the ecclesiastical colleges, to one or other of which every priest in the island belongs; it is impossible to give an accurate account of the number of priests, for although the names of the priests are registered when they are ordained, no record is kept of their deaths. Each of these colleges is governed by a chief priest, who was formerly appointed by the king, and these two individuals alone, of all the priesthood, held official rank. The title of the chief of the Malwatte college is *Maha-niakoo-unanci*; and of the Asgirie, *Anna-niakoo-unanci*: the word *niakoo* is indicative of high rank, whilst that of *unanci* is applied to the priesthood generally, and is a term of respect. Superiority over their followers is allowed to no others of the body, unless they are especially learned and pious: the chief priests rule their respective colleges from a written code of regulations, which they affirm were framed by Goutama Buddha. The order of priesthood may be said to be divided into three classes, although the third class are not regularly ordained: the first class, called *Upasampada*, which signifies *almost full of religion*, are distinguished by the honourable title of *Tirunnance*; the second class, or *Samenero*, or the *son of the priest*, bear the title of *Ganinnance*. What we term the third class, are pious men of low caste, who practise celibacy, and lead the life of priests, and are called *Silyat*, but although they are permitted occa-

sionally to perform priest's duties, are neither ordained nor allowed the rank of priests. The priesthood is principally composed of high caste men, called in Kandy *Goewanse*, and in the maritime and low country districts, *Wellale*; for, although the tenets of Buddha do not exclude the low castes, yet the pride of the high caste men will not allow them to associate with, or pay the respect, which a priest ought to receive, to an individual of low caste.

A regular course of study is gone through, before a priest can be ordained, a noviciateship being served, before a candidate can become a *Samenero*, and before the individual can become an *Upasampada*, he must pass examination; and, formerly, the approval of the King of Kandy was required, before a man could become an *Upasampada*. At an early age the noviciateship is commenced, the parents, or nearest relations of the lad, placing him under the superintendence of a priest, whom he is bound to obey as a master, the priest in return becoming his instructor; if the conduct of the novice is satisfactory, at the expiration of three years he is made a *Samenero*. The following ceremony is gone through when a novice is admitted into the priesthood: he first has his head and eyebrows completely shaven, and performs his ablutions, his person is then besmeared with ointments which are especially prepared; the novice having made ready his yellow robes, and the various articles which *Sidharte* had when he became a priest, prior to his attaining that wisdom which made him *Goutama Buddha*, kneels before his tutor and master, and entreats in Pali verse to be admitted into the lowest order of the fraternity. The novice is examined, and if his literary attainments are approved of, he is admitted into the priesthood, being clad with great ceremony in his yellow robes. As *Samenero*, he attends the temples, taking part in the subordinate ceremonies; but although a priest, he is still under the guidance of his tutor, who superintends his studies, and to whom he must evince the greatest respect and obedience. When the *Samenero* has attained the age of twenty years—reckoning from the beginning of his present state of existence, which they

date from his conception, and not from his birth—if sufficiently qualified, and permitted by his tutor, he may make application to become a Upasampada. The candidate now throws off his yellow robes, clothing himself in a pure white garment, and is then examined before an assemblage of the senior and most learned priests, the number of whom must not be less than twenty. If he passes this examination he is made a Upasampada, and assumes the yellow robes, which slightly differ from those which are worn by the Samenero. Formerly, it was necessary to obtain the king's consent before a Samenero could be made a Upasampada; and when the royal licence was obtained, the successful candidate used to be paraded through the streets of Kandy, seated either in a howdah, which was borne by an elephant, dedicated to the service of the temple, or mounted on a horse.

Each priest is an incumbent of, or appointed to, one especial temple, or wihare, and is supported either by the donations of the charitable, or from the produce of the lands which may be attached to the wihare. The number of priests which belong to a temple vary from one to twenty, according to the value of the land belonging to, and the size of, the temple. A wihare usually descends from tutor to pupil; but the head priest of any wihare has it in his power to appoint his successor; but should he die without nominating a priest whom he wishes to succeed him, then the temple devolves to the senior pupil. The office is held for life, and, in many instances, is a most lucrative one, as the donations, and lands, which are made to, and possessed by, the incumbents of the larger wihares, are frequently of considerable value; and constant law-suits are carried on by the priests, one against the other, to establish titles or right of possession to temples. In fact, the natives of Ceylon—belong they to what caste they may—are the most litigious nation on the face of the earth. During the Kandian monarchy, the chief of the principal temple of Buddha, or the Dalada Malagawa, at Kandy was not appointed by the College of Priests, nor did he belong to the priesthood, but the office was in the gift of the monarch, who invariably appointed a layman of high

rank, who, also, generally held some official post of importance; and the appointment was only held during royal pleasure. The title of this chief was Malegawe-diwa-Nilimi; and subject to his authority there was a lekammahatmeer, or deputy, and several subordinate officers, as well as a large number of Pattica people, who performed the menial offices of the temple, and cultivated the temple lands. The duties of Malegawe-diwa-Nilimi were, to assist at the religious ceremonies, and see that all the rites and observances which were ordered by Buddha, were duly performed. Occasionally this chief had to present offerings to Buddha, and before he approached the shrine, it was required that he should have lived entirely on vegetable diet for at least twenty-four hours, have performed his ablutions by immersing his person in a pure running stream, and be attired in perfectly clean or new garments. The offerings which were made in the morning consisted of flowers, rice, and vegetable curry; whilst in the evening, betel leaves, and a beverage prepared either from coffee or rice, were presented. The custom of making offerings morning and evening, the Buddhists affirm, arose from the fact, that Goutama Buddha never ate save at these times; and at the present day it is the national custom to take but the morning and evening meal.

It is impossible to say how many wihare there are in the island, but we know they are very numerous, as nearly every small village has one; the larger districts more. Every ecclesiastical establishment is similar, and consists of a wihare, in which there are one or more images of Buddha, and frequently effigies of the gods who especially watch over particular temples; a dagobah; a poega, or building where the priests hold their meetings, and read the sacred writings; and a pansal, or dwelling-house for the priests. Invariably, in the vicinity of a wihare, is to be found the magnificent bo, or sacred tree, diffusing its perfume around, and filling the atmosphere with the delicious aroma of its exquisitely delicate and beautiful blossoms. These religious establishments are generally built in some secluded spot, frequently near a running stream, amidst groves of graceful palms and

luxuriant fruit-trees, and it would be impossible to describe the romantic beauty of many, or the glorious magnificence of the scenery in some parts of Ceylon. Ofttimes, whilst sojourning in Lanka-diva, we have been tempted to coincide in the opinion expressed by many natives, that in their sunny isle was situated the garden of Eden.

The duties of the priesthood, both in their sacred and social character, are carefully laid down by Goutama Buddha, and they are required to pay rigid obedience to the *Treweededoo-charitie*, or prohibitory commandments, and the *Pratipitti*. The prohibitions are *ten*, and are the following: taking life; committing adultery or fornication; stealing; lying; eating more than two meals a-day; indulging in amusements of any description; accepting gold or silver; wearing flowers or ornaments; drunkenness; and reposing upon an elevated couch or bed.* The *Pratipitti* commands the priests to evince and pay the same attention and respect to the relics and images of Buddha that was paid to him during his lifetime, the same to the sacred writings, and to honour the senior priests in like manner as their parents. The priests are also enjoined to worship Buddha three times a-day: at sunrise, noonday, and sunset: the mode of worship prescribed is the repetition of certain prayers, and the presentations of flowers and fruit, which are to be placed on the shrine, before the image of Buddha. The sacred books, and senior priests, are also to be worshipped; the former are to have flowers placed around them, and an obeisance must be made to them before they are opened for perusal—during the time the *Ola* is in the hands of the priest, he is forbidden either to converse or smile. The priests also are forbidden to sit down, unless the sacred books are placed either on a shelf or table. The worship which priests are enjoined to pay to their seniors, consists in asking their blessings, which the suppliant is to beg upon his bended knees, with his hands upraised, and

his head bowed to the earth. The blessing is then to be given by the senior priest, who is to lean forward, with clasped hands, uttering a prescribed form of words: both sacred books and priests are also to be worshipped three times a-day. Four holydays or *pohoya* are in each lunar month, when the priests are ordered to preach to the assembled people the duties of their religion, and to inculcate lessons of morality: these days are ordered to be observed in like manner with our Sabbath; but this injunction is not obeyed by the great mass of Buddhists. Every fifteenth day, the priests of each *wihare* are ordered to assemble in their *poega*, and listen to the rules which are laid down for their guidance: the senior priest reads the prescribed form, first saying in a loud voice: "If any of our body be present whose sins will not permit him to sit whilst our doctrines are repeated, let him depart." The sins which render a priest unfit to remain whilst the doctrines are read, are, murder, fornication, stealing, and lying. If an individual has been guilty of any of the above, he must quit the assembly, and afterwards be tried by the priesthood; when, if he be found guilty, he is punished, suspended, or expelled the priesthood. Should any of the fraternity have committed a minor offence, and we believe nearly one million are named in Buddhical laws, he is to rise immediately after the proclamation is made, and confess his guilt: the senior priest is then to reprimand and admonish the culprit, who, after he expresses contrition, is allowed to resume his seat. Annually the chief priest of each college ought to order the priests belonging to that institution to assemble, and listen to his exhortations and admonitions. Celibacy and chastity are strictly enjoined by Goutama Buddha upon the priesthood, and should they break their vow, they are "to be punished with exclusion, expulsion, or penances; the offender is not to be restored except by the unanimous consent of an assembly of twice ten senior priests." A priest is forbidden to sit on the same

* The custom of the natives being to sleep upon a mat, which they place on the ground, beds being only used by the higher ranks since their intercourse with Europeans.

seat with a female, where they are excluded from observation, "which if not so excluded as to allow of his breaking one of the fundamental laws of his faith, is still sufficiently secluded to permit of his holding, unheard by others, improper conversation." A priest is also forbidden to speak more than five sentences to a female, if she be alone, or visit her abode unaccompanied. Although celibacy is strictly enjoined by Buddha's laws to the priesthood, they are permitted, if they find it impracticable to keep their vow of perpetual chastity, to withdraw from the fraternity, lay aside their yellow robes, and marry.

Goutama Buddha orders that during the rainy season priests are not to be absent from their abodes more than six days, as travelling is attended with many difficulties during this season, and it is considered derogatory to the dignity of a priest to be seen in wet or soiled robes. This period is called *wasswass-sana*, and some priests of great piety will neither leave their abodes, nor utter a sound, during the whole period, which we believe to be about nine or ten weeks. The people of each village or district supply the priests with provisions (which they carry to the temple) during this season, and at the termination of the rains, the priests are presented with new robes. On the last evening of *wasswass-sana*, a general preaching takes place all over the island, which is most numerously attended, two pulpits being especially constructed for the occasion. These temporary buildings are erected by the devotees of each particular *wihare*; and we never saw a more pleasing spectacle than these light and elegant structures, which were tastefully decorated with flowers, the leaves of palms, and bunches of the luscious yellow plantain, arranged in fantastic devices. Two of the senior priests, attired in their full canonicals, are carried to the pulpits by their junior brethren; the younger of the two priests recites portions of the sacred writings, which the other expounds, and comments upon, exhorting the people to practise piety and virtue, to subdue their passions, to be pure in thought as well as deed, to endeavour to resemble Buddha in their actions and course of life;

that they may obtain the same rewards both in this world and the next.

As Christians, we are compelled to admit, that the precepts of Buddha inculcate practices which must be beneficial to every class of the community; and to prove our assertion, we cannot do better than quote one of Goutama's discourses, which will be found in the *Kassapa*:—

"There are seven sections of moral science, which have been fully taught, meditated upon, and practised by me, and which are necessary for the attainment of wisdom, knowledge, and deliverance from transmigration. These seven are—the ascertainment of truth, contemplation, extinction of desire or passion, tranquillity, equanimity, contentment, and persevering exertion."

Next to Goutama Buddha, the rank of a priest is considered the most exalted; not even a monarch should remain seated in the presence of one; and like their god Buddha, priests are entitled to, and receive worship. The priests of Buddha are considered superior to the gods (of whom we shall give an account hereafter), but the priests, when they preach, invite the gods to form part of the congregation, that they may participate in the benefit, which is inseparably connected with having Buddha's doctrines expounded.

The priests, from their sacred calling, claimed to be exempted from certain obligations imposed by the road ordinance, which was passed in the legislative assembly of Ceylon in the course of the last year (1848), and from which they have been relieved by the insertion of a clause in a subsequent ordinance of the same year. This injudicious measure, like too many others connected with our colonies, is likely to be productive of much evil, in the impression which it is calculated to produce upon the minds of the followers of Buddha, who are all aware the Christian government of the colony has not given the same relief to the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. We feel that we cannot better express our opinions upon the subject than by quoting the following extracts from a letter, addressed by the Lord Bishop of Colombo to Earl Grey, remonstrating

with the Colonial Secretary against the adoption of the measure. The letter is dated "Colombo, November 13, 1848," and may be found at page 295 of "Papers relative to the Affairs of Ceylon," presented to the House of Commons in February last :—

"Having no more legitimate mode of bringing my opinion on any points affecting the religious condition of this colony, before your lordship, I am compelled thus formally to express to your lordship my unfeigned sorrow that, in an ordinance which has just passed the Legislative Council, entitled 'an ordinance,' &c., a clause (No. 9) has been introduced, exempting all Buddhist priests from the labour required under that ordinance, and from all payments in commutation of such labour, on the ground that the tenets of 'Buddhism prohibited the priests of that religion performing labour of the description contemplated, and forbid to such priests the acquisition of money or other property,' while the like exemption is not granted to Christian ministers. Admitting even that, to a statesman, such an exemption may, on *political* grounds, seem expedient, as far as regards the Buddhist priests, though not at all assenting to this opinion, I would press earnestly upon your lordship the conclusion which follows, that on religious grounds the same immunity should be extended to Christian ministers. Because the British government, having only last year so solemnly disavowed, and formally discontinued, all connection with the Buddhist religion, it is neither equitable nor consistent now to exclude Christian ministers from privileges granted to Buddhist priests. Because the exemption being only granted to priests, as *spiritual* persons, and to none other, it cannot be treated as merely a political question, or divested of a religious bearing. If, therefore, political reasons require the exemption of one class, religious principles require the same for the other Because so honorary a privilege will, for its own sake, be greatly esteemed by a people wholly uneducated, and incapable of discriminating between truth and error, and will not fail to be used, by a designing priesthood, for the purpose of upholding their own false system Because a Christian government, in its unrestricted and equal toleration of all religious opinions, cannot confer special immunities on the professors of a false creed, without disparaging those of the true religion I might urge, too, the well-known fact to which the

records of many courts of law on the island will bear testimony, that whatever may be the *professed* tenets of Buddhism, the priests not only inherit and possess property, but claim, as subjects, the protection of the law for its possession I need not press upon your lordship the obvious and great necessity, on the part of our rulers, of extreme caution, in legislating for an illiterate and superstitious people, lest any measure be adopted which may even *seem* to be so perverted as to give direct countenance to a system of religious falsehood, believing as the Cingalese Buddhist does, the mysterious and inherent sanctity of his religion to be such, that the British power, though invincible in arms, is feeble and futile for its overthrow, and interpreting therefore all its acts as an involuntary homage to the superiority of his own faith I should not press this important matter so earnestly on your lordship, if I did not really believe the cause of the Christian religion, and the prospective dissemination of divine truth among an unconverted and uneducated people, to be seriously jeopardized by this enactment."

To those of our readers who may feel more interested on this subject than others, we strongly recommend the perusal of the whole of the letter of this meek, learned, and zealous prelate, who is an honour to the church, and we can only regret that our limits prevent us from giving it at length.

As a body, the Buddhist priesthood in Ceylon are moral and inoffensive, and some of them are good scholars, being well versed in the literature of their country: thus presenting a pleasing contrast to their brethren in the Celestial Empire, who generally are the most depraved and ignorant set imaginable. The only point of resemblance between the priests of Buddha in Ceylon and China is, that they are all supported in indolence, either by the donations of the charitable, or from the lands which appertain to each temple.

The laity are not conversant with Buddhalical doctrines, much less with the mysteries of their religion, neither are they required to observe the whole of the Triwedeas-charities; but the laws of Buddha state, that his followers must believe in the Tisaranas, and implicitly obey the Panchaseele. The Tisaranas gives three commands,

Buddha-sarana, or to worship Buddha, acknowledging him to be all good, wise, and powerful; Dharmes-sarana, or to have faith in his doctrines, as the means of attaining ultimate bliss, or niwane, and avoiding eternal punishment; and the third commandment is Sangho-sarana, or, to believe that priests are disciples of Buddha, and qualified to point out the method of obtaining salvation. The Pancheseele, meaning literally the five good qualities, is the same as five of the prohibitory commandments, which are enjoined to the priesthood, and have been named by us in the Triwedeoos-charitie. There are also some moral practices enjoined by the laws of Buddha to the laity, such as giving alms to the poor and sick, loving others as ourselves, contemplating the uncertainty of all mundane affairs, passing our time in a manner beneficial alike to our fellow-creatures and ourselves, despising riches, if wealth can only be obtained by malpractices, subjugating the passions, subduing un lawful desires, kindness to animals, and many other excellent maxims of the like nature.

The most unreflective person must allow that the Buddhaical religion prescribes a code of morality of a most perfect nature, which is unequalled by any other heathen religion, and which closely approximates to the practices enjoined by our own blessed faith.

The laity make offerings to Buddha, whenever they go to worship, which consist of fruit, the blossoms of the bo-tree, and other odoriferous flowers. These simple offerings are handed to the officiating priest, who arranges the various gifts on the shrine, which is invariably placed before the god. The worshipper then kneels before Buddha, bows down the head, raises the hand in an attitude of supplication above the head, and repeats after the priest, "I worship Buddha, and believe him to be all good, all wise, all powerful, all just. I have not broken Buddha's commands; I do not commit adultery; I do not steal; I do not deprive any creature of life," &c. It is rather a singular fact, that the Cingalese women worship Buddha more constantly, and, apparently, more devoutly than the men; yet in no part of Asia

are the female portion of the community so unchaste as they are in Ceylon. Formerly, when a gift of land was made to a wihare, it was requisite to obtain the king's consent, as the monarch lost the dues, which all cultivated lands were subject to, but from which all temple lands were exempted. The petition to the monarch used to be couched in the following terms:—"I, your humble slave, am desirous of making an offering of certain lands to the wihare for my benefit, and I pray your majesty will permit me so to do, as it is equally for your good." Buddhists believe that by making an offering to a wihare they will reap the advantage of so doing in their future stage of existence, and they also believe that by an act of volition, they can share the ultimate good to be derived from the act, or transfer the entire benefit which may accrue to any person they choose.

The priests of Buddha, in Ceylon, declare that the people do not obey the commands of Buddha, or follow the precepts which are inculcated by his doctrines, as they did in former times; but they do not exert themselves to remedy the evil, stating their belief that the world is drawing to an end, and mankind must become degenerate, and extremely sinful, before the world, which now exists, is destroyed and reduced to chaos—and that destiny, or fate, guides and governs all mankind and matter.

Connected with the worship of Buddha, a curious practice is observed, which strongly illustrates the national customs: there is a certain caste called Ambattea, or barbers, and a family of that caste had land granted to them in perpetuity by the King of Kandy, which was held upon the condition that the "sacred duty of shaving Buddha" should be performed at stated periods by a member of the family, and that in default or neglect of such duty the land should revert to the crown. The image of Buddha, which undergoes this ceremony, is the large one in the Dalada Malegawa at Kandy: a priest holds a mirror to the face of the idol, before whom a curtain is drawn; the barber stands on one side of the curtain and performs sundry evolutions with his razor, as if in the act of shaving a person, and the ceremony is performed without the operator seeing

or touching the idol. To the best of our belief, up to the present day this absurd custom is followed by the descendants of the family to whom the lands in question were originally granted. There is a heavenly phenomenon, which appears occasionally in Ceylon, called by the natives Buddha lights; this faintly resembles the northern lights, and is extremely resplendent; the priests declare this is a sign of Buddha's displeasure, when his followers have become sinful in the extreme, and that the light appears over the wihare, from whence the priests suppose the phenomenon to emanate, where those who have committed the sin, which has aroused the god's anger, last worshipped.

Although the national system of religion is Buddhical, still Buddha is not the sole god who is worshipped in Ceylon, as there are others whom the Cingalese believe to be guardian spirits, who preside over the welfare of the island and their religion. The names of these gods are, Katragam, Vishnu, Nata-Samen, Pittia, and the goddess Patine. The whole of these have temples erected for their worship, which are called dewales, and it is not uncommon to see a wihare and dewale in close proximity. These gods are worshipped by dances, supplications, and offerings of flowers, fruit, and money; and no worshipper can make these offerings who has partaken of animal food for several days previous to the time of making the offerings. The Cingalese supplicate Buddha alone for final happiness, and for favor in another state of existence; but the other gods are besought by them to confer temporal blessings, and to protect them from sickness and misfortune. The colours and dresses of these gods differ; Katragam and Pittia are delineated as being of red complexions, Nata-Samen of a pure white, Vishnu of a blue, whilst the goddess Patine is the possessor of a bright yellow skin. Katragam is the god who is most feared and revered, and his principal dewale, in the eastern part of the island, was formerly resorted to by numberless worshippers. This temple is situated in the village which bears the same name as the

god, and formerly, at certain seasons of the year, used to be crowded with pilgrims, many of whom came from the remotest parts of India to worship the god Katragam. The only curiosities in the dewale are the kalanamadina, and the karandua of iswera; the first is a capacious clay chair, or couch (covered with the skin of a cheetah), which the priests assert was constructed by the first priest of the dewale, who, for his great piety, passed from this world to the next, without undergoing the agonies of death. The karandua contains a small image of Katragam, and an equally diminutive pair of shoes. At Kandy there is also a dewale dedicated to this god as well as to Vishnu, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine. The approach to the Nata Dewale, through two massive well-proportioned archways, is remarkably fine, and as the ground around the temple is filled with noble trees, whose thick, umbrageous foliage afford a welcome shelter from the sun's rays, the *coup d'œil* is pleasing in the extreme. The atmosphere around the dewale is replete with the perfume of the splendid, fragrant botree, as near each dewale is planted the sacred tree, amidst groves of the tall, slender, and graceful palm.

We regret that we cannot give an account of the shrines of the idols, as none save the priests are allowed to approach the sanctuary, or raise the curtain which conceals the door behind which the idol is seated. The aspects of the gods we have been enabled to describe, from having seen them in the various temples of Buddha. Cingalese scholars believe that Vishnu and Eiswara* are the chiefs of the gods (called Bhoomatoo-dewis), and that they have entrusted the gods before named, and the goddess Patine, with the power of governing the world, watching especially over the religious and civil rights of Lanka-diva.

The kappurales, or priests of dewales, are not regularly educated for that office, neither are they ordained, and they require no qualification save that of caste; as it is requisite that the kappurales of Katragam should be Brahmens, whilst the priests of

* Eiswara is the only god who has not a dewale dedicated to him in Ceylon.

Vishnu, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine, must be either Goewanse or Patiea people. The manner in which the gods are worshipped is by the kappurales dancing in their respective dewales, and the exertion they undergo, with the contortions into which they throw their limbs, is most painful to witness. Some of the assistant priests play upon musical instruments, such as tom-toms, hollow rings of metal, pipes, and chauk shells, which are used as wind-instruments, producing most dissonant sounds, which the Cingalese consider pleasing melody.*

Although the priests will not allow any one save themselves to enter the sanctuary where the god is placed, they will perform the whole of their wor-ship before strangers. These priests, unlike the priests of Buddha, meet with little respect from the people; nevertheless, they are supported by the donations of the devotees, and by the produce of lands with which the respective dewales have been endowed. The chiefs of the principal dewales at Kandy are laymen of high rank (who used formerly to be appointed by the king), and are styled dewale-baysnayeke-nilamis; who are assisted in their duties by many subordinate officers, which duties consist of receiving and disbursing the proceeds of the lands belonging to their respective dewales. The dewale-baysnayek-nilimi never personally present their offerings to the gods, or join with the kappurales in their dances, as none but officiating priests can perform either the one or the other of these ceremonies. It is remarkable that although Buddha's wihare can be entered by all who desire to witness the rites of his worship, yet the greatest mystery is maintained in all that is connected with the presentation of offerings to the gods. Cingalese

scholars affirm, that before Goutama Buddha visited Lanka-diva, Vishnu was the god who was honoured and worshipped; and whilst some maintain that Buddha was an incarnation of Vishnu, others believe that Vishnu will become Nitra-Buddha, or the Buddha who is yet to appear. In the dewales, or temples of the gods, there is invariably some relic, which usually is a warlike weapon, such as a spear, a bow and arrow; and these implements are represented by the kappurales as having been deposited miraculously upon the site which the god had selected for a dewale. The will of the god having been thus miraculously expressed, the edifice was commenced, and by permission of the king, the new dewale was endowed with lands, and possessed the same privileges and immunities as the temples of Buddha.

The conjoint worship of Buddha and the gods is a most extraordinary peculiarity in the national religion of Ceylon, for the worship of the latter is not only tolerated, but is considered perfectly orthodox, as frequently a wihare and dewale are built under the same roof, and in every temple of Buddha are to be seen some of the gods we have named, who are looked upon as the guardian spirits of the wihare; but they are only worshipped in their own peculiar dewales. Native historians affirm, that in former times Lanka-diva was densely populated, and most prosperous (and from the remains of ancient grandeur still to be seen, we are compelled to admit the veracity of this statement), that the laws of Buddha were then maintained and observed in all their pristine purity, but that as the prosperity and population of their country have decreased, so the religion and doctrines of Buddha have gradually been neglected.

* This reminds us of an anecdote. A fellow-countryman of ours, who was residing near Colombo, complained to his appoo, or head servant, that musical meetings held by the natives, in a house adjoining his premises, disturbed his slumbers, and threatened, if the practice were not discontinued, to take the offenders before a magistrate. The appoo remonstrated with his master in broken English—the purport of which remonstrance was, that although Europeans could fight, and were good scholars, they did not know what good music was, or they never would complain that Cingalese musical meetings disturbed their rest, and much less attempt to force a discontinuance of them.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LIII.

MR ROBERT KANT, M.D.

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY, AND PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, COBURG.

THE attainment to eminence in any particular walk of life, no matter how lowly or insignificant, denotes in its possessor some attribute, or combination of attributes, above the common herd of mankind; but when, in an age like this,—wherein learning and science, and not only more abstract studies of science, but their practical application to all the great ends of earthly enjoyment, are the guiding star which all look up to,—a man holds an exalted rank in any of those departments, which lend and teach the educated and thinking portion of society, we naturally turn to inquire by what means such celebrity has been acquired. Genius and talent, the birthright of a few, may enable their possessor to cope with a difficult mathematical problem, or to produce the loftiest conceptions in the arts, in music, or poetry; but their owner may have lacked the peculiar power for bringing these qualities to maturity, or missed the proper opportunity for placing them before the world. Industry may accumulate knowledge without applying it, either for the good of its owner or mankind in general. Some there are, also, who with vast stores of knowledge, and even great power, if they would but exercise it, live rather in what may be to them a delicious, but which is to the world an useless dream of the past, instead of unremittingly wrestling with the present, and standing on the “look out” for the future. Perhaps it was because some of the ancient masters of the pictorial art were content to labour for posterity, that they produced those noble works which have rendered their names so renowned; while, on the other hand, the very desire of courting the fashion, and living but for the present, may have conduced to effect the contrary end just now. But painting is not a science or art of rapid progress, or depending much upon discovery; and though it bears a slow and steady mission to man, it can effect but little to retrieve the fortunes of a country, or to benefit the multitude generally.

The age of escape from barbarism, denominated chivalrous, when the drama excited and instructed—when architecture and sculpture elevated—but when alchemy astonished, astrology infatuated, and religious enthusiasm swayed and biased the minds of men, is—with us islanders at least,—past and gone. The meditations of the recluse, the repose of the study, and the retirement of the cloister, meet with but little sympathy and reward at present. We live in times of enterprise and research, of invention and discovery; and not only of travel into the vast untrodden regions of the unknown, but of the practical application of every discovery in science or art to some useful purpose; and in this every-day-working world of ours, progressing as it is with railroad speed, it requires a vigour of intellect, and, above all, an energy not merely of thought but of action, to join in the race which former times and other men demanded not. The external world around us, and the very nature of man, at present exhibits this. We now grumble if we cannot accomplish in a single hour the journey which our grandfathers jogged over at the rate of thirty miles a-day. The mental constitution of man has been, perhaps, but little altered since his creation; but, no doubt, education, race, habit, country, and external circumstances, induce a growth of energy adequate to the demand for its exercise; and proportionate to its energy is the onward progress of a nation, as well as an individual. Remembrance of the past may stimulate to deeds of valour in the field; the example of the heroes and sages of antiquity may incite to acts of virtue, generosity, and kindness, of both a public and private nature; but though they humanise and refine society, and even tend to exaltation in a moral point of view, they in no way assist to foster, cultivate, or advance those elements by which the great social machine is now moved onwards. To lead into a new, instead of following supinely in the old beaten track, is now the secret of most great men's success.

Of all the branches of human knowledge to which modern times have given birth—which has been developed with the greatest success, and defined with the most unerring accuracy,—which has most generally benefited the human race by its as-

distance towards the advance and improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—which has contributed most largely to aid our necessities, our luxuries, and arts, and to which our health, public and private, as individuals and in communities, is more than to any other indebted—chemistry and its handmaid, natural philosophy, holds the highest place. When, therefore, we see a man not only rise to eminence, but take a prominent position in such a vast branch of knowledge, we naturally wish to trace his steps, and see how and by what means his position has been achieved.

The natural gift of eloquence, which some persons possess, may make the orator, the essayist, the advocate, or the preacher, but it does not form the statesman or the historian, the lawyer or the divine. The quick eye and ready hand may assist the surgeon, but it does not make the medical philosopher. To climb the hill of honest reputation there must be added, the patient and enduring toil of research, habits of inductive reasoning and mental discipline, the art of critical investigation, the labour of analysis, practised observation, the rapid adaptation of means, and the ready perception of truth; but above and before all, the courage to grapple with difficulty, and the energy to display or bring forward the result of these combined powers. To borrow an expression suggested by the subject, to polarise the mind. This great principle of energy is often a natural gift, but it is also susceptible of increased growth by cultivation. If its antithesis, sloth, creeps like a withering lichen over the indolent, so does energy spring up like a well-watered plant in those that cultivate it. He that would now battle with the world, must stand like a general in an engagement, watching every turn of the enemy; taking advantage of every mistake; omitting no opportunity; preserving his coolness amidst the roar of the battle; doing the proper thing just at the proper time; acting on the defensive one moment, and directing the fierce charge the next. He who wars thus will conquer, though thousands were arrayed against him. He must also rise with the difficulties that beset his path, and laughing silently at the sneer of the scornful, never, for a moment, lose sight of the main object of his hopes or his ambition.

Energy—the energy of talent—perseverance, and enterprise, are the peculiar characteristics of the northern and western nations. Look at the brave but luxurious and procrastinating Oriental; he built for himself far in the wild, echoless desert, a fortress, supposed not only to be impregnable but unapproachable by an enemy. No European eye had ever beheld it; it remained like one of the fabulous, enchanted palaces of old; its precise geographical position was almost unknown, and to reach it no western soldier had, as yet, had the hardihood even to dare. There this city of refuge remained, mysterious and unconquered, till a veteran warrior of a little island in the Western Sea, who is the very embodiment of energy, saw that the attempt must be made to reach it; and having so determined, immediately put his resolution into practice. He marched off with a handful of followers into the mid plains, where it was supposed to exist, without chart or map, guided by the compass by day, and the stars by night, but drawn on by his own fierce energy, he sought, and found, and conquered; as has been said of Columbus' discovery of a world, it would have been before him if but to reward his hope.* Ambition prompted; genius conceived, but energy alone enabled Napoleon to carry his cannon over the Alps, and Davy might have lived and died as he began, an obscure apothecary, but for the daring soul which pressed him onward in the race. It is needless, however, to defend by argument, or to illustrate by example, an axiom so generally acknowledged as the foregoing, but to have prefaced this biographical notice by these observations, because we do not think any other man in this kingdom is more justly entitled to whatever credit or influence they bestow than the subject of this memoir.

To describe in terms of hyperbole, and dress up in superlatives, the course and character of the subject of this sketch, would be a task much easier to ourselves, but we feel assured, distasteful both to his own feelings and those of our readers, to detail, without any flowers of language or rhetorical adornment, his labours and their results. A philosopher is, however, known and tried by

his works; and by a simple enumeration and detail of those, we undertake to shew good cause for affording a niche in our Walhalla to the Irishman, with whose memoir we now present our readers.

Robert Kane was born in Dublin in 1810, and educated for the medical profession. His early tendency to chemical pursuits, and to the industrial applications of science, probably arose from his family having been chemical manufacturers in this city. In the universal collapse which followed the Union, in Ireland generally, and in Dublin in particular, nearly a quarter of a century, elapsed, during which there was a total prostration of all the vital powers of the country; enterprise ceased; trade languished, nay, literally expired; literature was altogether extinguished; Irish science, or scientific men, took but a very minor position in the eyes of the learned world—law schools we had none—medicine slept; the very wit and sparkling eloquence of former times appeared as if crushed by the blow; our University seems to have been in a state almost of hybernation; and our Royal Academy dragged on a puny existence, at times scarcely able to collect a sufficient auditory at its meetings. True it is, a few bright stars remained or appeared from time to time in our firmament; a Brinkley, a Grattan, a Kirwan, a Plunket, a Bushe, and a Whitley Stokes, but they only rendered the surrounding darkness more palpable. The men who had witnessed the comparative glory of the Irish nation, fought in the struggle for its maintenance, and beheld its downfall and decay, appeared to have sickened at the sight of its desolation, and given up all hopes of amendment; so that it required a new generation to arise in order to make any effort for its improvement. If England, with unbecoming asperity, brags of the millions—but not eight millions, be it remembered—which she has doled out to save from starvation the peasantry of this portion of the united kingdom, it would be well that she occasionally remembered what she rendered Ireland for upwards of twenty years after the withdrawal of her parliament, her nobility, her gentry, and her trade.

First to raise itself from this thralldom and inactivity, and to spread abroad the fair name and fame of the science and literature of Dublin, was the School of Medicine, of which we have given some account upon a former occasion.* Mr. Kane commenced his studies at a propitious time, just when our young school of medicine was struggling into life, and attached himself to the Meath Hospital, then the great focus of attraction, under the teaching of Dr. Graves and Dr. William Stokes, where his talents and unremitting zeal in the acquirement of knowledge soon attracted their attention, and earned their warmest approbation and assistance. At this period we did not possess, in Dublin, a single periodical, either literary or professional, and great indeed were the difficulties which obstructed the path of the aspirant after scientific fame. A small medical society, however, principally composed of the students of the Meath Hospital, was started at this time, and in 1829, Mr. Kane received a gold medal from this body for a prize essay on the effects of morbid poisons introduced into the circulation. The year following he obtained, after a public examination, the clinical clerkship of the Meath Hospital, a situation which reflects the highest credit on its founders, and has, we have reason to know, conferred most signal benefits upon the science of medicine in this country. In the same year (1830), he also carried off a prize offered by Dr. Graves for the best essay on the Pathological Condition of the Fluids in Typhus Fever, a contribution to medical science in which he combated with effect the pernicious doctrines of Broussais and the solodists, at that time widely spread over this country, and revived the humoral pathology, which was then making great way upon the Continent, under the guidance of the celebrated Andral.

While carrying on these laborious investigations—researches such as seldom occupy the mind of a student, and fulfilling the arduous duties of his office—attending to the sick, and recording medical cases of interest—he entered Trinity College, in order to fit himself for the only degree in medicine then given in this country; and notwithstanding the variety and intensity of his other occupations, his university career was not without distinction, for he obtained several science honours. Although Mr. Kane completed his medical education, and became a licentiate in 1832, and subsequently, in 1841, was elected a Fellow of the King and

* See the Memoir of Robert J. Graves, M.D., in No. 110, Feb. 1842.

Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, his actual medical career may be said to have ended here; for circumstances occurred, about this time, which induced him to relinquish all thoughts of following up the practical portion of the profession.

Owing to circumstances, here unnecessary to detail, the classes of the medical profession at that time consisted of physicians, most of whom had graduated in Scotland, on account of the difficulties which, we regret to say, lay in the way of procuring a medical degree in Ireland; surgeons, belonging chiefly to our Irish college; and apothecaries, who stood in the position of the English general practitioners, prescribing as well as compounding medicine, all of whom were licentiates of the Irish Apothecaries' Hall, and many of whom possessed degrees in medicine and surgery from some of the English or Scotch colleges. Seeing that the public would have a "general practitioner," and that so many members of their own body were in possession of the field, the Apothecaries' Company determined, with laudable zeal, to extend and improve their curriculum of education as far as their act of parliament permitted. They, therefore, proceeded, in 1831, to establish a separate chair of chemistry, instead of the united one of chemistry and materia medica, which formerly existed, and which was filled with so much ability by Mr. Donovan, with whose labours and acquirements most of our readers are familiar; and young Kane, then a student, was elected to the office. From this circumstance arose the School of the Apothecaries' Hall; while, at the same time, it completely directed the current of Mr. Kane's labours into a purely chemical and scientific channel. He continued to be Professor of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall till 1845, when he was succeeded by Dr. Aldridge. For many years he was one of the examining board of the Apothecaries' Hall, and assisted greatly in introducing those improvements into the course of education now required by that body, and in the organisation of the School of Medicine attached to that institution, from which have sprung many of our present general practitioners.

Shortly after this appointment, the young professor published his first work, "The Elements of Pharmacy," which was "intended to convey to the student a knowledge of the principles upon which the more important pharmaceutical operations are founded, and thus fill up that space which exists between the mere detail of the processes in a Pharmacopœia, and the theoretic explanations of their nature given in a systematic book." This was, we believe, the first attempt made to introduce the Continental ideas and methods of treating the subject into Ireland.

We have already alluded to the deficiency of periodical literature and literary enterprise in Dublin twenty years ago. This defect the energy and comprehensive mind of Professor Kane at once perceived and endeavoured to remedy, as far as medicine and its collateral branches were concerned; and, in 1832, he projected the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, intending it originally for the publication of articles on subjects connected with chemistry and pharmacy; but afterwards, at the instance of Drs. Graves and Stokes, who became with him its joint editors, it appeared as a journal of practical medicine as well as chemistry. His direct connexion with this periodical continued till 1834, when his various other avocations rendered it impossible for him to devote to it the necessary time and attention which effective editorship in any form demands. From 1832 to 1837, Professor Kane contributed ten papers of great value to that periodical, most of which are, however, upon subjects not generally interesting to the general reader; but we may enumerate among them, his Memoir upon the "Composition of the Fluids in Diabetes;" in which, by demonstrating that the quantity of organic bases is not affected by the disease, he disproved the old and laid the foundation of the present theory of the nature of that malady. This, together with the two former papers alluded to, were of considerable value in a practical point of view. Another of his memoirs, published about this time, consisted of "Remarks on the properties of the Hydracids," in which he demonstrated the electro-positive character of hydrogen, and the consequent basic properties of water, and the other hydrogen compounds usually called acids. These views, then considered anomalous and startling, have been since almost universally received.

The influence which this periodical—first projected by the subject of this memoir, and now established as the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*—has had upon the progress of medicine, as well as professional and even

general literature in this country, it is impossible to calculate. It was the first successful periodical, whether scientific, literary, or medical, that emanated from the Irish press during the present century, and it has now reached to thirty-five goodly volumes. Our own magazine was commenced in the following year.

In 1838, Doctor Kane married Miss Baily, authoress of "The Irish Flora," and niece to Francis Baily, the distinguished astronomer.

In 1834, after a *concours* of public lectures—the first of the kind, we believe, attempted in this country—Dr. Kane was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, a situation he held till 1847, when he resigned, and Dr. W. Barker was elected in his stead. His most instructive lectures at this institution were carefully prepared, and characterised by clearness, impressiveness, and the happy adaptation and felicity of his experiments; but these were of little importance in comparison with their practical utility, and their great value in an industrial and manufacturing point of view. Not only in his addresses, but in the working of the department over which he presided in the Royal Dublin Society, did he, by every means in his power, labour to develop the latent wealth, and promote the agricultural and manufacturing interests of Ireland. At the triennial exhibitions of our manufactures he gave illustrative courses of lectures, which were of the greatest possible advantage both to the crowded audiences which he addressed, and to the manufacturers and artisans in the city. In 1843, Professor Kane delivered a course of lectures on the different sources of industry which exist in Ireland; and the investigations which he instituted for that purpose were afterwards amplified and worked out in detail, in his well-known work upon the Industrial Resources of Ireland, to which we shall presently allude.

We must now go back some nine or ten years, and trace this distinguished Irishman's onward progress in another institution of a less practical but more scientific character—we mean the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1832, and placed upon its council in 1841. Shortly afterwards he was elected to the honourable post of secretary to the council, in the room of the late Professor M'Cullagh, when that gentleman became secretary to the academy. This office Professor Kane continued to fill till he was appointed president of the Queen's College at Cork, when the present secretary to council, the Rev. Professor Graves, was elected.

The labours, researches, and discoveries which Professor Kane laid before the Royal Irish Academy, will be found at length in the transactions and proceedings of that learned body. Many of these would be uninteresting, and others perhaps not understood by the generality of our readers. The two following, however, should be particularly noticed, because they appear to have influenced his present position not a little.

In 1835, Professor Kane was occupied with some chemical researches on woodspirit, and had proceeded as far as the methods of analysis employed in these countries allowed, and had read an account of his results to the Royal Irish Academy, when he found that Dumas and Peligot had been working on the same subject in Paris, and by the superiority of the Continental methods of organic analysis had not only obtained all his results, but had gone much further in working out the investigation. He then felt the necessity of visiting the Continental chemical and other scientific schools, and during the succeeding year he spent a great portion of his time in visiting the laboratories and scientific institutions of Germany and France. But before he proceeded to the Continent, he again brought forward the subject of pyroigneous spirit at the meeting of the British Association held in Dublin, and satisfactorily established the truth of his investigations.

There is scarcely a subject in either science or literature which is not open to the careful investigation of the industrious; and in chemistry, either from the discrepancies of previous enquirers, or owing to the mode of investigation employed, there has of late years been an inviting field for labour, if not discovery. These feelings seem to have actuated the subject of this memoir in commencing a series of researches on the ammoniacal compounds of mercury, copper, and zinc. The results which he arrived at were first broached in 1836, and brought to a conclusion two years afterwards, when they were published in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Immediately after their appearance, they were trans-

lated into most of the Continental scientific journals. Eminent chemists in Stockholm and Berlin verified all Kane's experiments; and Berzelius, when describing their results in his annual account of the progress of chemistry, characterised them as the most remarkable and important chemical researches of the period, as they had clearly demonstrated the existence of the electro-negative radical amidogene and the true nature of ammonia. The conclusions arrived at in these memoirs have since been adopted by almost all philosophical chemists, and in the year 1843, the Royal Irish Academy awarded the Cunningham gold medal to Professor Kane for this valuable discovery; for the circumstances attending which, as well as a short analysis of these researches, we refer our readers to the address of the then president, Sir William Hamilton, published in the second volume of the proceedings of the Academy.

In 1840, Professor Kane presented to the Royal Society of London some researches on the colouring matters of the lichens, which were subsequently published in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," under the head of "*Contributions to the Chemical History of Archil and Litmus*." This memoir was the pioneer into an untrodden and extremely difficult field of research. The complexity of the results from the examination of bodies so prone to decomposition, and so hard to distinguish, is so great, that the difficulty of even indicating the general nature of their chemical constitution can scarcely be understood, except by those who have themselves worked at the subject. The merit of this memoir was *at once* recognized, and so quickly and highly appreciated, that although the author announced his conviction that subsequent investigation might be expected to add to, and perhaps to modify many of the results at which he had arrived, the Royal Society immediately conferred upon him their royal medals.

We might proceed still further in describing and descanting upon the various memoirs contributed by Professor Kane to different periodicals, as well as published in the proceedings and transactions of learned bodies, were it necessary to elucidate the subject, or if they could be at all understood by the general reader. Before, however, we mention his two great published works, we would here,—because it appears next in the chronological order of his labours, and because we have reason to know that it laid the foundation for the present soil analysis of Ireland,—introduce the subject of the report upon the Ordnance Memoir, made by order of the government in 1843. We here find two letters from Professor Kane; the one descriptive of the materials requisite for a proper memoir on the productive economy of this kingdom; the other, a series of answers to certain queries made by the commissioners respecting the propriety of publishing the information collected by the officers employed in the Ordnance Survey generally, and in particular, on the subject of agriculture, mineral products, natural resources, and the value of establishing a museum of economic geology similar to that erected in London some years previously. As this latter subject is of such vital importance, particularly to a country in a transition state, and situated as our's now, when every suggestion calculated to make known her wealth, incite and properly direct her industry, and display her natural resources, should be respected, we willingly insert the following recommendations of Professor Kane, the more especially as they would appear to be, even so far as they have yet been carried out, the only ones acted on by the government since:—

"The publication of the collection made in the course of the Ordnance Survey may be of the very highest utility, in developing the productive resources of Ireland. Further, as the means which the survey affords for collecting information surpasses the opportunities of even the most active individuals, so its organisation in one department affords a power of comparison and verification of results which is of the highest importance, where those results are to be made the bases of practical industry. This is well seen; where, in determining the most suitable localities for the application of capital and labour in any branch, a variety of circumstances, physical, geological, and statistical, require to be taken into account, in order to prevent the losses which imperfect information might occasion, and which are not more destructive to the individuals who suffer than to the country, by the unfavourable precedents which are thus established.

"Although there may be practical difficulties met with in applying the information given by the survey to the local objects of mining, manufactures, agriculture,

&c., yet I cannot trace in those difficulties more than what every person must expect to meet who starts any branch of industry in a new locality—access to markets and to materials not produced on the spot; intelligent superintendence, and a supply of skilled labour, will present difficulties, towards overcoming which nothing can assist more the capitalist than the conviction that the main foundation of his enterprise is real: that the information of the nature of the locality on which he acts is exact; and this definiteness and authority cannot, as I conceive, be obtained in any examination of the country so fully, cheaply, and rapidly as by the corps of qualified observers belonging to the Ordnance Survey.

"Although, in many instances, certain plants have been found connected with peculiar soils, and certain animals with peculiar circumstances of soil and vegetation, I doubt whether science can as yet announce any general principle of this kind by which practical men might act. The observations made in the course of the survey on this point may become, however, doubly of importance; for, considered as isolated facts, they may be practically employed, and may, when in sufficient number, indicate the general rule from which practical guidance may in other circumstances be deduced.

"It would certainly be necessary to determine, by chemical examination, the nature of all the leading and characteristic varieties of soils, minerals, ores, and mineral waters. I consider, however, that by organising a proper plan for the chemical department, the number of quantitative analyses to be made might be reduced within moderate limits, and the expense become very trifling, in comparison with the importance and positive utility of the work.

"It is difficult to judge of the time requisite for such a work; but if the question refers only to the time required for the execution of the chemical business, I am of opinion that, if the specimens be ready, the work would be carried on at the rate of two counties per annum, or three counties in the central district, whose uniform geological character presents a less variety of soils and minerals to be analysed.

"A collection of fossils, and other objects of natural history illustrative of the local circumstances and structure of Ireland, would, in my opinion, be most valuable as a means of education and enjoyment to the people; and from the number of specimens collected in the survey, there might be established such museums in all the chief towns of Ireland, and thus accomplish with ease a result almost impracticable to local associations, unless at a vast expense.

"I attach the very highest importance to the establishment in Dublin of a central museum of economic geology, on the plan of that in London. It is, as I have found in my own person, almost impossible to collect specimens of the various minerals and rocks capable of useful application without a personal survey, the expense of which to an individual is, of course, prohibitory. The exhibition of these, in the forms best calculated to show their technical value, such as pillars, vases, &c., goes also far beyond any private means. In fact, I may say, that for several years back I have been most anxious to form an Irish technical museum, and have devoted all my spare time, and as much money as I could afford, to that object, but only with the result of convincing me that, whilst nothing can be more important, indeed more necessary, for the industrial resources of Ireland than such a collection, it is only by public means that it can be effected, or, indeed, in order to make it publicly available, that it ought to be carried into effect.

"The prosecution of the ordnance memoir will leave the materials for such museum ready at hand; and, certainly, if the opportunity be lost, it can only be resumed by the expenditure of much more time and money than could be at present necessary. From much attention given to this subject, I am convinced that by such means, coupled with a well-directed system of industrial education, a profound change could be rapidly effected in the aspect of this country."—pp. 78, 79.

From these suggestions apparently arose the "Museum of Irish Industry." As we expect the most beneficial results to spring from this institution, and as it is one calculated to benefit every class in the community, we must still further dilate upon its merits, intentions, and mode of working. The Irish survey from which it sprung, and to which reference has been so frequently made in the pages of this journal, commenced in 1825, under the direction of Colonel, now General Colby; but its great moving power was Captain Larcom, an English gentleman, but so long and so intimately connected with the affairs of Ireland, and moreover so national in his views, that we had almost styled him our distinguished countryman. The original plan of this grand national undertaking would, if carried out, have rendered Ireland better known, and would have developed its resources more advantageously than any other country in Europe; for, according to a letter addressed by Colonel Colby to Sir Henry Hardinge, then first clerk

of the Ordnance, we learn that the trigonometrical and topographical survey should be considered as a foundation for statistical, antiquarian, geological, and biological surveys. Such, however, it should be remembered was the original intention; and to carry this into effect has been so frequently and so urgently pressed upon the government by some of the most learned as well as some of the most influential men in the country. It does not appertain to the subject in hand to follow out this matter further, or to inquire into the causes why government thought fit to arrest the progress of that great work. Such, however, was the fact. The trigonometrical and topographical survey was completed, and the splendid maps, the result of these investigations, have been published; but with the exception of the memoir of Londonderry, which was principally the labour of Captain Larcom, Dr. Petrie, Captain Portlock, and Mr. O'Donovan, and the geological survey of a limited district in the north of Ireland by Captain Portlock, no further immediate result followed. The government relinquished the idea of giving to the public the information acquired with such care and expense. A geological and zoological collection, however, was formed at the Ordnance Office in the Phoenix Park, and thus the matter rested for some years. Again and again the government were entreated to continue the work, and several meetings of scientific men were held on the subject, the result of which was the commission of inquiry to which we have just alluded.

It is here necessary to allude to another result of this movement. Mr., now Sir Henry, De la Beche, as soon as the surveys of Cornwall and Devon were published, proposed to the Board of Ordnance to colour geologically the maps of these districts, and thus in process of time arose the present geological survey of England, which it was afterwards sought to extend to this country.

In 1846, the measures recommended in the letter of Professor Kane, who had now acquired additional celebrity by the publication of the first edition of his great work upon the Industrial Resources of Ireland, were in part carried out; the museum in Stephen's-green was created, and he was appointed Director. The Ordnance, zoological, and mineral collection at Mountjoy was also removed to it. This institution is under the immediate control of the Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests, but the geological survey with which it is connected, and which is under the able superintendence of Professor Oldham, is still dependent on the English survey.

We do not think we are prolonging this memoir too much by giving some account of the objects of this establishment—one so intimately connected with the best interests of this country, and which the government seem more inclined to foster than any other; neither are we deviating from the subject-matter in hand, because, in describing the working of this great national undertaking, we feel we are in a great measure recounting the labours of its founder. We quote the following from the circular lately issued by the Director:—

"The principal object of this institution is to represent and exhibit the materials for agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industry which Ireland contains, and to elucidate and expose the means by which those materials may be rendered available for the improvement of this country. It is proposed that the museum shall embrace—

"1st.—A complete collection of the rocks, minerals, and ores of Ireland. The latter in all the stages of metallurgic process through which they pass.

"2d.—A complete collection of the characteristic soils of Ireland, with the natural manures occurring or employed in the localities and the varieties of agricultural produce obtained therefrom.

"3rd.—Such a collection of the organic constituents of our rocks as may perfectly elucidate the geological history of this island.

"4th.—Such collections of the animals and plants of Ireland as may serve to fix and promote our knowledge of its climate and agricultural character, as shown by its vegetation, and also as may indicate the part to be derived by industry from its native, animal, and vegetable products.

"5th.—Collections of the raw materials used in various manufacturing processes, together with the products in the different stages through which they pass until final elaboration.

"6th.—Collections of models of the more important kinds of mining, manufacturing, and agricultural machinery.

"7th.—A collection of models of nets, boats, and fishing implements, such as in

connection with the collections of natural history shall illustrate the available fisheries of Ireland.

"The new institution embraces a chemical department, destined for carrying on such investigations as may extend our knowledge of the physical history and industrial capabilities of Ireland, and supply that analytical information as to the nature of our soils upon which sound agricultural improvement must be based.

"Finally, the museum includes a department of documents and records of an economic or descriptive character regarding the past history and present condition of our mining, manufacturing, and agricultural industry. To these documents reference shall at all times be easy to those persons interested in their study."

The several departments of this museum will thus exhibit each branch of science carried out into practical effect, and show the application of the various specimens employed in arts and manufactures. Although all the specimens, &c., will be purely native, the models of machinery, and the improved samples of produce will not be confined to those in use in this country; as one of the main objects is to show to what perfection we might arrive, and the best means of doing so with our Irish materials. The zoological section has been arranged by Mr. Ball, the able Director of the Museum of the University.

The chemical department at present worked with so much energy by Mr. Sullivan—a gentleman reared in the laboratory of Giessen, and from whom we expect great things hereafter—is one of the most attractive as well as most necessary of all the divisions of this great Institution. A general analysis of our soils is being now proceeded with for the purpose of forming a surface map of Ireland, which will show, when other matters, such as inclination, height above the sea, &c., are taken into consideration, the value which the soil of this country is capable of arriving at. Mr. Griffith's valuation serves as the basis of this. Other industrial questions will also be taken into account; such as the constitution of our limestones, in relation to their value as building materials or as manures; the commercial value of our coals, and, in fact, every question of a similar kind requiring the aid of the chemist, which may occur during the progress of the geological survey, will be here investigated, and the results published from time to time, together with the reports of the geology of each county, made by the staff of the geological survey. The paramount importance of this department at the present moment is too obvious to require comment, and we are not without hopes that this branch of the museum may soon be made available as a school of practical chemistry, where one of the principal wants of the county, properly instructed manufacturers, may be supplied. Did space permit, it would be our wish to enlarge upon these interesting and fruitful topics, and of the mode in which the soils are collected, and afterwards submitted to analysis.

The building which has been purchased by the government for this museum was originally the town residence of Lord Castlecoote, and was afterwards occupied by Lord Chancellor Manners. It is remarkable how many of the mansions of our nobility are somewhat similarly occupied at present. The princely house of "Ireland's only duke," is now the property of the Royal Dublin Society; Mornington House, where the hero of Waterloo was born, is in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy; Tyrone House has become a national school; Aldborough House has lately been turned into a barrack; Powerscourt House—formerly the stamp-office—is now filled with linsey-woolseys and Manchester cottons; Moira House affords shelter to street mendicants; Belvedere House is a school; Charlemont House—*ultimus Romanorum*—once the repository of so much taste and elegance, is now untenanted, and mouldering to decay; and Antrim House, the splendid residence of Sir Capel Molyneux, is broken up and let in tenements! Nor is this all. Our House of Lords and Commons is a bank; the ancient Archiepiscopal Palace a horse-police barrack; our Linen Hall a military depot; and our Royal Exchange a sort of mausoleum; while Henrietta-street, nearly every house in which was once tenanted by a nobleman or a judge, is chiefly used for law chambers and attorneys' offices. In a few years more, if the present system of centralisation is carried out, we suppose we shall see Dublin Castle a head police-office; the Four Courts will probably be converted into a city marshalsea or an additional poorhouse; the viceregal residence at the Phoenix-park a model farm; the Richmond Hospital a convict depot, and the Royal Hospital, at Kilmainham, a refuge for decayed detectives. Do

we blame the government for these changes already made or in contemplation? Most certainly we do not.

In 1841-42, Dr. Kane published his most extensive work, "*The Elements of Chemistry*," the merits of which were immediately recognised by the greatest chemists in England and America, who declared that it was the best introduction to that science that had yet appeared. It has since become the class-book in nearly all our schools; it was introduced by Faraday into the curriculum of education at Woolwich; and Dr. Draper, in his preface to the American edition, says that it is, "as a text-book, undoubtedly the best extant in the English language." We need not, therefore, wonder at its immense success, and at the fact of a new edition having been called for during the present year.*

Connected with the publication of the American edition of this work, we feel much pleasure in recording the following incident. It met with a very rapid sale in the United States, and Dr. Draper immediately wrote to Professor Kane, and presented him with a portion of the profits of the sale of the work. It is possible that other instances may be known of similar generous acts, but we are not aware of them.

In the years 1843 and 1844, the Repeal epidemic prevailed in this country to an extent which it is here unnecessary to describe. The great bulk of the inhabitants of Ireland looked to political changes alone for amelioration of the difficulties and distresses under which they then, as now, laboured; our native industry—never very energetic—languished more than it had ever done within the memory of man, and the agitation which then distracted men's minds has hardly yet subsided. At this crisis appeared a work, the most popular as well as the most opportune which was ever published in connexion with this country, we mean Dr. Kane's "*Industrial Resources of Ireland*," the object of which was to direct attention to the various sources of wealth in fuel, water-power, mines, agriculture, and manufactures, which this country affords, as well as showing the cheapest and best modes of making them available. As has been justly observed by a cotemporary, the industrial resources, "whether regarded as a source of information on almost every subject connected with the capabilities of this country, or as affording suggestions for turning these capabilities to account, it is far and away the most important work which has ever issued from the Irish press." Accurate in its statements and its figures, not over tedious in its details, simple yet impressive in its language, just in its conclusions, and highly-instructive in its suggestions—it will long remain a monument of the author's general, chemical, scientific, and statistical knowledge, as well as his energy industry, and patriotism.

The labours of the philosopher, and the real lasting benefits which he confers upon science, are not generally understood, and, consequently, not always appreciated by the public. By his cotemporaries in science, and his equals in talent, they are valued; but, at the same time, there are certain popular effects which find an echo and a home in the minds of the community at large. Thus Davy's safety lamp, by which hundreds of lives are annually preserved—a very simple contrivance, but the result of profound chemical knowledge and philosophical investigation—his discovery of the laughing gas, and his lectures and writings upon agricultural chemistry—although neither of these two latter has turned out of such importance as was, at the time of their publication, attributed to them—are in the public mind chiefly associated with his name; while his greatest achievements are known only to the few who engage in similar pursuits. And thus will for ever remain, associated with the name of Kane, "*The Industrial Resources of Ireland*," which was bought up with such rapidity, that the second edition was issued within a few months from the publication of the first.

Sir Robert Peel, then at the head of affairs in Great Britain, with his usual sagacity, was one of the first to perceive the great national importance of this book, as well as its special applicability to the period; and many of the author's subsequent honours and appointments may, with pride, be traced to

* "*Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical: including the most recent discoveries and applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, to Agriculture, and to Manufactures.*" Illustrated by 230 Woodcuts. New Edition, 8vo, pp. 1060. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1849.

the effects of this book. Certainly in Professor Kane's instance, literature and science have not passed unrewarded.

In 1845, the subject of this memoir was appointed, in conjunction with Professors Lindley and Playfair, one of the commissioners to examine into the causes and means of preventing the potato blight. It is needless to tell our readers that that commission was not attended with any beneficial results.

In the February of the year following, the Royal Dublin Society elected Dr. Kane an honorary member, on the occasion of his resigning his professorship of natural philosophy; and at the annual meeting of that body, immediately following, Lord Heytesbury, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, publicly conferred on him the honour of knighthood, as a mark of the appreciation in which the government, as well as the members of that institution, held "the learning, talent, and scientific services, by which his professorship had been distinguished." See *Proceedings Royal Dublin Society* for Feb. 1846.

In the same year, Sir Robert Kane was appointed one of the Irish Relief Commissioners with Sir Randolph Routh and Mr. Twistleton, and also, as the reward of his many services, was honoured by the government with the Presidency of the new Queen's College at Cork.

During the last two years, Sir Robert Kane has been principally occupied in the preparation of the programme and curriculum of education of the new Queen's colleges, and in organising the Museum of Irish Industry, of which we have already given a description. But his active utilitarian mind and rapid pen were not altogether unemployed, as far as the interests of Ireland were concerned, during that period. Our Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, of which body Sir Robert Kane is one of the council, publish quarterly an "*Agricultural and Industrial Journal*,"* to which he has contributed several most valuable practical papers, characterised by sound common sense, as well as deep, scientific research, and a happy facility of popularising knowledge. Of these we may in particular specify the articles upon "the Importance of Agricultural and Industrial Education;" the discussion of "the Large and Small Farm Question, considered in regard to the present circumstances of Ireland," and the essay upon "the Institutions for the Improvement of Continental Agriculture." Many of the author's views were broached, it is true, in earlier times by Arthur Young, and Wakefield, and, more lately, by Captain J. P. Kennedy, now Military Secretary in India; but never put forward with the eloquence or force of reasoning, nor based upon the same chemical knowledge; and, from the apathetic condition of the rulers and proprietors of this country, never felt or acted on as at present. In the educational improvement of our people, rich as well as poor, the employer as well as the mere tiller, can we alone hope for amendment; and feeling as we do, in common with Sir R. Kane, the urgent necessity for inculcating these principles upon every occasion, we quote the following extracts from two of his last papers, not merely because they are from his pen, but because they can never be too frequently brought before the Irish public:—

"Among the many circumstance which have conspired to plunge this country into the slough of despond, from which even her most sanguine friends have their misgivings of how soon she may be expected to emerge, not one has exercised more extensive or more deadening influence than the absence of proper means of education in those practical arts which must ever form the staple of the occupation, and supply the means of living, of the people. For the moving power of every social improvement must be instruction. It is by no means sufficient that we may be, in the abstract, convinced that Ireland possesses within herself the sources from whence even more than her present population might be supported in peace and plenty. It is by no means enough to advertise such facts to neighbouring countries, soliciting that their better instructed and more energetic people may transfer a portion of their superior skill and enterprise to our soil. It is our duty, or we should rather say the duty of those who are in a position to influence the direction of such events, to provide that the Irish people shall be enabled themselves to utilize the capabilities with which Providence has blessed their country; and that if it be proclaimed that in Ireland the sources of industrial power are allowed to run to waste, and that Irish agriculture is a disgrace to

* The *Agricultural and Industrial Journal*, including the Reports, Essays, and Transactions of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland. Published quarterly, by James McGlashan, Dublin.

European civilisation, we should also be informed how those evils are to be corrected, and means should be adopted for affording, in every locality, and to every class, the most efficient practical instruction in industry."—No. ii., pp. 67, 68.

And again, in the last article referred to, we read:—

"It is quite true that we may expect a vast increase of return from agricultural operations, according as the progress of science and its application to the cultivation of the soil shall have enabled us to carry on our field operations with more precise economy and more special adaptation of means to ends. Also, that the spread of improvement from the higher to the lower orders of the farming community will create on the wider area of industry so brought into play, returns commensurate to the enterprise, foresight, and skill that the higher class of the British farmers possess. But it must not be forgotten, that what we can do in this respect, our neighbours and competitors can do also. We can have no monopoly of the results of chemical discoveries, nor of the applications of science to agriculture. On the contrary, we must recollect that the very movement of scientific agriculture which now excites so much attention in Great Britain has mainly had its origin in the chemical researches of foreigners—particularly of Sprengel, of Boussingault, and of Liebig; and that Johnston and others who have devoted themselves to the subject in these countries, and who have done great service by pruning down many of the too prurient shoots of scientific speculation of the foreign school, as well as by original additions to our knowledge, are still but co-labourers in the common field; and that all these applications of science to the improvement of agriculture are now being just as much sought after and applied by the intelligent agriculturists of the continental nations as they are here. On this score, and on the general state of agriculture on the Continent, there is—at least in this country—a great deal of misconception; and it would be a very dangerous error to suppose that improvement is not there also advancing with rapid strides.

"It is, therefore, incumbent on the farming and proprietary classes in these countries to look well to the diffusion of sound agricultural knowledge, and to assist the progress of science applied to agriculture. It is from these sources that whatever prosperity may attend on farming in this country for the future must be derived. Already great and important steps have been taken with this most vital object; but even with all that is yet done we should not be content. The angels' visits of the practical instructor should be converted into permanent occupation, for by such method alone can the success of amelioration be preserved. The parish school and the poorhouse should be rendered centres of sound agricultural instruction. The schools of agriculture proposed in the new provincial colleges should have attached the means of full practical illustration; and where poor continental governments have given up for agricultural education the royal residences of Grignon, of Hohenheim, of Megelin, of Schleinstein, and so many others, the waste area of the Curragh might be rendered the centre of agricultural improvement to the farming classes of this country."—No. vi., pp. 417, 418.

Thus have we followed, step by step, the onward progress of the great Irish chemist of the present day—thus have we endeavoured to recount his labours, and briefly to enumerate their just rewards; and, we ask our readers, whether we have not fairly established the position which we assumed in the commencement of this memoir? With one word more we are done. To the slothful and the indolent, wasting their time in vain repinings for the unhappy position either of their own affairs or the condition of the country generally—to the sneering and captious, who try to discover for other men's rewards and greatness some unworthy reason—to the vapouring politician, who wastes his own time and that of others in useless agitation—to the young and unknown aspirant after fame, who fears there may not be room for him in the crowded halls of science;—to every Irishman who will calmly examine the course which Sir Robert Kane has trodden; who will review his past career; struggling with difficulties—difficulties of position, of fortune, and, at one time, of religion—his vigorous dynamical intellect and fierce energy, bursting the thralldom in which accident had bound him—snatching the highest rewards which science holds out to her votaries—elevating the land in which we live, by associating himself with her trust and best interests, and spreading abroad her fame upon the pages of literature and science—earning for the present the title of patriot, and carving for himself a name which history shall transmit to future time—to all, we would say: the road is open, go and do likewise.

INHERITOR AND ECONOMIST.—A POEM.

To Erin, once, ere yet disaster's list
 Was quite filled up, sailed Sir ECONOMIST ;
 Spent in her survey certain days, and found
 Her catallacticals were quite unsound—
 Here saw the squire, a wealthy magnate made
 By laws impolitic, that fettered trade—
 (That fettered England's dearest trade) and there
 One asking alms, yet free to take the air—
 "This land," quoth he, "is in a piteous plight,
 But haply I've been born to set it right.

"First then," he said—and, look you, he was one
 With whom 'twas then no sooner said than done—
 "You easy squires must go to Liebig's school,
 And henceforth thrive by pharmaceutic rule :
 For who would live, in careless ease, content
 With crops deficient, though redundant rent,
 When double crops, as good at half the price,
 Would reinstate our workshops in a trice,
 Would with the loaf, bring wages down as well,
 And, underbought leave free to undersell ;
 Till spread o'er all the earth by steam and wind,
 Our British calicoes cloth'd all mankind—
 And science hailed the spectacle sublime,
 Of mighty England working double time ?
 But science first demands, as it befits,
 That competition stimulate your wits ;
 Fair competition, to whose bland duress,
 Man owes in every art his last success :
 Let then those rivals who from either sea
 Yearn to confront you in our marts, be free !
 Away with all the antiquated rules
 Devised by tyrants, and obeyed by fools,
 Which to fair nature's bounty shut your doors,
 And mar the march of commerce round your shores :
 Undo your selfish toll-bars with a grace,
 And call the nations to your market-place ;
 So shall this hapless island soon be made
 Great, glorious, free, and fruitful by Free Trade !"

"Sir," said INHERITOR, for such the name
 By which our Irish squire is known to fame—
 "I bought this land, when beef and corn were high,
 Assured by law of your monopoly ;
 And, trusting in your market still to get
 An equal price, am something gone in debt.
 My annual rental doubtless handsome sounds ;
 'Tis, in round numbers, say ten thousand pounds :
 But then I call scarce half of that my own ;
 For, first I pay for interest on a loan
 Two thousand yearly ; next three thousand more,
 In various items, go amongst a score
 Of younger brothers, sisters, nephews, aunts,
 Rent-chargers, dowagers, annuitants :
 But still, I hope, the land itself secures
 My mortgagee—a countryman of yours."

"Yes," quoth ECONOMIST, "'tis justly said;
Your mortgagee must first of all be paid."

"Then, next to them," INHERITOR went on,
"I've got some little charges for my son,
TENANT-IN-TAIL, who, as I grieve to tell,
At Cambridge has outrun the constable:
Here, too, I've to support some five or six
Expensive foibles of INHERITRIX;
My daughter, sir, who makes us grey-beards, fools,
With lectures, classes, charities and schools:
So that, should rents unhappily come down,
I'm not so rich, but still to dread the frown
Of angry fortune; for, say rents should fall
Ten shillings in the pound, I lose my all."

"Fear not for that," ECONOMIST replies,
"Repeal the corn-laws and your rents will rise:
Doubt you the fact? by rule of algebra
I'll prove it plainly in a formula.
For, say our present export cotton trade
Is minus y , and call our imports z .
Then minus y plus z , divided by
 X squared (our increased export), equal y ,
Minus x squared by z divided—thus
Our minus export has become a plus."

"Just so," rejoined INHERITOR: "but these
Fine scientific analyses
Quite pass our skill, who've only learned the rules
Of Bonnycastle in our country schools.
But, since I know that what you will you can,
And that Protection, once put under ban,
Can now no more withstand your party's feud
Than the old exile, 'barred of salt and wood,
The social interdict: I'll turn my hand
To take an increased produce from the land;
And, since it may no better be, I'll try
And learn Political Economy."

Thereon, INHERITOR drew out of bank
What ready cash he had, and, forthwith, sank
His money by the perch, with mighty pains,
In Parks' and in Smith of Deanston's drains.
To show what skill and capital could do,
Squared all his fields, and laid his roads anew;
Loosed from his threshing mill the weary team,
And set an engine there would thresh by steam.
The wondering farmers, when they saw the squire
On industry so hot, themselves took fire;
Retrenched their fare, and, stead of roast and boiled,
More guano purchased, and fresh fields subsoiled.
ECONOMIST the prosperous work commends,
And, on his part, with ready bounty, sends,
At the state's charge, new valuers round,
To rate each acre at an extra pound;
Commissions, too, a scientific band,
To diagnose and analyse the land.
One lays the levels in fair contour lines,
'The rivers one explores, and one the mines;
The Flora here, the Fauna there was seen,
Fossil and recent, land and submarine.

Could tell INHERITOR, when forth he went
 To see how fast his capital was spent,
 The birth-day date of each particular rock
 That exercised his jumpers ; name each dock
 That choked his gripes, in Latin ; by its trail,
 Find him the pedigree of every snail
 That crossed his cabbages : no dirt could grow
 (Though only tadpoles might be thought to know
 Or care for it) in any ditch, but pat
 They'd tell its genus, species, habitat ;
 When first discovered upon Irish ground,
 And who the wight the wondrous weed who found ;
 Whether in walks suburban, or afar,
 And if on foot, or on a jaunting car.

INHERITOR imbibed the noxious trash,
 Got rich in nomenclature, poor in cash ;
 Until at last, I grieve to tell, but must,
 He grew a notable industrial *dust* ;
 In pseudo-scientific phrase would prate
 Of silex, silica, and silicate ;
 In social hours, when songs of old were sung,
 And jokes sent round, would dissertate on dung :
 Show how cheap crops, reacting in a sweep,
 By circumbendibus, make taxes cheap ;
 And how the cost of forcing the Chinese
 For British calicoes to give their teas—
 Of sale for thirty webs, that Napier gets
 At point of thirty thousand bayonets—
 Of pin-markets, by broadsides open laid,
 And such like items of Free (hooting) Trade,—
 Pacific fleets, and flag-staffs at Hong Kong,
 Would pay the Irish farmer—before long.

Fair Muses, fairer none among the Nine,
 Who clothed with grace Lucretius' learned line,
 Mothers of arts and sciences, forgive
 These scorns : they touch not your prerogative.
 If ever I your altars duly deck'd
 Pass without reverence ; if ever act
 Or word of mine impede the ingenious youth
 Who, in your paths, seeks philosophic truth,
 Let every sister Muse avenge the wrong,
 Then let Calliope deny me song,
 And angry Clio, with averted face,
 Refuse me knowledge of my name and race !
 But, if intruders, gabbling in your schools,
 Mad formulists and dialectic fools,
 Who blush to own their land's historic name,
 But call the paragraphs of ——— fume,
 And nobler occupation never crave
 Than botanizing on poor Ireland's grave,
 Incur contempts ; let not the bard be blamed,
 Nor slander say that Science is defamed !
 Meantime, our tale resuming, let's attend
 INHERITOR's adventures to an end.

ECONOMIST and he, one day, espied
 A certain PAUPER by the highway side :
 Where the sun shone warm in the verdant gripe,
 He sat among his bags and smoked a pipe :

His dog lay sleeping on the sunny ground ;
 The fragrant weed perfumed the air around.
 INFERIOR, who'd been in youth imbued
 With the humanities, in musing mood
 Contemplating the little group, began—
 "Saint Austin has a tale, how, at Milan,
 He once espied a beggar in the street,
 Had got belike his bellyful of meat,
 Jestful and merry : Austin says he sighed
 To think how mankind, for their empty pride,
 The cares and pains of life exaggerate
 And all to gain that beggarman's estate.
 For sure," says he, "the beggar was full gay,
 But I right heavy : even so to-day
 Lies the same difference still 'twixt him and us,
 So careless he, we so solicitous !"

"Take with you," said ECONOMIST, "that we
 Are living in the nineteenth century,
 Not in the days of saints or anchorites :
 Days did I say ?—say rather in the nights !
 When mendicancy in the state demands
 A scientific treatment at our hands.
 This vagrant now the countryside imbues
 With idle habits and the love of news ;
 Pernicious tales from house to house imports
 Of births, deaths, marriages, and country sports—
 Seditious rumours, threats, the bulletins
 O' the Ribbon-lodge, and smith's-forge magazines ;
 Idles the little school-boys with his tricks,
 The adult workers with his politics ;
 And so, at public charge, with little pains
 Himself, his vermin, and his dog maintains.
 Now, trust your Irish Poor-Reform to me,
 And speedily (his terrier hanged) you'll see
 How science shall economise your rogue,
 And save the state the keeping of his dog ;
 Shall utilise him, sir, in such a sort,
 That this one beggar haply shall support
 'Stead of the vermin who now suck his blood,
 Of paid official bloodsuckers a brood
 More numerous far, whose legions swarming thick
 O'er all parts of the body politic,
 Shall in a systematic way apply
 Anti-phlogistics and phlebotomy ;
 Or, if the patient sigh for nobler wants,
 A rousing course of counter-irritants,
 Till all the members of your commonwealth
 Are bled and blistered into perfect health.
 No longer, then, your country's cure defer—
 Make haste, appoint one Chief Commissioner
 To supervise all Beggarland's concerns,
 Fifty inspectors, chiefs, and subalterns ;
 Fifty collectors, with good sureties,
 To gather in the dues : then add to these
 Five hundred guardians, vice and volunteer—
 Five hundred clerks at fifty pounds a-year ;
 Five hundred masters, and five hundred dames,
 Five hundred Health-Board doctors of all names ;
 Five hundred builders from the Board of Works,
 Five hundred chaplains, and five hundred clerks."

"Sir," said INHERITOR, "I'd not be rash,
But, sure this cure will cost a deal of cash?"

"Not half so much," ECONOMIST replies,
"As now is spent on idleness and lies.
For now, besides his pipe's expensive fumes,
Consider what his terrier consumes!
Sir, I'll demonstrate that that terrier
Costs the state more than a commissioner.
For, call the terrier x——"

Is Pincher."
"The terrier's name

"Well, my argument's the same—
Call Pincher x"

"Admitted, sir ;—the brute
Eats greedily: 'tis idle to dispute
With one who, to your learning, joins the weight
Of voices all potential in the state.
Assuming, then, that 'tis the wiser way
To have a Poor-Law—pray, sir, who's to pay?"

"What! who support the land's neglected poor?
The land that breeds the beggars, to be sure!"

"Then," said INHERITOR, if that be so,
And if a portion of the rents must go
In poor-rate, still you'll lay the burden on
Proportionately as the rents are drawn;
Thus MORTGAGEE, who yearly skims away
The cream of mine, his quota, too, will pay."

"What! charge the interest of MORTGAGEE?
Sir, let me tell you, that's flat burglary!
You promised MORTGAGEE his six per cent.,
Whether from greater or from lesser rent.
You share no profits if your rents go up,
He shares no losses, *contra*, if they drop."

"But when the contract for this loan was made,
We neither of us dreamt the beggar's trade
Would thus be undertaken by the state,
Else we'd have bargained to divide the rate.
And sure on one the charge unjustly bears,
Where both were purchasers at unawares."

"No matter: twist and turn it as you will,
You are the borrower, he the lender still.
You, too, the Landlord; as such, understand
You represent the duties of the land—
Its charges, burdens, dangers, losses, blights,
As regularly as you do its rights.
When Science looks at land, her radiant eyes
Landlord and Tenant only recognise;
What hosts behind you of Incumbrancers
May crowd the reere, is no concern of hers.
You occupy the place, and can't refuse
The front-rank dangers, and the front-rank dues."

"I fear me, sir, if this be so indeed,
And these new corn-law changes don't succeed—
With falling markets and diminished rents,
Poor-rates will possibly breed discontents,"

Then, somewhat coldly, with polite 'good day,'
 Our interlocutors went each his way.
 ECONOMIST (his measures ready planned)
 Put PAUPER in commission out of hand.
 Lodged and attended like a little lord,
 His dues called in and managed by a Board;
 Fed, clothed, inspected, doctored, chaplained, clerked,
 Nor under-exercised, nor over-worked,
 To morning prayers at six, to bed at ten,
 PAUPER should, sure, be happiest of men!
 But see the perverseness of human breasts:
 PAUPER no more with matutinal jests
 Will break his fast; nor with the ready joke
 Preface the solace of the vesper smoke:—
 No smoking here allowed, for great or small,
 His pipe's locked up, tobacco-box and all.
 PAUPER within soon grows as prone to pout
 As ratepaying INHERITOR without;—
 He dreams of green lanes in the whited ward—
 Longs for rough ditch-banks in the formal yard;
 Frets for his pipe, and early mourns and late
 Suspended Pincher's miserable fate.

In PAUPER's service now such crowds engage,
 The workhouse yields good store of patronage;
 To see the candidates for PAUPER's staff,
 Might, mid his tears, make Heraclitus laugh;
 Cadets of chiefs, and grandsons of grandees,
 Thronging, each morn, ECONOMIST's levees,
 Beard to the eyes, and rings to finger-tips,
 Humble expectants of inspectorships:
 Such the aristocratic charms that dwell
 Round rates struck promptly and collectable.

ECONOMIST now drives a thriving trade
 In politics, and counts his fortune made:
 The yard's remodelled, and the staff's increased,
 (Each new inspectorship's a vote at least),
 He sits secure, as Shere Sing in his trench,
 And cries "Ha, ha," behind the treasury bench.

Such was the land's and such the ruler's plight,
 When heaven, at length, in anger sent the blight.
 With silent swiftmess, in a mildew blast,
 O'er Erin in one night the mischief passed:
 Where 'eve had sunk in shining emerald track,
 Morn showed the green potato ridges, black,
 And all the air, as with a sick man's breath,
 Stunk o'er a waste of vegetable death.
 Oh, God of Heaven! it was a dreadful sight,
 To see the mighty multitudes affright,
 Who'd gone to rest secure of food, when dawn
 Showed, at a glance, their year's subsistence gone.
 But why despair? although the blighted plant
 Was lost past help, the people need not want,
 At least, as much as life demands to eat,
 For still the land had store of beef and wheat.
 "Keep these at least at home," the people said,
 "Or only barter them for coarser bread;
 But suffer not the ships to take away
 Food, which is Life, for luxuries to pay;
 Still less permit the life's blood of the land,
 To leave its shores for MORTGAGEE's demand."

"Oh! unlearned rustics," cried ECONOMIST,
 "Doth not the state's prosperity consist,
 And are not nations civilized and made
 Polite and rich, by commerce and by trade?
 Yet, here, to satisfy your sordid wants
 You'd stop your exports! Oh, ye ignorants!"

"Civilization, as it seems to me."
 RUSTIC rejoined, "implies Society;
 And, if my argument, so far, be good,
 Society needs Life, and Life needs Food;
 And if you take our Food, and Life be gone,
 What's left to civilize, or trade upon?"

"Truth, sir, is left," ECONOMIST replies,
 "And scientific law, that never dies!
 The principle survives; and, just observe—
 I'd sooner see you and your nation starve
 Than compromise, infringe, impeach, evade,
 Or bate one jot the doctrines of Free Trade.
 Ship then your wheat and beef: importing fleets
 Shall, in return, bring duly stamped receipts,
 (I laugh the unlearned sophistry to scorn
 That says your exports bring you no return!)
 And, if you're patient till three months elapse,
 You'll get some Indian corn, besides, perhaps."

The wheat and beef went out: but, out alack!
 'Twas long before the Indian corn came back;
 And, when we're pleading in the stomach's court,
 Behoves oft sittings and adjournments short,
 Else 'tis the settled practice of the fates)
 The best conducted suit ere long abates;
 And from fate's office, fast tho' pleas arrive,
 No *scire facias* issues to revive:
 So when ECONOMIST, as crier, bawled
 "Celt *versus* Hunger," Celt had to be called:
 The silent grave no Celt's complaint returned,
 The suit abated, and the court adjourned.

Deem not, O, generous English hearts, who gave
 Your noble aid our sinking isle to save,
 This heart, though heated in its country's feud,
 Owns aught towards you but perfect gratitude.
 For every dish retrenched from homely boards,
 For every guinea drawn from prudent hoards,
 For every feast deferred, and jewel sold,
 May God increase your stores a hundred-fold;
 Give to you health, and wealth, and love's increase,
 Here, and, hereafter, Christ's eternal peace;
 Long keep your realm from discord unembroided,
 Your arms triumphant, and your flag unsoiled!
 But, frankly while we thank you all who sent
 Your alms, so thank we not your Parliament,
 Who, what they gave, from treasures of our own
 Gave, if you call it giving, this half-loan,
 Half-gift from the recipients to themselves
 Of their own millions, be they tens or twelves;
 Our own as well as yours: our Irish brows
 Had sweated for them; though your Commons' House,
 Forgetting your four hundred millions debt,
 When first in partnership our nations met,

Against our twenty-four (we then two-fold
 The richer people)—call them British gold.
 No ; for these drafts on our united banks
 We owe no gratitude, and give no thanks,
 More than you'd give to us, if Dorsetshire
 Or York a like assistance should require ;
 Or than you gave us, when, to compensate
 Your slave-owners, you charged our common state
 Twice the amount : no, but we rather give
 Our curses, and will give them while we live,
 To that pernicious blind conceit, and pride,
 Wherewith the aids we asked, you misapplied.
 And to INHERITOR returning now
 'Tis time that we resume the when and how,

ECONOMIST next found him at his door,
 His ready cash exhausted, with a score
 Of starving neighbours clamouring for aid ;
 And to their gaze the ruddy gold displayed.
 " Oh, lend," exclaimed INHERITOR, " I'll pledge
 All in the great ring-fence, from hedge to hedge !
 Had I but means, I've still enough to do
 To give them work, and make a profit too :
 This moor reclaimed would well repay my pains ;
 Much needful drainage incomplete remains ;
 Were not my credits so much overdrawn,
 I'd had spade-labour even in my lawn :
 Lend ! take my land ; 'twill well secure the loan——'

" Sure," said ECONOMIST, " your wits are flown.
 To think the State, whose wealth belongs to all,
 Would so compete with private capital !
 No ; if you'd borrow, be it understood,
 The public funds are lent for public good ;
 And public good requires what they produce
 Shall not be any goods in public use,
 Food, clothing, fuel, or aught else that lies
 In manufacture, or in merchandize ;
 Else the fair trader, dealing on the square,
 Would take his skill and capital elsewhere.
 But if you must have money to expend,
 And ask to borrow on your land, I'll lend ;
 Provided always that you spend the loan
 On strictly unproductive lime and stone,
 Or (for your carts must carry weightier loads
 Before you prosper) on new public roads."

" Sir," said INHERITOR, " these country parts
 Have got already more new roads than carts :
 Would that we now had some new roads the less
 And I no balance due for county cess !"

" That balance for the present let's postpone,
 And first consider how we'll spend your loan.
 Your newest roads still, more or less, incline
 At angles to the horizontal line :
 Now, armed with hunger and exchequer bills,
 Set briskly to, and cut me down the hills ;
 So shall your wagons smoothly go and come
 With draught and friction at a *minimum*."

"Mum!" said INHERITOR, "for all I've sent
To market lately, I'd be well content
With any road would bear a low-backed car:
They're good enough—let's leave them as they are!"
"Let's leave them as they are!"—O Irish phrase!
"They're good enough!"—O slothful Irish ways!
Sir, against laws dynamical you've sinn'd,
Provoking friction, draught, and broken wind,
In laying down these roads: know, sir, the rate
Of friction is a ratio duplicate;
And 'tis demonstrable, the saving gained
In locomotive faculties unstrained,
Will in three years the whole expense repay
Of one in fifty lowered; as thus, we'll say
The acclivity is x ——"

"Oh, worthy, sir,
No need to prove it!" cried INHERITOR:
"My rash objections and my doubts forgive;
Lend me the money; let the people live!"

The money lent, forth on the highway side
They went, worked, famished, spoilt the road, and died.

But still the grave enough of wretches spared
To fill the workhouse to the furthest ward;
PAUPER has now no lack of company;
He frets in file, and shares his bed with three:
The rates run up with frightful increments;
INHERITOR in vain demands his rents;
Oft as his bailiffs darken TENANT's door,
COLLECTOR's bailiffs have been there before:
He sells his plate, his pictures, carriages
(His cellar long ago was on the lees);
TENANT-IN-TAIL, in middle term, recalls,
Shuts up schools, stables, kennels, servants' halls;
But spite of all the efforts of despair,
MORTGAGEE's interest goes in arrear.
The bill goes on the file; there's no debate;
Next term RECEIVER's over the estate.
They leave INHERITOR his house and grounds,
Worth by the year, perhaps, a hundred pounds;
But soon unable to defray the rate,
As, tax on tax, charges accumulate,
He seeks the town new fortunes there to seek,
And takes a lodging at a pound a-week;
But, slow to run the sycophantic race,
Is pushed aside, and fails to reach a place.

How speeds RECEIVER? next, perhaps, you'll ask;
RECEIVER, sir, has got no easy task:
For now, ere yet COLLECTOR's claims relax,
TENANT begins to mourn his lost corn-tax.
"Sir," he exclaims, "pray how can I compete,
(And pay a rent) with rent-free foreign wheat?
All that I grow serves, neither more nor less,
For daily Indian meal, poor's-rates, and cess.
If prices stand where they have stood of late,
I'll sell my little all, and emigrate:
And, I remember, Sir ECONOMIST
Used on that reason chiefly to insist,
When showing how, enlightened laws to bless,
Free trade would give our markets steadiness:

Steady enough they've lately been, 'tis true,
But steady at a rate leaves nought for you."
With reasons good as these, in great amount,
Rents none, RECEIVER passed his first account.

Great was the rage on MORTGAGEE that fell;
"Sell up," he cried, "the Irish beggar, sell!"
"Nay," said RECEIVER, "that may hardly be,
No sale would now pay costs of a decree.
Behoves such store of parties to your suit,
'Twould need a seven years' purchase to yield fruit;
And, in the present aspect of affairs,
What, with accruing rates and rates' arrears,
And this new vortex of out-door relief,
That's like to swallow all—I'd say, in brief,
The man who for your land would give the toss
Of a rap halfpenny, would buy a loss."

Thercon, in doleful dumps, went MORTGAGEE
To Sir ECONOMIST, and—"Sir," said he,
"These tricks of yours, though here of use to trade,
My debtor there have quite insolvent made;
Not that on his account I'd murmur for't,
But my security, the land, is hurt:
And now, unless some method you devise
To save the land, my loan to realize,
My loan is lost, and I am left forlorn,
And free-trade formulas are turned to scorn."

"Hush," said ECONOMIST, "'twill all be well;
I'll pass a bill, enabling you to sell."

They passed their bill, enabling, but therewith
Passed none disabling honest Master SMITH.
Their bill before the judge in equity
Gave *but* a bill, thank Heaven and T. B. C.!

Put out of court, and in the country foiled,
ECONOMIST, indignant, over-boiled:
"Before the British lender thus be choused,
Both BRADY C. and SMITH M. R. I'll oust!
Shut up their shop, and, as I formerly
Put PAUPER in commission, so shall I
Now, with like vigour, at her proper charge,
Put in commission Ireland at large.
Fear nothing, MORTGAGEE, your money yet
You'll realize, and interest on your debt:
Soon shall you see on your behalf arrayed,
A High Commission, and a Rate-in-Aid—
(For even a High Commission could not sell,
With rates in prospect incomputable).
Or, since these northern hogs so raise their backs,
A High Commission and an Income-Tax;
Nor these your only helps: to aid our plan,
The *Times* shall thunder from her cracked tin-can
Salmonean hubbubs; and mad Tom Carlyle,
In verbal postures of grotesquer style
Than when, at fairs, a showman leads an ape,
Grimacing, set æsthetic Bull agape.
Carlyle, who holds the Horatian rule at nought,
To grace trite words by novelty of thought,
But still his hugest treats to Bull affords
By tritest thoughts expressed in strangest words

Or haply, in his verbal cup-and-ball,
 Throws up new words without a thought at all.
 Spleen in our service also shall engage,
 Macaulay, Turner of the Historic page.
 Whose pencil makes e'en heaps of rubbish seem
 The glittering *debris* of an Angel's dream ;
 But, after draining all the rainbow's hues,
 For sunbright oranges, and sapphire blues,
 Stoops, to complete the particolored piece,
 And daubs its greens in gall and verdigris :
 Long may he live in orange, blue, and green,
 To roll for flattered Bull the gorgeous scene,
 Long paint (though sick, his fame may bear the hurt)
 His Irish episodes in poisonous dirt.
 These all shall run to yield their ready help,
 With currish thousands at their heels, to yelp
 Contempts 'gainst Irish judges, juries, courts,
 'Gainst Irish Deputations, votes, reports,
 'Gainst Irish manners, morals, accents, dress.
 From all the fetid kennels of the press.
 So shall kind Heaven shield British interests still,
 And MORTGAGEE get paid, let lose who will ;
 So shall we speedily the land behold
 Once more exchangeable for British gold ;
 And in its Castle-Rack-Rent mansions see
 A bran-new Cheesemonger propriety,
 Able in all things, save alone thy grace,
 Gentility, to fill a gentry's place.
 As for that poor INHERITOR, 'twere hard
 But some small place subordinate reward
 (Although the ingrate calls me worst of names)
 His economic and industrial claims :
 TENANT-IN-TAIL, who, as a college man,
 The metaphoric constable outran,
 May also yet, by interest managed well,
 Himself become a real constable :
 And for INHERITRIX, young CHEESEMONGER
 Being still too boyish to be caught by,
 Methinks, Dame CHEESEMONGER can do no less
 Than take her in as nursery governess :
 Thus, at small charges to the public purse,
 They're all provided for, and none the worse.
 Their courts obstructive closed, we'll then transfer
 The settlement of claims to Westminster ;
 So, if for law litigious knaves should come,
 At least, we'll keep the costs of suit at home.
 Haste, then, from Stephen's-green and Scotland-yard,
 Summon my scientific body-guard—
 (But generous K——, I fear, will not consent,
 And F——, I'm certain, is a malcontent—
 And since that *Stock* was shewn at so immense
 A figure, L——'s lost my confidence.)
 From Custom-house and Castle, call me up
 My Irish statisticians : ere I sup,
 The full particulars in shape we'll set,
 For advertising, in the next Gazette,
 This best located, best economized,
 Best Flora'd, Fauna'd, and geologized—
 Best highwayed, bye-wayed (were they but restored)
 Drained, green-cropp'd, guano'd, fallowed,—in a word
 This best (consistent with the maximum
 Of produce, and consumption's minimum) }
 Depopulated estate in Christendom."

Not much on benedictions to insist,
Here, with your leave, we'll leave *ECONOMIST* ;
And, turning to *INHERITOR*, inquire
How fare the family, and how the squire.
Of mind refined, too proud to intermix
With blood plebeian, fair *INHERITRIX*,
Whose schools for needlework, in happier days,
Won royal premiums and viceregal praise,
Herself a noble sempstress, daily earns
Her own and father's bread from Todd and Burns.
Oft as *INHERITOR* her form surveys,
Slow wasting o'er the free-trade shirts and stays,
And owns the pangs distracted fathers feel,
I envy not your spirit's burthen, Peel !

TENANT-IN-TAIL from college halls returned,
Saw the land's ruin, and indignant burned :
A mad exploit the hapless boy conceives,
At one good blow to overthrow the thieves,
To raise his bleeding country, and restore
Her Monarch, Lords, and Commons as of yore ,
Joins, with rash zeal, a rude rebellious band,
Failing, escapes, and flies his native land.

Poor native land ! poor withered breast of earth,
That once exuberant nourished love and mirth,
Now tagged at empty dugs by woe and hate,
Hungry and bare, how changed is your estate !
Yet dry Jerusalem grew in an hour
A nursing-mother by God's timely power ;
And Christ, whose death should yet redeem the dead,
Like you, had oft not where to lay his head ;
And persecuting Diocletian showed
Christ prostrate under Jove, on medals broad,
Even when the heavens, to give mankind the sign,
Were labouring with the cross of Constantine.
Thy day prefixed in God's eternal doom,
May long be longed for ; but the day will come
When heaven shall also give its sign to thee,
Thy Diocletians fallen, thy people free.

GASPARO BANDOLLO.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE SOUTH OF ITALY.

(1820.)

I.

Once—twice—the stunning musquetry
 Peals echoing down the dark ravine.
 Sevrini's blood wells forth like wine.
 Weak—footsore—faint as faint may be,
 And powerless to resist or flee,
 He drags him to a peasant's hovel.
 “Ha! Giambattista!—thou, good boy?
 One short hour's shelter! I can grovel
 Unseen beneath yon scattered sheaves.
 So!—there! Departing Daylight leaves
 This nook dark; and, methinks, the spot
 Is safe if thou betray me not.
 Let me but baffle those base hounds!
 If *mine* plead not, Italia's wounds
 May—that Italia *they* destroy!”
 —He speaks, and crouches down, and gathers
 Around his limbs the light loose litter,
 With one deep groan, O, God, how bitter!
 Given to the lost land of his fathers.

II.

Hark! his pursuers follow after.
 On by the bloody track they follow.
 Rings their fierce yell of demon laughter
 Upon the winds, adown the hollow.
 Rings loud exulting yell on yell.
 —“By Heaven!—See!—here the miscreant fell
 And rose again!—and, if these black
 Leaves mock us not, here fails the track!
 Ha, so!—a hut! The hunted rebel
 Hath earthed him here! Now, comrades, treble
 Your care! A thousand gold Zecchini
 Are on the head, alive or dead,
 Of the outlaw Vascoló Sevrini!”

III.

Half loth alike to leave or linger,
 In burst the slaves of Alien Law.—
 O! ruefullest of sights to see!
 Mute stands yon trembler, but his finger
 Points to the blood-bedabbled straw,
 That blushes for his perfidy.
 Ill-starred Sevrini, woe for thee!
 God be thy stay, thou Doomed One, thou!
 Strong hands and many are on thee now;
 Through the long gorge of that steep valley
 They drag thee up Mount Bruno's brow,
 And thy best bravery little skills!
 O! stood'st thou on Calabria's hills,

With nought beside thine own good sword,
 With nothing save the soul that slumbers
 Within thee now, to quell this horde!—
 But, bleeding—bound—o'erborne by numbers,
 Thy day is by to strike and rally!
 Thou fallest by the hands of cravens
 Rock-hardened against all remorse;
 And Morn's red rays shall see the ravens
 Fleshing their foul beaks in thy corse!

IV.

But Heaven and Earth are hushed once more.
 Young Giambattista's eyes are bent
 In fearful glances on the floor.
 But little weeneth he or weeteth
 Of the deep cry his land repeateth
 In million tones of one lament.
 Nought pondereth he of wars of yore,
 Of battling Ghibelline and Guelph,
 And bootless fights and trampled lands,
 And Gallic swords and Teutonic chains,
 His eye but marks yon dark-red stains.
 Those red stains now burn on himself,
 And in his heart, and on his hands!

V.

But sky and sea once more are still.
 The duskier shades of Eventide
 Are gathering round Mount Bruno's hill.
 The boy starts up, as from a dream;
 He hears a low, quick sound outside.
 Was it the running valley-stream?
 No! 'twas his father's foot that trod.
 Alas, poor nerveless youth! denied
 The kindling blood that fires thy race,
 Dost thou not weep, and pray thy God
 That Earth might ope its depths, and hush
 Thee from that outraged father's face?

VI.

The eye is dark, the cheek is hollow,
 To-night of Gasparó Bandollo,
 And his high brow shows worn and pale.
 Slight signs all of the inward strife!
 Of the soul's lightning, swift to strike
 And sure to slay, but flashing never!
 For Man and Earth and Heaven alike
 Seem for him voiceful of a tale
 That robs him of all rest for ever,
 And leaves his own right hand to sever
 The last link binding him to Life!
 Calm even to marble, stern and sad,
 He eyes the spots of tell-tale hue,
 Then, turning to the cowering lad,
 With stirless lips but asks him, "*Who?*"

VII.

"Oh, father!" cried the boy,—then, wild
 With terror of some dreadful doom,
 He gasped for breath.—"*Speak, wretched child!*
Who sought my asylum, and from whom?"

—“ O, God ! Sevrini ! ” —“ From ? — ” “ The Sbirri. ” —
 “ The fugitive was wounded, weary ? ” —
 —“ O, father ! I — this dreary room — ”
 —“ And thou betrayedst him ? ” —“ O, Heaven ! ” —
 —“ And thou betrayedst him ? ” —“ I — only — ”
 —“ And thou betrayedst him ? ” “ O ! hear me,
 My father ! I watch here so lonely
 All day, and feel, oh ! so bereaven,
 With not a sight or sound to cheer me !
 My mind — my — But, I only pointed —
 I spake not ! ” — And, with such disjointed
 And feeble phrases, the poor youth,
 Powerless to gloss the ghastly truth,
 Sank on his knees with shrieks and tears
 Before the author of his years.
 — And *he* ? What throes his breast might stifle
 Were hidden as beneath a pall.
 He merely turned him to the wall,
 And, with closed eyes, took down his rifle.

VIII.

“ Go forth, boy ! ” —“ Father ! father ! — spare ” —
 —“ Go forth, boy ! So ! Now kneel in prayer ! ”
 —“ My God ! — my father ! ” —“ Ay, boy, right !
 Hast now none other ! ” — There is light
 Enough still for a deed of blood.
 Stern man, whose sense of nationhood
 So vanquishes thy love paternal,
 And wilt thou, then, pollute this vernal
 And virgin sod with gore even now,
 And a son's gore ? What answerest thou ?
 —“ Kneel down ! ” Ay ! he will kneel — and fall,
 Will kneel, and fall to rise no more,
 But not by thee shall thus be sped
 The spirit of yon trembling thrall !
 Didst thou dream nought of this before ?
 Fate slayeth him. Thy child is dead.

IX.

The child is dead of old Bandollo,
 And he, the sire, hath scarce to follow
 His offspring to the last dark barrow,
 So much hath Grief's long-rankling arrow
 Forestalled for him that doom of Death
 Which takes from Suffering nought save breath —
 A grief that speaks, albeit untold,
 And lives, where all seems dead and cold,
 And finds no refuge in the Past,
 And sees the Future overcast
 With broader gloom than even the Present.
 Better that thou, unhappy peasant,
 Hadst died in youth and made no sign,
 Nor dreamt Life's Day must have an Even.
 Better thy child's lot had been thine —
 The best lot after all ! for Heaven
 Most careth for such weakling souls. —
 Onwards in power the wide flood rolls
 Whose thunder-waves wake evermore
 The caverned soul of each far shore,
 But when the midnight storm-wind sweeps
 In wrath above its broken deeps,

What heart but ponders darkly over
 The myriad wrecks those waters cover !
 It is the lowly brook alone
 That winds its way with Music's tone
 By orange bower and lily-blossom,
 And sinks into the Parent Wave,
 Not as worn Age into its grave,
 But as pure Childhood on God's bosom.

J. C. M.

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 THE MAGICIAN OF HEIDELBERG.

At Heidelberg, in times unknown to us,
 A learned Doctor dwelt—Onuphrius.
 In law, divinity, and medicine, he
 Could well expound each darkest mystery,
 Prescribe, and sermonize, and draw a plan.
 Happy, if only satisfied to know
 Whatever God has given to man below !
 But still his restless mind, in search of more,
 Was prompting him to seek forbidden lore :
 Horoscopes of the Astrologic Sage ;
 The riddling Alchemist's symbolic page ;
 Nay, often cursed Tomes of deeper dread,
 And impious spells that wake the buried dead.
 Immersed in lawless studies such as these,
 Doctor Onuphrius, by quick degrees,
 Grew negligent of duty, and bestowed
 On magic what was meant for man and God ;
 Left pupils, clients, patients in the lurch,
 And seldom, e'en on Sundays, came to Church.
 Still in his closet, day and night the same,
 He watched the stars, or fed the furnace flame,
 Or traced strange characters with anxious hand,
 Or muttered words that none could understand.
 One night, amidst a wintry tempest's roar,
 He heard a timid finger tap the door——
 Just then he chanced to see, with eager eyes,
 Seven bloodred fires in spiral columns rise,
 Which wise Adepts in every age have known
 As Harbingers of Hermes' mystic stone.
 Wroth waxed the Sage ; and, " Evil luck betide
 The hand that marred that Victor Spell," he cried ;
 " Hence, whoso'er thou art ; begone, nor wait
 Till Sathanas shall drag thee from my gate."
 " Sir Doctor," said a voice of silver tone
 (Made softer by the harshness of his own),
 " If e'er your bosom felt a parent's love,
 Or filial tenderness had power to move,
 Attend, for once, a wretched daughter's prayer,
 Who seeks you in the madness of despair.
 Stretched in the drifting snow my mother lies,
 Convulsed with pangs that seem Death's agonies.
 O grant your aid, or, if all hope be past,
 One hour of shelter from the furious blast !"

She spoke ; and, for a moment, pity stole
 Its holier influence on the Wizard's soul :
 The next, he saw the flame, but now so bright,
 Turn pale and flicker with uncertain light ;
 And magic triumphed. "Wend thee on thy way ?
 My nobler task brooks not such weak delay."
 Again the maiden prayed, and yet again ;
 Thrice urged her suit—but urged it thrice in vain.
 At length, with flashing eye, and furious look,
 He grasped, in sudden rage, his wand and book :—
 "Ho, Barkoph, Belzebub, and Belphegor !
 Seize on this wretch, and drag her from my door,"
 He said. The air with demon-laughter rang,
 Wings flapped, and fetters fell with heavy clang.
 Sore sighed the voice :—"I go, rash Fool !" it said—
 "Thy better Angel, and no earthly Maid.
 Thy Fiends are come—are come to drag *thee* hence ;
 In me thou hast repulsed thy sole defence.
 The Powers of Hell were mustered at thy gate ;
 I only stood between thee and thy fate.
 I leave thee now : thine Hour of grace is past ;
 Thou hast refused it, and it was thy last."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO.

In golden times, when all was young,
 Ere sages thought, or poets sung ;
 In climes, where but to breathe was bliss,
 And mere existence happiness ;
 When man and beast, exempt from toil,
 Joint tenants of a common soil,
 Enjoyed, without a thought of care,
 What Nature scattered everywhere ;—
 A Cuckoo and a Nightingale
 (So runs the old authentic Tale)
 Contended, emulous to please
 The Critics of the neighbouring Trees.
 Tastes were as various then as now :
 Factions are formed, and parties grow :
 Contention takes the place of love,
 And angry quarrels fill the grove :
 Till, wearied with perpetual strife,
 And longing for a quiet life,
 One Arbitrator, all agree,
 Shall end the contest finally.
 A Donkey, thither led by Fate,
 Of even step and musing gait,
 Was close at hand ; and, as he stood,
 Cropped the brown thistle for his food.
 Where, though they searched the world around—
 Where could a sager Judge be found ?
 Though not remarkable for grace,
 Yet Wisdom sure sat in his face ;

And, though he might perform but ill,
His length of ear announced his skill.
The rival birds forsook the glade,
And, low obeisance duly made,
In humblest form preferred their suit,
That he would end the long dispute.
Neddy (whose vanity was such
He thought no praise could be too much)
Was tickled with the compliment,
And graciously vouchsafed consent:
Then, stretched beneath a spreading Tree—
With all the critic dignity
That compensates for want of sense—
He bade the Nightingale commence.
Eager his favour to obtain,
She poured her richest, wildest strain.
Music, quick thronging note on note,
Gushed, like a Torrent, from her throat;
Graces that art could never reach,
Nor rule prescribe, nor master teach;
Whate'er can Melody adorn,
Quaver and trill, and shake and turn.
The other minstrels of the wood
Abashed, in silent wonder stood;
Yet the sage Umpire nothing said,
But often yawned, and shook his head.
This done, the Cuckoo next began:
Still through the same dull round she ran—
A sweet monotony at most—
All deemed her cause for certain lost.
Wrongly they deemed. His pendant ear
The tasteful Beast began to rear.
Though 'twas the same note o'er and o'er,
Yet, when she paused, he cried—Encore;
And ever, to th' unvaried chime,
In measured strokes his tail beat time.
Then, turning to her rival—"Well,
I must acknowledge, Philomel,
You have, at least, performed with spirit,
And many passages of merit—
Like pearls with beads at random strung—
Have pleased me in the piece you sang.
Such wildness may with some agree,
But regularity for me!
Give me the Songstress in whose strain
Simplicity and order reign.
So (since you leave it to my choice)
I for the Cuckoo give my voice!"
Th' indignant Nightingale, they say,
Thenceforward never sang by day.
Soon as the Evening spreads its shade,
She seeks some far sequestered glade;
There, in a bower concealed from sight,
She tells her Sorrows to the Night.

POOR-LAW VERSUS THE POOR—OUR RATE IN AID.

SINCE we last addressed our readers, we have been, in bodily presence, on the confines of those dreary regions, where an inexorable poor-law, following in the track of a divine visitation, has laboured to complete the ruin which famine left unfinished. The aspect of misery which we were there condemned to witness, although not more melancholy than reason should have taught us to anticipate, was, when presented to our senses, more appalling than we were prepared for, and taught us to feel the truth of that old familiar canon of criticism painfully realised—

"*Segulus irritant animos domissas,*" &c.

We have often imagined something like the elements of the picture which now spread its sad incidents before us—the charities of social life arrested—happy homes oppressed by most unlooked-for calamity—families habituated to the indulgences of a prosperous condition, and the refinements of educated society, plunged into sudden indigence—sons and daughters of persons whose rank was that of the gentry, sharing in the labour and the wants of the humblest classes in the afflicted community—industrious and thriving farmers sinking under a pressure which it was utterly hopeless that they could sustain, cast upon them by the very agency from which they were justified in claiming offices of protection, and thus finding in their distress a direct temptation to disloyalty—all these sacrifices and sorrows, the more dreadful because of their inutility, because they did not save the poor from dying of cold and hunger. It is a painful sight to see a good landlord, or an upright and thriving occupier of land, reduced to poverty, through the operation of an unjust law. But it very grievously enhances the melancholy of the picture, to find proof in it that the injustice of the evil has had no kind of compensation—to see men possessed of competence converted into paupers, in order that paupers may have means to live; and to see paupers at their side, dying, or lying dead, from the

effects of hunger. It is very disheartening to feel that evils like these have been effected through the agency of British law. When last we expressed our thoughts on this distressing theme, the wrongs of oppressed ratepayers were, perhaps, uppermost in our minds. We had ample opportunities of seeing how cruel was the injustice of the poor-law in its partial exactions from classes unprepared and unprovided for the new burdens cast upon them; but at the cost of impoverished owners and occupiers of land we had seen paupers fed. We have seen since the cost incurred, and the wronged paupers starved. This was to see the poor-law exposed in an aspect of malignity, as well as injustice.

We read in chronicles of history and old romance, of proud knights and paladins, followed by attendants, whose office it was to finish their masters' works of death in the rout which followed battle. The strong knight, with sword, or spear, or partisan, struck down the adversary in his way, and pursued his conquering course without a thought of the opponent he had overcome. The attendant in his wake took good heed that the fallen foe should never rise again. The dagger with which he completed the work of glaive or club, was called the misericorde, or *Merci de Dieu*. It administered such mercy as death can yield; and harsh and cruel as it seemed, gave deliverance, at least, from lingering agony.

This mediæval partnership between stiletto and sword is a bad precedent for a legislature to adopt or imitate. "*Parcere subjectis*" used to be, in old times, among the characteristics of our government. It is still, we believe, among the attributes of the British people; and we, at least, will never forget that the season in which the imperial legislature was called upon to impose a tax that amounts to a sentence of confiscation on those interests in Ireland which, because of severest sufferings, needed especial support, was a season signalised by a spontaneous outpouring of benevolence on the part of the British people, so copious and bountiful as the world

perhaps, had never before an opportunity of witnessing. While we retain, what we cannot lose, a grateful sense of this unexampled generosity and benevolence, it would be ignoble to despair of obtaining justice; and we shall, accordingly, discuss even the sinister and malign character of measures recently recommended to the legislature, or passed into law, in the hopeful spirit of those who aim at (what they believe attainable) redress, rather than with that sense of outrage and wrong which strives to propagate a spirit of disaffection.

The complaints which we now prefer against the poor-law, we offer on behalf of the classes whom it was especially, at least professedly, designed to benefit—we mean the immediate objects of its bounty, the poor, or (perhaps we should more correctly name them) paupers—the recipients of indoor or outdoor relief. We do not love these workhouse technicalities, but cannot dispense with the observance of them. In the name of those pauper millions whom the poor-law found, or produced, we complain that justice is denied to them. If their supposed claim to have support from the state be well grounded, they are grossly wronged in that partial disallowance of the claim which has rendered the pretended recognition of it ineffectual to their relief. If the state pronounce that they have a right to be fed, the state should take care to feed them. To acknowledge such a right, and to assign an inadequate measure of support, is to become confessedly responsible for the attendant consequences. Since the Socialist proclamation was made—to the effect that, whatever his habits, vices, improvidence, every subject in the British empire was entitled to a maintenance—deaths, by famine, to an amount which it is fearful to contemplate, have taken place in Ireland, and have taken place *because of the utter inadequacy of the provision assigned to the poor by law*; are not the contrivers of this weak law—the assigners of this limited provision—the real authors of the dread consequences which have waited on their measures? Must they not hold themselves responsible for the fearful increase of miseries with which we may be afflicted until their precipitate legislation has been amended?

You enter some wretched district, on which the famine and the poor-law have poured out their vials—you see mansions of gentry forsaken, or you find them abodes of all but squalid poverty—you see laborious and recently thriving farmers reduced to the condition, not of labourers, but paupers—you see, wherever you turn your eyes, in places where men congregate, faces gaunt with hunger—you turn to a Roman Catholic chapel on some anniversary, or some Sabbath, where formerly you would have seen the precincts without the chapel crowded by votaries who could not penetrate the dense multitude to pay their vows within; and you now find the outer place solitary, and the enclosure under roof, perhaps, not a third-part full—you go to the church of the establishment, the congregation assembled there is, perhaps, little diminished, but you see the ravages of want on many pious countenances—and you read in the pastor's wasted looks, and hear in his faint and failing utterance, that, although he will not desert his post, the hour cannot be far distant when he is to die in it—you see, if you look for them, by the wayside, or in some unregarded huts, the dying or dead, victims of unrelieved famine—you see nothing which wears an air of prosperity, with the exception of the untaxed stipendiaries, who carry the remorseless law into effect—or some smug adepts in knavery who thrive by imposture or by jobs, when the less adroit or the less unprincipled waste and die. You ask, when the rich and the thriving are impoverished for the benefit of the poor—how comes it that *the poor are not fed*, and you are told that they *are or were* fed so long as the properties of landlords and farmers could yield a morsel for their support, but that now, the allotted resources being exhausted, they must starve and die until a "rate in aid" can be raised from other properties of the same description, located in parts of Ireland where the desolation of the poor-law blight has not yet been completed. Thus it is, that under pretence of affirming and enforcing a right on the part of all men to be maintained by their labour or in idleness, the wealth of some, the competence of more, is exhausted—the industry of very many is rendered unprofitable—the country

mourns over some of the best of its children, reduced to pauperism, or driven into exile, while the deluded poor themselves, in whose name these evils have been wrought, starve, and, in fearful numbers, die daily of hunger.

On the part of the poor, then, supposing for a moment that they have a right to be fed, we would claim that the provision assigned for their maintenance be adequate. It is cruel mockery to issue an imperial mandate: "Depart—be ye warned and fed," and to make such provision that the source of warmth must necessarily languish before its effect is produced; and that the supply of food is nothing better than a contrivance to prolong the tortures of famine. To the utmost of its ability, the state should make the provision which it professed itself under obligation to make. It may, with due qualifications, and under proper restrictions, select the resources from which want is to have its supplies: but they must be such as it finds or renders available and sufficient. It may declare that the whole resources of the nation—its wealth of every description—shall be taxed for this great object. It may, in so far as the rules of impartial justice authorise, select some one species of property, as a more commodious and manageable source of revenue; but, having charged this property with a new burden, it must take care that it is able, or must take care that it be enabled, to bear the load it imposes. We complain, on behalf of the poor (leaving ruined proprietors and farmers altogether out of consideration), that these essential conditions of the poor-law have been disregarded. The state, acknowledging—or rather *creating* a right—a new right, for, the poor, making profession that they have a right to be fed, assigns to them a portion which cannot feed them; and, instead of augmenting the power of this limited portion to sustain life, wilfully lessens its ability. It proclaims to destitute poor that they are to be fed from the produce of a certain portion of territory, constituted into what is called an electoral division; and then it passes a law which has the effect of tending to render the division unproductive. It orders a valuation of the division to be made, while laws of protection enhance the marketable value of its produce, and thus encourage

the cultivation of its soil; it cumbers this adventitious value with a rate for the poor; it says to the poor, you have a right to be fed, and we assign you a portion for your maintenance; then it withdraws the protection which gave that portion its declared value, and afforded the only assurance that the poor could be fed. On the part of the poor, and of the poor exclusively, we complain of this most unworthy procedure.

If there be purpose and design in the late or the meditated poor-law legislation, at least we would require, that the poor should not be cajoled by it, or the name of charity abused. If the professed relief of the poor were no more than a scheme to ruin the landed proprietors, a grievous crime was committed by those who devised that very dishonest pretence, in order to accomplish their most execrable purpose. We do not think the legislature, in general, guilty of any such enormity; but we think every member of the legislature, who voted for the destruction of his neighbour's property, or the removal of his neighbour's landmark, without just cause, a participator in the evil which has been done, and amenable, before the tribunal of conscience, for his part in extending pauperism, and causing deaths by famine. If it were designed to ruin Irish landlords, the design should have been openly avowed. If it were purposed to confiscate their property on the plea that they had violated their duties, the charge against them should have been proved, and some principle, acknowledged and general, laid down as the basis on which the state had built up its decision. Instead of the *comprehensive* measures which have been recently proposed, a measure of *discrimination* should have been adopted, and the country should have been taught to feel that punishment was visited, wherever it fell, on offences which had been, not merely presumed, but proved. We have never denied that Ireland had, and has, its proportion of worthless landlords. If bad landlordism be a crime, as it is very plainly a sin, we would desire that it were dealt with firmly, and even severely, by the law. But we hold it injustice of the most odious character, and of the most pernicious efficacy, to visit good landlords with confiscation or penalty, because

they have their possessions in a neighbourhood where their virtues are rendered more admirable and brighter, by the difficulties of their position, and by contrast. Establish a charge against a landlord, that he has been culpably negligent of his duties, and then punish him to the extent of his misdeservings; but to punish a landlord faithful to his duties, by confiscation, simply that he may be replaced by a successor, who, perhaps, under the most favorable supposition, is not likely to be a better man than him, is to make a child's game of "the re-plantation of Ireland," ousting the good and true, in a random hope, or under a profligate pretence, that men good enough and true enough *for Ireland*, are to be had whenever they are called for.

In all this, let it be observed, we confine our strictures upon the poor relief arrangements, or suggestions, to their effects upon the poor. We omit all consideration of their injustice towards the ratepaying classes whom they make poor. Having never heard or read a defence of this injustice—having never heard that any one individual of credit or respectability has dared to justify the partial visitation of a new poor-rate, which may become, and has become, confiscation, on the species of property least able to bear it, and on that alone—having seen the injustice of the imposition confessed in such proposals as have been made to limit its amount, and to discontinue the practice by which it has been most augmented—we can consent to forego further strictures on the injustice, the partiality, and the cruel rigour of the poor-law, as ratepayers have been wronged and ruined by it. We are considering it here as it affects the classes to whom it holds forth a false promise of relief. It was the instrument in which the state gave an undertaking that it would maintain the poor; and it assigned a maintenance so greatly inadequate, that thousands of those for whose lives the responsibility was avowed, have died of famine. The state had power to make ample provision for every one of those creatures whom it left to perish. By passing an act which sanctioned the screwing up a poor-rate to an excess which became confiscation, the state virtually declared that the whole property of the country was available for the great

purpose it had at heart. It has permitted vast resources directly at its command, ready for use, to remain unemployed, and, rather than make use of them, has consented that tens, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, of human beings should die the terrible death of hunger. Therefore, on the part of the poor, we complain of the law for their relief; because the provision it made for them was voluntarily, and therefore unpardonably, inadequate.

We complain, still on the part of the poor, that the supplemental contrivances of the state are tainted by the same injustice, and answerable for the same inadequacy which have rendered the original scheme of provision so very disastrous. Connaught has broken down under the pressure of the poor-law; famine has set in; rates can be no more collected; men die daily. And what is the remedy? Pass a law which shall empower poor-law commissioners to raise a "rate in aid" wherever unions are yet solvent. Pass a law? This was, we may imagine, the device of ministers, entertained before parliament met, announced with precipitate, and, considering all the circumstances, indecent haste, as soon as parliament had assembled. We have approached the end of April, and the law is not yet enacted; and in the meantime the poor—the perishing poor—

* *Man* might escape from that conflagration over which Nero fiddled; no more, perhaps, than property wasted was in the tyrant's thoughts. There was no escape for human creatures, subjects of the queen, for whose lives the contrivers of the poor-law declare themselves answerable, from that affliction under which they pined and died, while a parliament wasted out those dreary months in disputes on that miserable "rate in aid," from which perishing creatures were to be provided with food.

Do we condemn or censure the faithful men who resisted the minister's monstrous proposition? No—we believe that they were not only justified in their resistance, but that resistance was a duty. We believe that they were bound to resist, not merely because the rate-in-aid scheme was at variance with the principle of a poor-law; not on the ground that Ulster ought not to contribute to the wants of Con-

naught (we know how liberal the contributions of Ulster had previously been); but on the better ground—that the rate in aid was a measure subsidiary to a bad system; that it was doubtful whether it could prove of even temporary efficacy; that it would cause more poverty than it could relieve; and that, by helping to sustain a system which experience had proved to be at once inadequate and ruinous, it would have served to spread its influence fatally over districts not yet blighted, and would have made the whole country desolate. And here we gladly avail ourselves of an authority and an eloquence to which no reader of our pages can be indifferent. Various and almost overpowering as have been of late Mr. Butt's professional labours, he has found time to express his deliberate judgment on the "rate in aid,"* in language worthy of the distinguished writer, and with an earnestness suitable to the marvellous interest of the subject:—

"If, my lord, the gentry of Ireland attempt, on this occasion, to defend an interest separate from that of the people; if any class, or any district, in Ireland, refuse their contribution to this impost, merely because they will not help to bear the burdens of their countrymen; if it be made a question of class against class, of province against province; if those old divisions, falsely called religious, be permitted to embitter or create a contest between ourselves, those who desire Ireland's humiliation could wish nothing more certainly calculated to secure this object. The game of *divide et impera* is an old one. I will not say that this tax was prepared on the very calculation that resistance to it would probably revive the spirit of discord that is dying away; but if, my lord, it was prepared in the expectation that the gentry and the people of Ulster must either submit to its infliction or place themselves in an odious attitude of hostility to their starving fellow-countrymen, it needs but a right understanding of the real question utterly to disappoint and confound that policy; it is a subject upon which no class of Irishmen have, or can have, an interest different from the rest. An impost is demanded from the property and industry of Ireland, because three-fourths of our country are reduced to a state of beg-

gary and want. To content ourselves with saying we will not pay the impost, is to take our stand upon selfish, and narrow, and most probably extraneous grounds. The true policy for ourselves, as well as the country, is to say, we will not be content, day after day, to dole out alms to our countrymen kept in degradation; we will demand measures that will make their misery and their degradation cease. If the rate in aid teaches any lesson, it teaches that the interests of all creeds, and classes, and districts of Ireland, are inseparable. That which was intended as the pretext of division might thus become the bond of union, and the proposition of a rate in aid be met, as it only can be met, by an unanimous demand from all ranks and classes of Irishmen, for justice to this noble but misgoverned country.

"The proposition of the government is, to tax the comparatively prosperous districts of Ireland, in order to provide funds for carrying out the purposes of the present poor-law, in districts in which the mass of pauperism is so great as to overwhelm their own particular resources.

"Were this a mere question as to the mode in which funds were to be raised to meet a particular emergency—were it a mere question of the justice of imposing a separate taxation upon one part of the empire—however unequal and unjust such a distribution of the public burdens—however founded in reason might be the indignant remonstrance of the people of such a district as the great county of Down against the injustice of being taxed to support pauperism in parts of Ireland with which they have no connexion, and over the social economy of which they do not exercise the slightest control—still more, to pay debts for which their credit was never pledged; still, the question would not be, as it is now, one affecting the existence of our common country. This is not a question between Ulster and Connaught: the question is, whether the industry of Ireland is to be sunk, and her property confiscated, in the vain attempt to support her pauperism after the policy of a poor-law framed for us in the most utter ignorance of our position, and the most contemptuous disregard of our interests. My lord, the rate in aid is but the crisis of the poor-law of 1837; it is but the necessary consequence and consummation of the policy of that law, and to oppose its exaction upon any grounds short of those

* "The Rate in Aid. A Letter to the Earl of Roden, by Isaac Butt, Esq., Q.C." Dublin: James McGlashan. 1849.

which assail that wasting and ruinous enactment, is to deprive the opposition of its true strength. It is to convert that which ought to be a national question—a question in which every Irishman is deeply interested—into a question of locality and class. The rate in aid is not a measure for relieving Mayo at the expense of Down: it is a measure for compelling Down to assist Mayo on the road to ruin, by bearing Mayo company on the way. The real question before us, before the country, is: How is the destitution of Ireland to be met? The minister says, by the poor-law system and the rate in aid. That is, I will persevere in a system by which I have already exhausted the entire property of some localities in a vain attempt to support their poor. I will extend the process now indiscriminately to all the property of the country. The process of beggary is too slow while it is multiplied and subdivided into one hundred departments, and, like the tyrant of old, we wish the property of Ireland to present but one neck to the axe. And all this that a dictum and a dogma may be carried out—'The property of Ireland must support its poverty';—and not only this, but it must support it according to the theories of Mr. George Nicholls, embodied in the policy of the new poor-law. If this be so, to content ourselves with a mere opposition to the rate in aid, is to struggle against the manifestation of an evil, with the existence of which we ought boldly to grapple. To substitute for it an income-tax is but to concede its principle, aggravate its injustice, and expedite its disastrous results. No, my lord, there is one way, and but one way, of meeting this impost; it is, to prove that the whole system of poor-law legislation in Ireland is based in error—that the attempt to support the labouring population of the country without increasing the activity of the productive powers of the country, involves a problem that admits but of one solution, and, persevered in, must lead to but one result—the confiscation of the little property the country has, without any real or substantial benefit to the poor. Let us join, my lord, in demanding some more natural, and some more efficient mode of dealing with the destitution of Ireland than is to be found in the provisions of our present poor-law. Let us show that taxation for the purposes of that law is, under the present circumstances of the country, but ruin. If the principle of that law be persevered in, it must sooner or later reduce Ireland to beggary; and to my mind it matters very little whether that is to be accomplished through the agency

of a rate in aid, an income-tax, or the more slow but equally certain process by which the pauperising of a large portion of the country must, sooner or later, bring down the rest to the same level."

In this generous strain of eloquence and argument—graced alike by the high qualities of benevolence and truth, meet accessories to genius—it cannot escape the reader's discernment that the rate-in-aid scheme is a project in which the real character of the Irish poor-law is made apparent. In order that the letter of the law shall be for a while preserved, its principle must be abandoned, and all Ireland must be constituted, as it were, one electoral division. It is thus, rather than for itself, the rate-in-aid scheme became worthy of opposition and attention. Whether it was thrown out by the crafty premier to effect a diversion from assaults which he apprehended on his unhappy law, or that it might provoke such expressions of offence as should facilitate the imposition of an income-tax, the instruction it gives ought not to be disregarded. The Irish poor-law is not suitable to the circumstances of our country. It must be annulled or very greatly amended, before a hope of prosperity can rationally be entertained amongst us.

We wish it were in our power to place before the reader the various important suggestions and recommendations in Mr. Butt's most able pamphlet, but narrow limitation in space, and a belief that some views to which experience has conducted us are reasonable and just, constrain us, with reluctance, to write in our own person rather than to transcribe the arguments of this great advocate. We have the consolation to hope that they will be soon (if they are not already) graven in the memories of our readers.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that to a very great extent throughout Ireland, the whole produce of the land has not proved capable of affording sufficient sustenance to the population located on it. We speak of the capabilities of the soil as they have been explored under the influence and administration of the poor-law. How is this evil to be corrected? Lord John Russell says, "Raise a rate in aid throughout all Ireland." Lord John,

who carried each relief measure of his concoction by accompanying it with a guarantee against the worse measure by which he followed it up, is so indulgent as to give his damaged promise that the rate in aid shall be but a transient infliction, and that he has no intention to make its burden heavier. If he keep this promise, we would only observe upon it, that the scheme is utterly worthless—that the sum to be raised by it would have scarcely any other effect than that of causing irritation to those from whom it was wrung. It would not administer useful aid where a population was starving. Experiments to try the patience of loyal men, or to explore the benevolence of men suffering the hardships of great pecuniary distress, and on the verge of indigence, are very unwise, and should be encouraged by hope of a good result far more flatteringly than the auspices of Lord John Russell's scheme recommend it.

Sir Robert Peel proposes his scheme of the plantation. We can make no account of such a scheme until it is before us in detail. There are projects, and that of Sir Robert Peel is one, which could be conceived, so far as their principle is concerned, with as free fecundity as children blow bubbles, and with about as much effect. We want further information before we can presume to approve such a scheme. Presented, as it has been, without the requisite details, we see little more than the difficulties with which the expected colonists will have to contend, and are led to remember that Eden through which an imaginative writer of the present day has been our conductor, rather than the settlement which Sir Robert Peel would partially adopt as his model, for which, while yet untried, the names of Bacon and Chichester were strong vouchers. Sir Robert Peel would encourage us to hope that profitable employment may be found for multitudes now perishing in idleness. A colonist is to purchase territory in Connaught—is to reclaim the waste of which he has become part-proprietor—is to pay poor-rate, if necessary, to the amount of seven shillings in the pound—is to compete with the world in the British market for the sale of his produce—and is to prosper and to spread prosperity around him. Has Sir Robert Peel, or has any one of his

enlogists or followers, framed a rational idea of the price at which Irish produce is likely to be sold next year? Has he, or have they, without forming some such idea, projected or praised his daring scheme? We happen to be acquainted with farms and with farmers to some little extent, and we are compelled, with whatever regret, to confess to ourselves, that the prevailing disposition of many occupiers of land is to devote their fields, so far as may be practicable, to the feeding of cattle rather than to the raising of grain. We are aware that even among those who have last year and this year given much employment to the spade and the plough, are many who contemplate a total change in their system of husbandry as soon as the land has been prepared for it. They contemplate a considerable diminution in the number of their labourers, and they do so because they fear that the market will not afford them remunerating prices for labour. Times like these do not seem favourable for the re-plantation of Ireland. When our markets, after the shock of free trade, have settled into something like consistency—when the relations of supply and demand can be understood, and prices may, to some extent, be reckoned on—lands may be bought and sold on ascertained principles.—Purchase, now, would be a gambling speculation. As Mr. Bright, member of the Poor-law Committee, and of the Joint Stock Company for purchasing depreciated property in Ireland, observes, no sane man would buy our lands, unless at a very low rate of purchase. We would add, that the return for his capital, invested at even the lowest assignable rate (while paupers are to be fed in idleness, if they so will, at home, and the agricultural produce of the Continents, old world and new, is attracted to the English market), may disappoint him; and, like the man who paid a forged bank note, and had a glandered horse in exchange, the buyer of the depreciated property may have the worst of the bargain. In short, we think the time unseasonable for Sir Robert Peel's experiment. Until we know the point of depression to which our grain market has fallen during the withdrawal of protection—the amount of disturbance to our labour market, in consequence of the indulgence and

encouragement given by the poor-law to laziness and improvidence—we cannot form any rational conjectures as to the prospects of colonization.

It is true—if we understand the views of the two great advocates of this plantation scheme aright—that it is not their wish to encumber it by any very prodigal provision for the poor. Mr. Bright seems not very favourably disposed to the existing system, and appears cordially to concur with the member for Tamworth in his condemnation of outdoor relief. It may be presumed, therefore, that, as soon as the poor-law has accomplished its mission of ruin upon farmers and landlords, paupers are to have their turn of hardship, and the new race of occupants and owners are to be visited with prosperity again. A maximum is to be fixed for the *rateage*, and a stringent workhouse test is to be applied for the Utopia that is to be.

Why not adopt these amendments at once? Why not moderate the tyranny of the poor-law now—now, while yet good landlords may be saved from the ruin with which it threatens them?

We are not departing from our professed purpose in thus demanding justice for landlords, whose sufferings under the poor-law are unmerited. It is for the benefit of the classes placed below them that they be preserved and aided. We can deliberately and most conscientiously affirm, that, for many years past, so far as our knowledge extends, the services rendered by the landlords of Ireland to the people, and the country, have been far more signal than the injuries inflicted by such of their order as were selfish or criminally improvident. We can further affirm, that those landlords who have been most detrimental to the interests of the country are of the class which the meditated plantation is to introduce. Seek for those whose rents are exorbitant—whose rapacity is most unrelenting—whose neglect of improvement, so far as a liberal outlay of capital can effect it, is most conspicuous—whose properties are most opprobriously distinguished for pauperism—and you will find them, in most instances, among the owners of small estates, and, very commonly, among parties who have acquired property by purchase, and not inheritance. You will find that lessors who can set their

landlords at defiance, because of the nature of their tenure—purchasers, who, residing at a distance from their “investments,” regard the lands they have acquired as they do any other marketable commodity, (and more especially purchasers of small parcels of land)—furnish far more than their due proportion of such parties as you would desire to see displaced; and you will find that these are the parties who are now thriving at the cost of the benevolent and self-denying, and who, if the tyranny of the poor-law be not abated, will retain their places when they have ruined and exterminated their betters. Will it be for the advantage of the poorer classes that such a consummation be wrought? There may be those who will scoff or sneer at our assertion, but they cannot shake our strong conviction, that there are at this moment many landlords in Ireland from whose presence and influence a prosperous tenantry derive more benefit than they could have, were the landlords dispossessed, rents abolished, and the estates distributed in parcels, as freeholds, to the population upon them. Indeed, we are aware of instances in which the landlord's influence is felt *only* in his works of mercy, and many instances in which the outlay of landlords, for their tenants' good, very far exceeds the utmost amount of their receipts as rent. We are aware of many instances in which Irish landlords, and every member of their families, devoted themselves to charitable duties, in the late season of distress—renounced all the indulgences to which they had been habituated, and expended resources reserved for objects of much importance, which were abandoned because not compatible with the duties assigned by the people's distress. And there are instances in which a people unvitiated by ill advice, showed themselves sensible and worthy of this benevolent care for their welfare. We have known food, amounting in cost to seven hundred pounds, distributed at the instance, and under the direction of two young ladies, in a district allotted to their charge; and, although there was no protecting power but that which a moral-force influence afforded, to convoy the provision carts sent to various localities, there never was a portion forcibly or surreptitiously abstracted from

the provision. It was called "the ladies' bread," and it was sacred as the showbread on the altar of old. Not a crumb was lost or abused; and the days of these ministrations are retained in most affectionate remembrance by those who witnessed, as well as those who were the immediate objects of them. And we have witnessed—what might seem to be the apt embellishment of romance—landed proprietors in Ireland, and their families, whose proper place, were one to judge from appearance, manners, habits, accomplishments, he would assign them where fashion and refinement shed their choicest lustre, and whom we have seen, in rude districts, engaged in certainly the noblest office to which man can give himself up—that of succouring and comforting fellow-creatures, and raising their condition. Even while we write, a vision of this character rises before us. The head of the family, a person of high military rank, his sons, his daughter, young, accomplished, eminently attractive, in manner and appearance, admirable specimens of our best English aristocracy, and all resigning their places in the circles for which they seemed formed, and patiently dedicating themselves to a holy service in the improvement of a grateful people. Where their estates were located, it was, as they felt, their duty to be, and there they remain. But under what circumstances—with what recompense—at what disadvantage? Expending in the cultivation of a property far more than it returns, having, as the recompense for an excess of outlay, the satisfaction of seeing a large population enjoying comforts and improving in their habits—a young generation growing up under happy culture—industry, good order, cheerfulness, prevailing within the limits of their charge—the pauperism of districts where they can exercise no control is now waged against them; and they may, perhaps, be disabled in their benevolent enterprises, because a law, baneful and indiscriminating as a pestilence, will not distinguish between a case like theirs and that of some mercenary owner of land, who has caused the pauperism of his squalid estates, and has thriven upon it. Are we not then faithful to our promise, and pleading the cause of the poor when we desire that good landlords

shall be permitted to dwell amongst us?

But how is this to be accomplished? What is to furnish the supply by which the severity of our poor-rates may be abated? Whence is the "rate in aid" to come? If every rational and honest man will admit that real property in Ireland has already borne its part amply—has been, indeed, far too heavily burdened, whence is the new supply to come? Is it to be an income or property-tax—a tax on absentees—a tax on funded property, or official income? Is the want to be provided for from the Imperial Treasury? We will not enter into an examination of these various queries, but, referring the reader for much information to the very able pamphlet from which we have already presented him with some citations, will venture to state our own view as to the proper source from which, under the present operation of the poor-law, landed property, in England as well as here, should be aided in bearing its burdens.

If the land is to make provision for the poor (a hypothesis which not the law of Queen Elizabeth but subsequent law and usage seem to have affirmed), land should be enabled to discharge the duty imposed upon it. It was, to some extent, so enabled by those laws of protection which were designed to compensate the disadvantages under which one species of property was placed; the partial oppression on the one hand being redressed by partial privileges on the other. It would have been well had it been held in remembrance that the benefits thus bestowed did not consist in protection solely of the landed interest, as it was called, but also of the poor, who were made dependent to a considerable extent on the agriculture of the country, and who were thus especially interested in its prosperity. On behalf of the poor, we would advise, to some moderate extent, that their part of the protection be restored. There is a manifest anomaly, all will admit, in casting heavy burdens on the agriculture of Great Britain and Ireland, for the maintenance of that state of society on which the benefit of access to British markets is dependent, and throwing those benefits open to foreign (which may to-morrow be hostile) states, although they contribute nothing to that expenditure which makes admis-

sion to the British market valuable. For the "protection," it may be said, of that market, agriculture in these countries is heavily taxed. It would seem not irrational, under any circumstances, to expect that foreign countries admitted to equal privileges, should not be exempt from their due share of taxation. But, when it is taken into account that home agriculture bears the heavy burden of supporting our poor, it argues a new claim to the benefit of an especial protection. We would have this claim acknowledged, and would have a moderate duty laid on imports of foreign grain, the proceeds of which should be allocated altogether as a "rate in aid" to the support of the poor in every part of the kingdom. If this duty fall altogether on the foreigner, who of his own free will has sought the advantages of the English market, we may feel satisfied he has an ample return for the payment. If it fall wholly, or partially, on the people of Great Britain and Ireland, adding a tenth or a twentieth to the cost of bread in their household economy, the burden will be but light indeed, and will be amply compensated to every honest man's heart, in the feeling that a fraction of what has been paid for the loaf upon his table, has been allocated to the office of providing bread for the poor. This is our suggestion for a "rate in aid." Justice, we believe, and sound policy will conspire to recommend it.

But we are bound to say that abstract considerations of justice and true policy will not be likely to prevail in favor of the landed interest, especially in Ireland, unless those who are most concerned exert themselves to make their cause understood. Nothing can be more manifest than that there is a prejudice adverse to the Irish landlords in the English mind, which must be removed before the cause can be impartially determined. If they will not exert themselves to accomplish this important end, no advocacy can avail them. Until the end has been accomplished, they should strenuously endeavour to make provision against hostile efforts for their undoing. While exonerating themselves from sinister imputations, they should provide against injustice; and under a full assurance that there are adversaries who desire their overthrow, should steadily and patiently prepare to defeat their

machinations. Let no man imagine that he can baffle the purpose of one who aims at compelling the sale of a depreciated property by difficulties which the law may interpose, or by the formidable technicalities which constitute the difficulty of assuring legal title. There are now in existence, or in process of formation, joint-stock companies, through whose agency all these impediments in the way of free trade in land are likely to be removed. The company for purchase has already made itself known, and the agencies it is likely to employ can be judged of by the revelations of Mr. Bright. The other company, under the name of the "Legal Title Insurance Company," has issued its prospectus—a prospectus characterised by clearness, ability, and information, in no ordinary degree, and giving the strongest reason to believe that the enterprise in which it has engaged is likely to prove successful. With two such societies in existence there seems little reason to doubt that sales in land will soon be effected on a large scale; and all we desire is this, that, through their operation, Ireland may not be deprived of landlords whom it has learned to value, and that such landlords may not be impoverished by forced sales of their properties, under circumstances in which the transactions must prove their ruin. We would say, therefore, to all owners and occupiers of land, all who have not yet sunk under their burdens, be alert, resolved, and patient; by retrenchment within your homes, and an energetic use of the means and opportunities in your power, prepare against the evils which are coming. You may, even in your present difficulties, do much; from your present limited expenditure retrench something; from your present diminished means derive something more than they have yielded; exert yourselves, and by God's blessing on your prayers, good will follow.

And by all means avail yourselves of the opportunities afforded by the poor-law unions. Let them not be disgraced by a waste of labour which may be turned to good account. There is not one in which some new source of industry and profit may not be developed; not one which may not furnish new and valuable information as to the real condition of our country. If the guardians will but do the duties for which

they have become answerable, the poor-law may be so mitigated as to become harmless, or even beneficial in its operation. The union board may become a rural parliament. It has the government of man, and the administration of funds, and the development of industrial resources, confided to it; and it has that great power of so bringing the state of a district into the light, that the confusion which serves the ends of bad men, and is fatal to the interests of good, cannot prevail against its honest inquiries. The poor-law guardians, if they are animated by a spirit of true benevolence, and wisely directed, may renovate this afflicted country. They may, by taking counsel of each other in counties, provinces, throughout the whole country at large, be enabled to do more for the good of Ireland than the most sanguine patriotism could hope to achieve through the instrumentality of an independent legislature. True, they may be overborne by salaried commissioners. They may.—And when a day comes in which a board of guardians, honestly bent on the discharge of its duty, and guiltless of offence, is dismissed for being efficient, a new state of things will have arisen, or will have been declared, and we may learn in that day the new duty assigned to us.

We will not say that the evil day we shudder to think of has yet lowered upon us. The minister of our gracious queen, it is true, has declared his merciless purpose of augmenting the taxation of Ireland, in order to prolong the agonies of a condemned law and of the country wasting under its influence. It is true, that neither regret, remorse, nor resolution to amend, has been expressed with reference to a law which selected a species of property, wasted by three successive and calamitous blights, to inflict a new, partial, and most oppressive tax upon. It is true that no compunction has been expressed for the aggravated oppression of which this devoted property was to be the subject. It is true, Lord John Russell has declared that *he must have more from Ireland*, and that the journal which was so cognizant of his intentions as to anticipate, by a day, his utterance of them, has pronounced that “so long as there are soldiers and police, prisons and gallows in Ireland” there can be no doubt of the power of Great Britain

to accomplish what she holds to be desirable in our country. It is true that Irish representatives have encouraged and invited the further oppression with which we are menaced; but, notwithstanding all this, and more, if more is to be, we would say—the end is not yet.

No, the time is not come when we could hold forth the chivalrous example of Argyle for the imitation of our Irish gentry. Regions of Irish territory have, no doubt, been converted into hunting-grounds, where famine has “cried havoc, and let slip” her beagles. We will not, for all this, meet wrong by wrong. We would write and speak again to that noble and mighty body which stood forth at a time of peril in defence of British connexion, as we wrote and spoke last year. We would tell them now, as we said then, that the heart of England is good and true, and that no emissary of faction, whether through the agency of an incendiary press, or even (should he lend his instrumentality) that of a British minister, shall prevail against our true allegiance to the throne and empire. But this much we will say—an enemy to British connexion has guided the minister in his ill-timed and ill-judged measures, and has spoken in the rabid organ which declares “soldiers and police, prisons and gallows,” the agencies through which Ireland is to be reclaimed and governed.

He threatens the imposition of a new tax, and the *Times* instructs us how it is to be raised. Before matters are brought to so dire extremity, we would do much to avert it, and would certainly claim a hearing for the rate-in-aid project which we have submitted to the reader. “New taxes,” exclaims Lord John; “protection for the poor” is our reply—“protection” for the poor in the shape of an impost on the property which mainly supports them—on home property, a poor-rate—on the foreign, which competes with it in the British market, a duty. Which is the wiser—the more benevolent provision—that which evokes the apparition of a gallows to the delight of the incendiary, and the humiliation, it may be, of England; or that which is in accordance with all sound principles of justice and economy, and which all good men will give, not grudgingly, but gladly?

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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

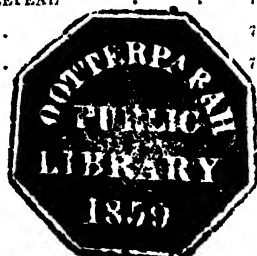
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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVIII.

JUNE, 1849.

VOL. XXXIII.

OUR SPRING CROP OF NOVELS.

ONCE more the green earth rejoices ; Winter has passed away : he lingered, it is true, a good while at the threshold, with his blue nose and chilly breath, but he is off at last. There is a new face at the door. Blooming, graceful, and joyous comes in the smiling Spring, with her green peas, cucumbers, young ducks and new novels. We are fond of Spring, with her uncertain glory, her smiles and tears, her sunshine and her showers, her fragrant breath and her merry voice.

" In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets herself another crest ;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

In the spring our fair countrywomen, like the burnished dove of Mr. Tennyson, appear in floating draperies, the contemplation whereof is delicious, and the young man's fancy—heaven help it then ! The bundles of fleecy hosiery disappear from the shop windows, and are succeeded by garments of divers colours ; frequent carriages flash and glitter through the squares ; Messrs. Colburn and Bentley come out with their new novels ; and like the saffron-mantled moon, or like a "daffydowndilly" in its renewed growth and unabated vigour, the pulses of life bounding merrily through her veins, comes forth to astonish and delight the world, the "DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

" Time cannot alter her, nor custom change
Her infinite variety."

She has attractions for all ; to the literary banquet spread forth upon her

pages each guest may come, but none shall go empty away ; hard to please will he indeed be who does not find there something sufficiently exquisite to please his palate. No crumpled rose-leaf can be found to excite the apprehensions of the most fastidious sybarite, our *vol au rents* are delicate but unimpeachable ; our more substantial dishes are homely but sound, and wholesome enough for the robustious appetite of the most stalwart yeoman ; in short, we have something which is suited to the taste of each, and whoever is inclined to spend an agreeable half hour, let him sit down, or stand up if he like, and read this paper.

We have an utter distaste to the class of fictions composed by mere bookwrights ; incidents, sentiments, and plots all apparently formed upon one model ; a little bit of description, or a few moral reflections commence each chapter, in which it is possible the story may advance a little, or it may not, and then in the next there is the same thing over again. We have an equal dislike to those popular authors of the convulsion school, at the head of which stands Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. How a good-humoured-looking, fat, elderly, and apparently healthy person like him, ever had acquired such a taste for the terrible and marvellous, is rather extraordinary, and it is by no means creditable to the taste of the age that such productions receive encouragement. Still, among these vernal weeds and *fungi* of literature, a flower occasionally struggles into life, and to such an one, when visible, we always extend our fostering protection.*

* "Rockingham ; or, the Younger Brother." 3 vols. London : Colburn, 1849.
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Such an one is "Rockingham." We have not for many a day read a novel which contains more tender and touching passages; and in the delineation of passion the author has great and peculiar power; or, perhaps, we should have expressed ourselves with more correctness had we said the authoress, for the work bears, scattered here and there at random throughout its pages, evident traces of a woman's hand. It is difficult, however, to conceive how such an amount of knowledge of naval tactics could have been got up by a lady. We are not sufficiently conversant in such matters, although it is, doubtless, the business of an accomplished critic to have a knowledge of every subject which he handles sufficient to enable him to detect a "trip," or whether he do in reality possess it or not, to assume it; but we candidly confess our acquaintance with maritime affairs does not qualify us to pronounce in this instance a decided opinion, and we sincerely hope our readers will think none the worse of us for our ignorance. There is not much of plot in "Rockingham," nor of startling incident, nor of graphic description, nor of delineation or variety of character; but notwithstanding these are wanting, it has unquestionably many other and higher claims upon the attention of a discerning public. The hero is taken from the world of fashion, but there is nothing vulgar about him, which proves that the author is probably a denizen of the same exalted sphere; his nature is honest, his heart brave and true, and all his impulses manly; love is his rock a-head through the voyage of life, and upon it his vessel suffers shipwreck at last. Had his nature been less sensitive, his heart less affectionate, trustful, and tender, he might have escaped; but his hopes had been garnered up upon one object, and, that found faithless, the charm of life was gone, "the silver chord was loosed." The tale of a broken heart and crushed affections is an old one, but not the less true from the fact that in the present times people do not seem either to have affections to lose, or hearts to be crushed. We have not time to indulge in such matters; a gentleman very much in love has become a rare commodity, he is probably very soon laughed out of it, and if the lady upon whom his affections are set does not

join in the laughter it is the less matter. The vice of the age in which we live is worldliness. Each of us, both men and women, spends the best part of life in endeavours strenuous, but often fruitless, to elevate our social position; to rise in the scale of society we tread reviving passions down, and obliterate, if possible, everything which is likely to interfere with our upward progress. Hence, love—real, pure, true, and disinterested—has become comparatively rare. Has the world grown better or happier for its absence? we rather think not. If we neither see it nor feel it, it is, however, occasionally very pleasant still to read about it, and therefore this is one source of the attractions of "Rockingham."

The story upon which this interesting fiction is founded may be disposed of in a few words. The hero, Lord Edward Rockingham, is the younger son of Lord Elmswater—an indolent nobleman in embarrassed circumstances, and has been deprived, while yet a child, of his mother. The outpourings of his filial love are checked by the cold and stern Lady Sheerness, a widowed and childless aunt, who comes to reside at her brother's house. While the head of the family, Rockingham's eldest brother, is sent to Eton, he is dispatched to Arleton, a seminary of an inferior description, where, however, there happens to be a very attractive and pretty woman in the person of Mrs. Wentworth, the young wife of the learned principal of that establishment. There are incessant quarrels between this lady and the schoolboys. They play her all kinds of tricks, and she retaliates by sending them up with praiseworthy regularity to be flogged by the doctor upon all possible occasions. Upon the tender and susceptible heart of Rockingham the charms of this lady produce at first an extraordinary impression, which her kindness tends to deepen. Matters, however, occur which effect a serious alteration with regard to their amicable relations. Mrs. Wentworth takes it into her pretty head that Rockingham has leagued himself with the opposition; and conceiving in consequence a prejudice against him, he is frequently selected by her as a victim for the exercise of the pedagogue's birch. He suffers cruelly

upon various occasions; but at length, after undergoing a very severe ordeal, his sufferings terminate in a complete reconciliation, which results from the circumstance of the lady having had him flogged by her brother, a stalwart village doctor (the pedagogue being absent), in her presence, until he faints. This precocious passion in the breast of our hero is not a little amusing if we come to regard the return it met with at the hands of the mistress of his affection. It is, however, succeeded by a more serious and enduring affection to his beautiful cousin, Sophia Waldegrave, a wealthy heiress, the ward of his father, and the destined wife of his brother, Lord Arlingford. The brothers hence become rivals; but the suit of the elder is favoured both by his father and his aunt, who intend that the young lady's fortune shall be applied to relieve the family estate from certain burdens which at that time were pressing rather inconveniently upon it, and to restore the resources of their ancient line, crippled by contested elections and other matters, to their ancient splendour.

At the Ashton school, Rockingham had contracted the passion of friendship as well as that of love; and its object was William Thornton, who was destined to exercise an important influence upon his after life. By him he is inspired with a taste for naval affairs, and shortly after his removal from school, enters the service as a midshipman. He soon becomes distinguished by his gallantry and zeal. He attracts the notice of Lord Nelson at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, and stands beside that hero when he receives on the deck of the *San Trinidad* the swords of the Spanish captains. Conspicuous by his thirst for glory and desire of distinction, he slips, contrary to the orders of his captain, into one of the boats destined for the attack of the island of Trinidad, and recognises, just as they are landing, in the person of an officer also employed on that perilous service, his old friend and quondam associate at Ashton, William Thornton. The result of that attack is well known; but in its course both Thornton and his friend, being severely wounded, are captured by the enemy during the night, and while still suffering severely from the effect

of his wounds, Rockingham is by some omission left behind, while an exchange of prisoners is effected, and when daylight dawns finds himself alone, and sees preparations making to bury an English officer who had died in the night. This he imagines to be his friend Thornton—that officer, however, had in the meantime been conveyed in safety to his ship, but Rockingham laments him as dead. Our adventurous hero, having been carried round the globe in a French cruiser, makes his way to England, where he finds his cousin more beautiful than ever, and apparently more attached to him. Yielding to the solicitations of his father, he re-enters the service—an engagement having previously been extracted from him that he will only correspond with her at stated and remote intervals. He unluckily misses his ship, losing in consequence the opportunity of being present at the battle of Copenhagen; and passes into another vessel, commanded by Captain McRoss, a vulgar Scotchman, who conceives a violent prejudice against him. Whilst serving with this officer he is entrusted with the defence of the island of Pianosa, which he successfully holds out against overwhelming numbers until relieved. Once more at sea, by the chances of war the vessel in which Rockingham serves becomes opposed to a French ship under command of the officer with whom Rockingham had made his adventurous cruise, and by whom he had been conveyed to England. He is ordered by McRoss to lead the boarders, and after a severe hand-to-hand conflict, in which he endures the misery of seeing his old friend fall by the hands of his followers, he returns victorious, but severely wounded, to his own ship. The tyrannical conduct of Captain McRoss had long produced a feeling of discontent among the men there; and at length a mutiny breaks out, which our hero succeeds, from his popularity among the men, in quelling. He is rewarded for his exertions by McRoss with an insult so intolerable that in a moment of exasperation he strikes him to the ground. For this offence, the most serious breach of the articles of war, he is tried by court-martial; but pending his imprisonment, and awaiting his trial, the news reaches him that his faithless cousin is

about to be led to the altar by his brother, Lord Elmswater. He effects his escape and arrives in England, where disguised as a common sailor he is just in time to witness the marriage. His rival has triumphed almost by the same arts which brought about that misfortune in the case of the master of Ravenswood. His letters have been suppressed, his actions have been misrepresented, he has been held up to scorn as a monster of infidelity and depravity; and the designs of his family upon the hand of the heiress have been so far successful. It is the old story, not the less touching than of yore—

"Oh, my cousin, shallow hearted; oh, my Amy, mine no more!
Oh, the barren, barren moorland; oh, the dreary, dreary shore:
Falsely than all fancy fathoms; falsely than all strains have sung;
Puppet to a father's wrath, servile to a shrewish tongue!"

Life has henceforward become valueless to him; he returns and surrenders himself; his trial shortly afterwards takes place; an artful and dangerous charge is made against him by his old enemy M^ross, in the course of which almost every action of his life upon which an unfavourable construction could be placed is brought up in judgment against him. There appears, however, among the court of officers appointed to try him a face whose features excite strange sensations in the mind of Rockingham. To his distempered fancy it seems as if the dead had risen, so strong was the resemblance borne by the stranger to his old friend Thornton. At length he discovers that it is indeed the same. He is shortly afterwards in the arms of his early friend, and is triumphantly acquitted of the charges against him upon the voluntary evidence of the crew of his own ship. He is restored to his former rank in the service, and promises to wipe out the memory of the breach of discipline of which he had been guilty, by his future acts of glory.

He goes to sea once more with his friend Thornton, but nothing can dissipate the fixed gloom which has settled upon his spirits, and the battle of Trafalgar shortly afterwards affords to the victim of adverse fate the opportunity he had long so eagerly coveted. He dies gloriously in the suc-

cessful attempt at cutting away the topmast of his own vessel, which being on fire had seriously endangered the safety of the whole crew.

Having thus glanced briefly at the main features of this very interesting story it only remains for us to indicate what we consider its chief merits. The love passages between the hero and his cousin are handled with much tenderness and truthful power. We are sorry that our space does not permit us to indulge our readers with the pleasure of an extract from these portions of the story; but if they will not take our word for it let them judge for themselves, and we feel assured they will be amply repaid. There is also displayed considerable power and taste in the description of Rockingham's schoolboy career, and the inefficiency of the system prevailing at public schools, for the development of a sensitive and timid temperament, is admirably illustrated in the history of one of his associates, whose name we cannot call to mind, but who falls a victim to the tyranny of Mrs. Wentworth. The passage in the life of our hero in regard of that lady puzzles us not a little; how he could have conceived so violent an affection for a young lady who actually stood by and saw her boy-lover fastened up to a post with her handkerchief, and severely flogged in her presence, we admit we are quite unable to explain upon any sound philosophical principles; we only know what sentiments such conduct would have been calculated to inspire us in those days.

We cannot conclude our notice of this work without giving one or two extracts, which afford a tolerably fair sample of the author's style and mode of handling the subject. The first return home of the boy-sailor after his long cruise and many dangers, is a picture replete with truth and beauty, and abounding in exquisite and tender colouring:—

"The shore was now close at hand; through the sultry haze of the summer morning I could distinguish the white cottages spread over the gently wooded coast. As we ran nearer and nearer in I remained silent and motionless; but when at length the heavy boat was lodged upon the dry strand—when springing from her I stepped upon the

glittering beach, I fell upon my knees, and burying my head in the rude shingles pressed them wildly to my lips! Oh, that I had never shed any other tears than those of that hour! Having settled with my conductors, I for the first time inquired on what part of the coast I had been landed, and which was the nearest town. I was informed we were a very few miles to the eastward of Plymouth.

"'Indeed,' said I, 'then we cannot be very far from Ashton.'

"'Ashton?—that road to the right will take you there in the course of the afternoon.'

"Unable to resist the pleasure of visiting that well remembered spot, I determined to proceed there at once. Oh, that walk by the hedge-girt roads, winding among the blooming gardens, the peaceful villages, and the stately parks of my native land! with what joy thy prodigal child again trod thy well beloved shore, happy, happy England! That was indeed a memorable day in my blighted and fitful existence, redeeming in its pure and silent rapture all the sufferings of my five years' exile. When I had walked for about an hour I was overtaken by a coach.

"'Do you go through Ashton,' said I, to the driver.

"'Yes, sir—be there in less than an hour.'

"Springing up behind him I was borne rapidly along, and rather within the prescribed time, the coachman, turning round and showing me a distant village, said—

"'There you are—wish to be set down there?'

"'Yes; by the school.'

"In a few minutes we stopped. It was the exact spot where I had bid farewell to Thornton; the house, the grounds, all seemed very much as I had left them. I moved slowly up to the hall-door of the private house, but my heart beat so violently that for a moment I was unable to pull the bell. At last the summons was given and a servant appeared.

"'Is Dr. Wentworth at home, pray?'

"'Dr. Wentworth?'

"'Yes; Dr. Wentworth. Is he at home?'

"'Don't live here,' answered the servant, preparing to close the door.

"'Well but this is still Ashton school,' continued I.

"'It is.'

"'And who keeps it now?'

"'Dr. Mills.'

"'How long has he been here?'

"'Two years, I believe.'

"'When did Dr. Wentworth leave?'

"'I can't say; I never heard of him

before; you had better inquire at the town,' replied the domestic, who, hearing a bell from within, was now very anxious to retire.

"'Much obliged,' said I, and I withdrew myself in the direction of the village to obtain some further information there. On the way, not many hundred yards to the left of the road, lay the parish church, and I felt irresistibly moved to visit once more the spot where I had so often strayed to escape from the noisy precincts of the school.

"The church was situated on the slope of a gentle eminence, from the summit of which an extensive view of the neighbourhood was commanded. I soon discerned behind the well-known steeple a lofty elm which had been a favorite resting-place of Thornton and myself. I rapidly ascended the acclivity and reached the foot of this tree. He at least stood unaltered in his stately loneliness, but the soil around had been sorely disturbed, for death had not neglected its work during my absence. The enclosure of the rural cemetery, which formerly had run at the foot of this tree was now carried far beyond, and many a village grave was strewn around it. One of these particularly attracted my attention. It had been raised at some expense. . . .

"How forcibly in that hour the memory of the days that were no more pressed upon my thoughts. There lay beneath me those scenes which, during my weary years of sickness and of exile, fancy had so often restored to my view in their unforgotten loveliness. There were the very fields where I had strayed with Thornton, while he unfolded to my eager mind the mysteries of the universe; there was the glorious ocean which we claimed already for our home, and on whose boundless expanse we were wont to track our adventurous career; but where was he at whose will the fire of intelligence and ambition had first been kindled within me; and she, that other being, for whom my heart had beat with a more heavenly and still deeper affection? Thornton slept well in the warrior's early grave, which he had so ardently sought, but surely no peril could have beset the smooth path of Mrs. Wentworth's life. And where was she? Insensibly my wandering thoughts returned to the objects more immediately around me. I remarked that on the summit of the tombstone close to me, an urn half covered by a veil had been sculptured, and that some words had been inscribed there apart from the epitaph below.

"I do not know what Thornton, had he been there, would have said to these lines; but as I was neither a poet nor a critic, and as they seemed to me to have flowed from the heart, they powerfully arrested my attention. I felt curious to know who was the being so truly mourned for, and to whom this allegiance of the soul was thus pledged through time and eternity."

We shall make no attempt to detract from the beauty of this extract; it is admirably and most felicitously written, and worth a cart-load of the ordinary produce of circulating libraries. Some critic—we forget who—has called Captain Marryat the *Salvator Rosa* of the sea. The place occupied by that gallant and accomplished officer, we are sorry to state, is vacant, but here is one, if we judge aright, worthy to succeed him. The battle scene is drawn with exceeding power, and if this work be not really from the pen of one competent from experience to speak of such matters, we can only express our unqualified admiration and approval of the tact and skill with which acquired knowledge has been brought to bear. But there is one other passage in the career of Rockingham which we cannot pass by without praise. We allude to that which describes his early friendship for Thornton. In it the chords of a child's heart are touched with a skill of which the greatest masters of the age might be proud. But we must hasten on, and bid farewell to the author of "*Rockingham*," whom we hope to have the pleasure of soon meeting again.

Another aspirant to literary fame now awaits our judgment. It is not the least extraordinary among the many phenomena of the age in which our lot is cast, the wonderful facility arrived at by the gentler sex in the weaving of works of fiction. It seems to come to them quite as easily as making pictures in Berlin wool, netting purses, embroidering waistcoats, or any other of those delightful tasks in which it was formerly their pleasure to occupy their leisure hours. We hope they find writing novels, if more instructive, at the same time more profitable; but we are not quite devoid of some

apprehensions that the market is becoming a little overstocked. However, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are the best judges, and we cannot leave them in better hands as to this matter.

Of the authoress of "*Mordaunt Hall*," it has been our pleasant duty to speak upon former occasions in terms of approbation. We are not, however, of opinion that this work is by any means equal to other efforts of her pen; not that it is by any means devoid of interest, or wanting in those powerful passages which mark her writings, but, in a word, it has more of her peculiar faults, and less of her peculiar beauties, than any fiction which we have hitherto seen by the same hand. It is also very carelessly written. We could offer abundant proofs, but one is as good as a hundred; for instance, one of the characters, a lady, speaks of her "*ipse dixit*." It would surely have been just as easy to have used the pronoun in the proper gender. In the second volume, and at the fifth page, occurs the following passage, which, to say the least of it, is singularly outré—

"The door opening seemed to arouse the child a little; he turned his head, and went up to his '*mummy*,' laid hold of the skirts of her woollen petticoat, but stood there still fixed in the same attitude of attention."

Now, surely it would have been a little more elegant, and certainly quite as easy, to have used any other word in this place. The passage is merely descriptive. Had the writer been saying that the child called out this word, to which we entertain so strong an objection, the vulgarity might have been tolerated; but when a simple fact is stated, it need not be stated in the most vulgar manner possible. It is excessively bad taste, and we shall say no more upon the subject, except that if the authoress expects her works are to be read by civilised people, she must adopt a less exceptionable vocabulary. We object besides to the very peculiar style adopted, which seems in each successive fiction to be growing more singular. Thus, a chapter is

* "*Mordaunt Hall*; or, a September Night." By the Author of '*Two Old Men's Tales*,' &c. London: Henry Colburn: 1849.

generally opened by a broken sentence, sometimes a soliloquy, but often having little or nothing to do with what follows; for example—"It was an affecting sight," and then after some observations which have not much to do with the subject, the writer proceeds to state what the sight was. In short, there is an affectation and a mannerism becoming every day more apparent in these fictions which is intolerable to people of ordinary taste in literature. But while we point out manifest defects, we cannot wilfully blind our eyes to transparent beauties, and of these the novel of "*Mordaunt Hall*" is by no means devoid. We shall content ourselves, and satisfy the curiosity of our readers, with an extract or two presently, but, before we do so, let us sketch as briefly as possible the outline of the story, which may be told in a very few words.

An idle, clever, but thoroughly scampish young gentleman comes down to a distant part of England for the purpose of pulling up lost time by getting "crammed," as the phrase is, by a clever divine, resident there, named Abel. This process of cramming is an operation usually carried into effect upon under-graduates who are desirous to pass an examination, but in the present instance the man to be crammed had already passed through college, and, at the period of his visit to Mr. Abel, was a member of the House of Commons. It had suddenly occurred to him that he was extremely deficient in almost every species of practical knowledge, and he had accordingly put himself under the care of this reverend pastor, in order to have his wits sharpened. The intervals of more arduous study are relieved by making love to a beautiful young lady, the only daughter of a widowed recluse of a mathematical turn of mind, who resides in a pretty cottage embowered with roses somewhere in the neighbourhood. This necessarily pretty, gipsy-looking girl has, most unfortunately for herself, been left too much alone by her father, whose mind is always occupied in searching into some abstruse proposition. She has, consequently, imbibed a considerable tact for philosophical romances, particularly those of "*Jean Jacques Rousseau*," which studies have left the heart peculiarly liable to receive impressions of a

certain nature. The consequence is, that she receives with pleasure the attentions of the handsome stranger, whom chance had so unexpectedly thrown in her way. We are very sorry to state that he betrays her innocence under the pretence of a marriage, and then deserts her, to resume those parliamentary duties, which these occupations of his leisure moments now so abundantly qualified him to discharge. He rises rapidly to distinction—makes brilliant speeches—contracts a splendid alliance with a lady of rank and fashion, and soon forgets his unfortunate victim. The poor girl, remaining under the impression that the marriage was a legal one, discovering that she is soon to become a mother, claims that the marriage shall be made public, but finds out too late how easily she has been deceived! The child is born—she wanders with him through the mountains—finds a house, at the door of which she deposits him, and then drowns herself in an adjoining lake. Her father, having sought an interview with the betrayer of his daughter, dies of a broken heart. The child there left, falls into kind hands; he is brought up and educated by a Miss Calantha Mordaunt, the invalid daughter of a gentleman of fortune—rewards the care of his gentle protectress by unremitting industry and attention to his studies—goes to college, where he gains great distinction, and returning, flushed with the fame of his academical laurels, falls in love with the daughter of Mrs. Chandos, who was the sister of Miss Calantha. The sequel need scarcely be told—the nameless foundling is cast off with scorn by the wealthy parents; accidental circumstances reveal to him the rank and position of his father, and at this crisis occur the most powerful and beautiful, and, indeed, we might add, the only interesting passages of the story. The history of the foundling's earlier life—his infant troubles; and the miseries which he undergoes at school, and the slights he receives from his companions, are as uninteresting, common-place, tedious, and dull as it is possible to conceive; but in those other passages to which we refer, occur very many redeeming points, full of that peculiar power by which the fictions of this writer are not unfrequently distin-

guished. The interview between the child who has found his parent, and the parent who has discovered his son, is marked by great breadth of colouring, graphic power, and knowledge of human nature. Upon this our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves. The pupil of Mr. Abel—the betrayer of innocence, had risen to high distinction—he has won a peerage—he is Lord Avonmore; why, however, the writer should have selected the title of one of our most gifted and patriotic Irish judges, to grace the brow of a heartless seducer, we are at a loss to conceive. Lord Avonmore is, however, in want of a private secretary—the hero is introduced by his lordship's former instructor, Mr. Abel, who, having some suspicions as to his pedigree has long resolved to bring them into contact. The peer is struck by the extraordinary resemblance, but we shall now allow the author to describe what follows:—

“Lord Avonmore seated himself upon the chair, and in the place where he was accustomed to give audience to all applicants, and strove to arouse all that was man within him to meet the approaching moment with calmness. To expose himself to the degradation of yielding to emotion before a stranger was what his dignity forbade, and spite of those mysterious yearnings of the heart which swelled within, his reason told him that this young man, in all probability, was, and would prove, a stranger. To meet him with dignity, to repress the workings of anxiety and the intensity of hope, calmly to meet the disappointment which his reason assured him must be the result of this meeting, for this he was nerving himself with all his acquired philosophy and natural strength of mind. He heard a knock at the door, the hall-door opens, some one is admitted; there are the feet of two persons on the stairs. Lord Avonmore's hand is pressed against his heart, where he feels a strong, intense pain, and then it is removed and laid on the table beside him, and there he sits with it resting upon the table, his figure drawn up, but leaning a little forward, his eyes fixed upon the opening door. Mr. Abel comes in first, and is followed by Gideon. Lord Avonmore looks earnestly at him for a moment; the hand which lies upon the table may be seen to tremble violently, and he for a second remains as if turned to stone where he sat;

then slowly rising, he advanced, gave his hand to Mr. Abel, and distantly saluting the young man whom Mr. Abel immediately presented to him, pointed to two chairs, and resumed his own in silence. The silence lasted for about a minute, during which Gideon, with a strange confusion of feeling, gazed with intense interest upon the noble figure before him. Advancing years, high intellectual avocations, the exercise of authority, and the deep intensity of feeling, whether for evil or good, had added the grace of majesty to the extraordinary personal beauty which had always distinguished Ridley; there was a nobility in his lofty air and figure, a piercing brightness in his eye, and the deep lines of thought upon his brow, which, blended with an undefinable expression of melancholy, rendered his appearance at once eminently striking and deeply interesting. Gideon regarded him with an admiration with which the recollection of those wrongs which he at least felt to be inexpiable and unpardonable, mingled a strange feeling of abhorrence; he gazed with an awe-struck gravity upon this monument of wickedness in glory: as the great Satan appeared to the sublime imagination of Milton, so shone this great and bad man before the pure eye of his son.

“‘I sent for you, Mr. Jones, for that I believe is your name.’

“‘The name I go by,’ said Gideon, in a low, respectful, but firm and collected voice.

“The departure of Mr. Abel seemed to have relieved him from the constrained necessity of being obliged to speak. He sat some time in silence, his eyes bent on the ground as if musing, while Gideon regarded him fixedly, almost sternly. He felt himself in the presence of one who had betrayed the innocent and wronged the defenceless; and the more striking the exhibition of unquestionable power expressed in the lofty countenance of Lord Avonmore, the more strongly did the figure of the lovely young defenceless girl with whose story he had identified that of his own drowned mother, rise up in painful contrast. He felt not the slightest awe or apprehension before this great and lofty man; indignation—deep indignation levels all distinctions. Then Lord Avonmore lifted up his eyes, gazed at him earnestly, scrutinisingly, piercingly, while the hand again shook till it rattled against the table; at last he said—

“‘Tell me, I have heard your story. Your mother, they say, was drowned—on what night?’

“‘The 10th of September, 17—

“The hand was lifted up and struck

down again against the table; then the face of that great statesman grew deadly pale, and in a voice scarcely audible he faltered out—

“‘You are sure, you are sure.’

“‘Yes, my lord.’

“But Gideon was beginning to shiver. The emotion was infectious.

“‘She died, and left you a poor infant at the door of a stranger, dependent upon common charity for bread—was it not so? and she plunged into the deep dark waters to hide her shame,’ cried Lord Avonmore, in a more hurried voice, now completely mastered by his feelings, ‘and she left no record, no sign behind her, save that in the dead of that night she stood, her garments streaming with the water, her long hair floating round her in the moonbeams, at the foot of the bed of that miserable man, and—’

“‘Was this her hair?—were these things, these lockets hers?’ cried Gideon, in excessive agitation, tearing open his bosom, and from round his neck rending off the black ribbon upon which they still hung, and putting them into his hand.

“‘My son, my son, my son!’ and like David upon the neck of Absalom, he would have fallen and wept; but the young man drew back gravely.

“‘*Sir, I am the son of my mother.*’

“Lord Avonmore stood there arrested; his arms stretched out—as if to embrace his son—extended in the empty air. Then he let them fall, retreated to his chair, and covered his face with one hand.

“Gideon stood still where he had started back, and did not attempt to resume his place. He waited with a deeply serious air till his father should speak again.

“At last Lord Avonmore lifted up his head, and gazed at him earnestly.

“‘So like,’ he muttered, then he said—

“‘The son of Miriam cannot forgive?’

“‘His own injuries, yes!—hers, never!’

“Oh, how beautiful, how glorious did this young creature, in his holy anger, appear before his father’s eyes! ‘So looked the cherub in his grave rebuking.’ Oh, how did he yearn, long, to clasp that proud, that pure, that lofty being to his bosom, and bless him, and call him son!—son!—son! But he stood abashed—the great, the daring, the powerful, stood abashed.

“He read in those stern, but pure and lucid eyes, beaming bright with truth and honour, in all the grave determination of that noble fate, what virtue thought of vice—what purity of profligacy—what honour of treachery, and his heart sank within him—turning

away his head again, he fell back into his chair.

“Some moments were given to all the bitterness of remorse—the next belonged to pride.

“A man so bad as Ridley had been is too often incapable of that remorse which leads to repentance. His heart is too hard to melt to repentance, the humbleness, the softness of repentance is become impossible to the great Satan; he cannot repent, but he can take refuge in the loftiness of his pride.

“Such are the passages of life fabled by the old allegory.

“The choice was there again—remorse to repentance—remorse to pride. He chose the last.

“After collecting his scattered spirits as well as he could, he lifted up his head, and addressing his son in a tone quite unlike that of the broken emotion of a quarter of an hour before, he said, taking up the tokens which lay upon the table—

“‘Young man, this leaves not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind. These little relics were found upon you, an infant?’

Gideon made an affirmative sign.

“‘And this hair——’

“And here nature was too strong, even for him. As he unrolled the silken lock and passed it slowly through his fingers, he uttered a low groan.

“But Gideon heard it not; he stepped hastily forward and made a gesture as if to resume the lock of hair—as if he felt it to be profaned by the hand which now touched it—his father seemed to understand him.

“‘What do you mean?’ said he angrily, grasping it firmly; ‘this belongs to me.’

“‘No,’ said his son, ‘it belongs to me—give it me back, sir, if you please—it is very sacred in my eyes—Mother!—mother!’ he cried, somewhat wildly; ‘Mother!—mother! look at your poor son!—give it me back, sir, I beseech you—give it me back, it is all I have of her.’

“‘Take it,’ and he gave it him back with the two lockets.

“‘Keep these if you please, sir,’ said Gideon; ‘I have no further use for them, thank you;’ receiving the hair, and then turning away.

“‘And where do you mean to go—what do you mean to do?’

“‘To go back whence I came.’

“‘Truly,’ said Lord Avonmore, again his pride coming to his assistance, ‘this conduct to a man really very anxious to be of use to you—to the man who is prepared to own himself your father—who is your father, young man, is, to

say the least of it, unbecoming, and from a son unnatural.'

" 'I have no father.'

" 'What do you mean? You have found one in me.'

" 'Was this ring,' cried Gideon, suddenly returning to the table, and seizing the black ribbon to which the ring and lockets hung—'was this ring a wedding-ring, or was it intended for a wedding-ring? Was my mother a wife, or was she only a wretched, deluded, miserable victim?'

" Lord Avonmore answered not; he could not just then speak.

" 'Tell me, tell me,' Gideon passionately went on, 'only tell me that when you married her it was in good faith, though afterwards you forsook her; that she was the victim of inconstancy and not of premeditated deceit, and all—'all shall be forgotten and forgiven.'

" 'Forgotten! forgiven!' cried Lord Avonmore, rising hastily from his seat, stung by these words, as it would seem, to a strange rage, and still stranger suspicion. 'What do you mean by saying that, sir, to me? No, sir, your mother never was married.'

This scene is, unquestionably, very finely conceived, and worked out with much dramatic power. The struggles of the wretched father, risen to eminence, between affection for his newly-found son—

The offspring of his wayward youth,
When he betrayed Bianca's truth—

and his fear, that by the revelation of his early frailty he might be injured in the opinion of the world, is wrought out with much tenderness and feeling. Its beauty, however, is not a little marred by that heroic exclamation we have marked in italics—"Sir, I am the son of my mother." Containing, as it unquestionably does, a truism, which few would feel disposed to deny, we are surprised that the absurdity of it did not occur to the author; but we shall not dwell upon what a critic, had he been disposed to be ill-natured, might have turned to some account; but giving the author of "Mordant Hall" the fullest credit for the beauty of this scene, proceed to lay before our readers that in which the mutual feelings of the two young people, unspoken by words, became manifest to each other. They are together, in a box at a small country theatre, and listeners to the performance of a French drama, the progress of which reveals

to them incidents suggestive of passages in their own history.

"Amy Blas" is a strange, passionate French drama, upon a thoroughly French subject.

"Celia and Gideon sat down, and both immediately fixed their eyes upon the stage, little imagining the scenes about to be displayed before them; but both, irresistibly attracted by this unequalled acting, sat there watching the progress of the piece with deep attention.

"At first they did not either of them seem to clearly understand the story; but soon their attention was riveted by what was going on, and the colour on their cheeks began to change.

"As Ruy Blas describes, with the wildest violence of passion to his friend, all the agonies of his mind, the heart of Gideon began to beat thick and fast; but at the exclamation, made with mingled horror and exultation, '*Jesus jaloux du Roi d'Espagne!*' he started and looked wildly round.

"She sat there, her eyes fixed upon the scene, trembling in every limb.

"The lovely, lovely queen appeared,—the very picture, in her gentle grace, her unparalleled delicacy and softness, of the creature by his side—and the piece proceeds.

"And feeling answered to feeling as there they sat together—he shuddering, she trembling, with emotion.

"One wild, terrified, hurried, distracted glance!

"Their eyes meet—and the tale is told!"

We shall make no apology for the lengthened notice we have given of "Mordant" Hall. The style of the author, as we have said, has many faults: they are peculiar ones, and so might easily be avoided; they are, however, redeemed by many beauties: and if this, the latest effort of her pen, is not, in our opinion, equal to some which have preceded it, the presence of those passages to which we have attracted the attention of our readers, can hardly fail to convince the most sceptical that the author has abundant power and genius, if properly directed, to produce a work which may qualify her to assume a distinguished position among the writers of the day.

We have devoted so much time to the consideration of the preceding works, that we have not much left over in our space for "Alice, or the New Una," which, like the first upon

* "Lady Alice, or the New Una." 3 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1849.

our list, comes out without sponsors, and without any indication whatever as to whom it is to be attributed the honour of its parentage. We know, however, a story is current that the manuscript was offered to a very respectable metropolitan publisher, who declined the honour of bringing the bantling into the world, upon the score of its exceeding *immorality*. We hardly see enough to justify the apprehensions of that estimable and worthy person; but, at the same time, we feel assured that his shrewd diagnosis was on the whole correct, for a more silly production, notwithstanding the puffs direct of several of our brethren of the press (from whom we are, or course, sorry to differ), we have not seen for a considerable time, and we hope it may be long ere we see again a work in three volumes containing such a quantity of what cannot be designated by any other term than twaddle of the vilest description; and yet it is by no means improbable that, ere the words we now write shall have passed into print, Alice will have been read and devoured by thousands among those classes of the community who are willing, like the Persian monarch, to offer a reward, in the substantial shape of a guinea and a-half, to any manufacturer of fiction who will dish up a novel sufficiently stimulating to please their jaded palates. Passionate excitement and warmth of description, lax morality and startling incident, they must have, or the book will remain, with uncut pages, lumbering the shelves of the enterprising publisher. Of these commodities above mentioned, the work now before us certainly contains a very abundant supply. Of the plot of the story, we have neither time nor inclination to afford our readers the slightest account—in fact, they are much better without it. Let one or two samples of the style suffice; and here we may mention, that the hero and heroine are introduced in that mode which has become familiar to the novel-reading public through the fictions of Mr. James. The scene is the Bay of Palermo, in which both parties are amusing themselves by a matutinal dip. Clifford hears a sudden scream, he looks up, sees some object floating upon the water, and then—

“To dash forward, swim, when he

lost footing, plunge after the object when it disappeared, grasp a slight vestment, rise to the surface again with the unresisting form of its wearer, and bear it ashore, were the successive acts of as many moments. It was the body of a young female, attired in a long, sleeveless symar; her long hair, which had not, it seemed, been restrained even in bathing, streamed from her head in wet tresses of apparently the softest auburn; a deadly pallor could not disguise the perfect loveliness of the face; the ivory arm was of faultless mould; and the wet, clinging drapery betrayed a symmetry which might have belonged rather to some nymph of the sea than any mortal maid. She did not breathe; her heart had ceased to beat—at least, the arteries at the wrist betrayed not the faintest pulsation to the delicate test of Clifford's fingers. When the flame of life burns so low that it cannot even be discerned by our coarse senses, a careless breath, a touch too much, is sufficient to extinguish it altogether. It must not be roughly fanned, but suffered to burn in a tranquil air. Clifford's conduct now was marked by absolute self-possession, and a singular confidence of knowledge. The dry, absorbent sand drank rapidly the moisture from the stranger's dress and floating hair. When he judged that this had proceeded far enough, he placed the passive form, still invested with the cold, wet robe, on the sort of couch he had prepared for his own repose after the bath, and wrapped the linen and cloak many times around her. The influence of the moderated application of a depressing agent like cold and moisture, in recalling and stimulating that reaction inappreciable to us, which is really taking place in every living body, though apparently devoid of life, was well known to Clifford. . . . In fine, he took her exquisite hands, whiter and colder than snow, in his own, glowing and warm, despite his recent plunge, and her chilling contact. .

“Nor were these efforts unsuccessful: there was, at length, a pulsation, then he became sensible that she breathed; the lips reddened, there was a soft sigh. Clifford watched her countenance with a sort of radiant attention; and as he bent over her, himself so ideally beautiful, so powerful, and so tranquil in his knowledge, you might, without any very violent effort of imagination, have thought of the angel that sent under the Shaping Hand, while the yet unanimated ancestress of all living lay, motionless as marble and whiter than snow, on some violet bank of Paradise;—so

softly, too, shone forth that same tenderest aspect of the Archetypal Nature in this unconsoled maid, on whom the tide of animation was now returning from its recent and alarming ebb with such visible rapidity. . . . A pair of large and soft dark eyes had opened, as the stars first appear in the sky, ere he was aware; the lady scanned the noble visage of her preserver, as in a dream. She could hardly be conscious at the moment of anything but the vague fact, that her life had been saved from a peril that she scarcely yet recalled, by a being who looked fit to be one of her guardian angels. Whether any thought of this kind was in her mind, or if, through the bright haze of partial consciousness, she believed him to be really a denizen of some more perfect world, cannot be said; but, at all events, her glance was an expression of tender and admiring trust. Neither can we give here a clear account of what was passing in Clifford's mind; but that which he did was to bend down gently and kiss the still pale cheek of the fair young creature he had saved.

"'Fear nothing, dear signorina,' he said, in the language which he thought most likely to be hers; 'you are as with a brother.' 'I am sure of it,' faintly murmured the stranger, in the sweet words of the same language."

Having already, in a former review of one of Mr. James's novels, expressed our opinion as to the value of this apparently efficacious mode of bringing back to life young ladies whose animation is suspended by drowning or otherwise, it is unnecessary now to dwell further upon the subject, but it is curious how very soon a "kiss" restores them, not only to life, but to the perfect possession of such faculties as Providence had given them. In this instance, the gentleman, as to the state of whose apparel the writer is silent, tells the lady "in the wet, clinging drapery," which, instead of concealing, reveals her charms, not to be afraid, but to look upon him as a brother; and the gentle creature, raising her dark eyes, says, she "is quite sure of it." How, in that condition, she could know anything at all about the matter, still less be sure of it, is a puzzle which perhaps the author will do us the favour, at some future time, to explain. Yet saith some courtly critic writing upon this passage—"All is conducted with a refinement, a delicacy, and a dignified

propriety beautifully accordant with the holy axiom, that "to the pure all things are pure"!! Good gracious!—dignified propriety! Marry come up! Where is the dignified propriety under such peculiarly infelicitous circumstances? We cannot make it out at all. It is a style of introducing two amiable young persons of different sexes to each other, of which we cannot, in the least, approve. We should much prefer seeing the young gentleman in his gold waistcoat, white cheker, and varnished boots, with his gibus hat under his arm, bowing reverently before the fair girl, enchantingly arrayed in spreading draperies of Limerick lace, the queen of the ball-room—than plunging like a curly-tailed poodle into the Bay of Palermo, seizing upon the young lady, bearing her in triumph, and in her bathing-dress, to the shore, and kissing her from comparative asphyxia into a state of animated existence. We object to this sort of thing altogether; and should the author of "Alice," as public rumour says, be a lady, we shall be happy to enter more at large into our reasons, if she will kindly grant us the honour of an interview.

One more specimen. Pair number two are made acquainted with each other in the following naive manner:—

"The two brothers were not staying at an hotel, they had apartments in the Palazzo Foscari, on the grand canal. They had disembarked, and were ascending the steps of the palace, when the same gondola which, at an early hour in the evening, had pursued their bark, and which had continued to follow it, came up rapidly, and the gondolier in the bow sprang out, ascended a couple of steps, to Lord Beauchamp's side, and touched his arm. The young noble turned, and the man laid his finger on his lip, and pointed to Frederick, who, in deep reverie, had entered the great door. 'What is it, *caro mio*?' 'A signora desires to speak one little moment with your Excellency.' 'A signora—where?' 'In the gondola, signoria.' Lord Beauchamp hesitated: he thought it probable he had been mistaken for his brother, whose extreme beauty made him often the subject of similar advances. 'Are you sure it is I the signora wishes to see?' 'Perfectly sure, your Excellency; I cannot be mistaken.' Lord Beauchamp descended the steps again, and entered the gondola. It was

not exactly a prudent thing to do; but he was just in the humour for something desperate. Whether he should be welcomed by the pressure of a soft hand or the stroke of a stiletto was nearly indifferent to him.

"The interior of the gondola was not lighted, the door stood open; but Lord Beauchamp merely bent down, as if to receive any communication its occupant might choose to make, saying, 'I am at your command, signora.' The gondola, at the same instant, obeyed a strong impulse, that sent it out into the middle of the canal, and a voice from within, of great sweetness, requested him in Italian, with the inimitable accent of a native, to enter. He complied; and being just able to perceive, by the light that flashed in from his own palace door, that the lady was sitting on the left, he placed himself by her side. The gondolier closed the door; and as the only light now came in from one of the little side windows, he could distinguish neither the face nor the person of his companion. The gondola moved slowly and silently through the water. The lady did not speak, and they floated on in silence, broken only by the almost noiseless plash of the oars; once another gondola shot past, and sometimes the light from a palace balcony shone in at the little window. The lady was dressed in black: it was nearly all he could discover by these brief glimpses, which, nevertheless, appeared to annoy her, for she nervously closed the jealousy, and the obscurity within became complete. There was a nameless something in the slight movements of the stranger, there was something in the sweetness of her voice, which gave him the idea of a woman whose charms time at least could not have injured. The light from a passing gondola, as it shone in, discovered, on her lap, a beautiful hand holding a handkerchief, almost wholly of lace, of necessity very costly: and the hand itself sparkled with gems, of which one was so rare as to be confined by a slender chain to a magnificent bracelet. He discovered this by the steadier palace lights; and when the handkerchief was shaken once, it diffused a peculiarly agreeable perfume. From all this, Lord Beauchamp judged, not without probable grounds, that the lady belonged to the higher classes of society; and, despite himself, he felt the beat of his heart quickened by this silent and mysterious contiguity. Presently, after the jealousy was closed, Augustus felt the stranger's hand passed timidly within his own, and her head sunk on his shoulder. 'Who are you, dear signora,' he said, with great gentleness,

and taking in his own that soft, trembling hand; 'what is it in which I can serve you?' 'In nothing, signor—in nothing.'

"This was embarrassing. Lord Beauchamp was sure that that the stranger was really a lady. *He recognised the freemasonry of bon ton in her very familiarity—her head reclined lightly on his shoulder, her soft hand was simply resigned in his.* 'At least, dear signora,' he said, you will tell me how I have merited this confidence, and those marks of tenderness.' For some time the lady did not reply, at last she said, with great sweetness, and a southern naïveté, 'Can one tell why one loves?' Lord Beauchamp passed his arm instantly round the stranger's waist, and raised her hand to his lips: he was too chivalrous to do less, in acknowledgment of such words. 'But, dear signora,' he said, 'is such a love—forgive me—what you have a right to feel, or I to return?' 'You are not married,' said the lady, softly. 'No.' 'Nor betrothed?' 'Nor betrothed,' said Augustus, after a moment's hesitation 'but——' 'I am not married either, nor betrothed,' said the lady, after patiently waiting for him to finish his sentence: 'you thought I was?—that was natural.'

"This altered the case, though, extremely.

"'And you say that you love me,' said Lord Beauchamp, who observed also that the stranger's Italian was the purest that could be spoken, and her accent music itself; 'and you are unwedded? Are you also—forgive once more the question—are you one that I can love without degradation?' Lord Beauchamp said this bending down to his companion's face, and in a very low voice."

This scene must convince the public that the author, whatever be his faults, has a strong taste for startling introductions; he plunges *in medias res* at once, and his heroes and heroines have all the advantage which can be expected to arise from the making of each other's acquaintance under circumstances not only of a novel, but of a very free and easy description. We have learned, however, two things of which we were not previously aware, one that an English nobleman addresses an Italian gondolier by the affectionate and familiar title of "*my dear*," and the other, that familiarity such as the author describes is the outward and visible sign of good breeding. "Her

head was reclined on his shoulder, her soft hand was resigned simply in his," and this without the least former knowledge or acquaintance of any kind or nature whatever. A gentleman is invited to enter a strange gondola—he finds a lady there in the dark, who reclines her head without further ceremony upon his shoulder, and the inevitable inference at once occurs to him that she must be a lady of fashion. But we were about to omit another sign from which Mr. Augustus Clifford had drawn this inference—the lady's *mouchoir de poche* was very highly scented. Shade of Pelham! object of our early worship, look down upon us here with a pitying eye, what would be your opinion of a lady with a lace handkerchief smelling strongly of musk? We think we could anticipate it, but we have at all events no difficulty whatever in stating our own, which is emphatically this, that the lady who could act in a manner so outrageous, and so utterly subversive of all received opinion, was no better than she should be.

These extracts, which we have given with some reluctance, afford a tolerable idea of what manner of work is "*Alice, or the New Una*." Upon the religious scenes—if we can apply such a term to them—we shall not undertake to speak

at all. We cannot trust ourselves to do so, but we look upon the mixture of profanity and levity with which this work abounds as not by any means the least mischievous portion of it.

The task is by no means a pleasant one to us of holding up any work to reprehension, but we should deem ourselves wanting in that duty we owe our readers, did we hesitate to point out what must be considered as very grave and serious errors.

We were not without hopes that the homely and simple pathos, the tenderness and beauty of such writers as Dickens, had not only eradicated the genus of fashionable novels, properly so called, but had set up a purer and more exalted standard of taste, and we cannot but express our deep regret that the good work is not yet completed, nor can it be so long as such productions are found not only to issue from the press, but to be read and sold among a British public. We have always been ready to lend the aid of our humble services, in correcting and reforming such abuses, and while we continue to labour in the same cause, we shall never omit an opportunity of holding up to public contempt all offenders, whatever may be their rank or station.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORTS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER X.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS IN HONOUR OF THE GODS—ALOOTSANL-MANGALLE, OR FESTIVAL OF NEW RICE—AWOOROODU-MANGALLE, OR FESTIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR—THE ORDINATION OF UPASAMPADA—PARRAHARRAH—PRESENT AND FORMER MAGNIFICENCE—KANTIE-MANGALLE, OR THE FEAST OF THE FORTUNATE HOLY—ADAM'S PEAK—THE BUDDHISTS' AND MAHOMEDANS' ACCOUNT OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE PILGRIM'S WORSHIP OF THE SREE-PADA—LEGEND OF THE DEVIYA-GUHAWA—DESCRIPTION OF ADAM'S PEAK—WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS—WORSHIP OF PLANETS—ULAMA, OR THE DEVON BIRD.



KITEPMAHATMEER IN JUL. 1855.

During the Kandian monarchy there were five national religious festivals, which were annually solemnised with great pomp and rejoicing; but since the dethronement of the king of Kandy, the Parraharrali alone is celebrated with any portion of the splendour which appertained to these

festivals in former times. The names of the five national festivals are the Alootsaul-mangalle, or the Festival of New Rice, which is held in the month of January; the Awooroodu-mangalle, or Festival of the New Year, which occurs in the month of April; the third takes place in the month of

May, when the priests of Buddha, who are deemed sufficiently learned, are promoted from the rank of *samenero* to *upasampada*. The fourth and principal festival, called *Parraharrāh*, or the Procession, occurs in the month of July; the fifth festival called *Karttiē-mangalle*, or Feast of the Fortunate Hour, is celebrated in the month of November. These festivals are held in honour of, and dedicated to the gods Vishnu, Katragani, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine.

We will now proceed to describe these religious festivals in the order in which they are celebrated, and will, therefore, commence with the *Aloot-saul-mangalle*, which is held in the month of January, when the moon is in the second quarter. This festival is intended as a propitiation to the gods, to send an abundant harvest of the staff of life in Ceylon (rice), and is held at the commencement of the Maha, or great harvest. Formerly, the king's astrologers used to fix an hour on two distinct days, after consulting the stars, to ascertain the most fortunate one; at the appointed hour on the first day, the new rice was to be brought into the city, and at the hour named on the second day, the grain was to be cooked and eaten. These instructions were written, and the document was called *Nekat-Wattoroo*, the original being presented to the king by the royal astrologers, whilst copies were borne, in great state, by the chiefs, to the royal farms. At the appointed time the new rice and paddy (or rice in the husk), which were intended for the use of the temples, the royal family, and the monarch's storehouses, were carefully packed up by, and in presence of, certain officers, who were duly appointed to perform and witness the ceremony: the rice being placed in new white mat, or cotton bags, whilst the paddy was put into new chatties or earthen jars. The grain which was intended for the use of the *Dalada-Malegawa*, or principal temple of Buddha, at Kandy, was borne by one of the king's elephants; that which was appointed to the service of the *dewales*, or temples of the gods, was carried by men, who walked under canopies of white cloth; whilst that which was destined for the use of the palace and the king's store, was conveyed by men of good caste, who belonged to the king's villages or dis-

tricts where the royal farms were situated. The men who carried the rice which was intended for the king's use, were compelled to observe a strict silence during the period the grain was being borne by them, and to keep a white muslin handkerchief before their mouths and nostrils, lest their breath should pollute the food which was to be eaten by their monarch. When all the various carriers were formed into procession, jingalls were fired, and all started from the respective farms at the same moment, accompanied by tom-tom beaters, men playing upon other national instruments, and flag-bearers. Before the several processions reached the city of Kandy, they were met by the *adikars*, *disaaves*, and *ratemabatmeers*, who walked at the head of the vast assemblage into the great square, to await the *neyhat*, or fortunate hour, when the grain was to be borne to the various receptacles that had been prepared. A salute of jingalls announced the moment when the rice and paddy were to be carried into the respective storehouses: at the time the jingalls were fired, the chiefs and people also carried their grain from their fields into their storehouses or dwellings. The *neyhat-wattoroo*, or fortunate hour for eating the new rice, was fixed either two or three days afterwards; rules being prescribed by the royal astrologers, as to the method of cooking the rice, and in which direction the face was to be turned whilst the rice was eaten. Offerings of boiled rice, mixed with vegetable curries, were also made to the gods; these offerings were regarded as being especially sacred, and none but priests of peculiar sanctity were allowed either to present the offerings or to partake of the food after it had been presented to the deities, in contradistinction to the general custom, which permits all priests indiscriminately to consume the edible offerings after they have remained on the altars a certain time. All the splendid paraphernalia of this festival is now buried in the tomb of the past, and at this time the priests merely name the day when the grain is to be carried to the respective temples, when offerings are duly made to the gods, and some slight rejoicings take place among the people.

The *Awooroodu-mangalle*, or the feast of the Cingalese New Year, is

held in April, and at this period the natives of Ceylon indulge in amusements, and partake of all the social enjoyments which their means will compass. Previous to the first day of the new year, almost every Cingalese consults an astrologer or wise man, who states the fortunate days and hours of the ensuing year, and what periods will be the most favourable for commencing any novel plan, undertaking, or business; the soothsayer also informs the divers into the web of the coming year, how to avoid misfortune and mischance, by the observance of certain instructions which the sage gives. As the natives of Ceylon are exceedingly superstitious, they pay the most rigid obedience to the absurdities which are promulgated by the wise men, placing implicit confidence in all that is stated by these impostors, and protest that the slightest deviation from the prescribed rule of conduct would subject them to severe misfortune and evil. The Awoorodu-mangalle was celebrated by the native monarchs with great rejoicing and splendour. Previous to new-year's day, the royal astrologers and physicians had to extract the juices from certain medicinal plants for the use of the royal family.* The preparations were made at the Nata-Dewale, and when completed, the medicaments were placed in small vases or chatties, which were cautiously covered, and sealed with the royal signet, and sent to the palace, with all due form and ceremony, for the king's inspection. The monarch then used graciously to signify his permission, that a certain number of the vases which contained these precious compounds, were to be sent to the various temples. The astrologers then declared the Nekat-Wattoroo, which set forth the day and minute upon which the new year would commence, the propitious hour for anointing the body with the medicinal extracts, the fortunate hours for eating, bathing, commencing new undertakings or business, and for making presents to the temples, king, chiefs, or superiors. Before the arrival of the minute, which was fixed by astrologers as the commencement of the new year, the monarch ascended his throne, clad in his magnificent robes

of state, wearing the jewels, symbols, and emblems, indicative of his rank and power; the adikars, dissuaves, ratemahatmeers, chiefs, and officers of the royal household, attired in costly court costume, surrounding the throne. As soon as the moment arrived at which the new year commenced, the event was announced by the discharge of numberless jingalls, and immediately the vast throng, which filled the hall of audience prostrated themselves before their sovereign, offering their congratulations, and making supplications for his prosperity, happiness, and longevity. When the hour arrived for the king to be anointed with the medicinal juices, ten damsels of high birth, bearing illuminated lamps and dishes of silver, on which were placed unboiled rice, ranged themselves before the king; two of the maidens then advanced, and placed medicinal leaves on the palms of his hands, and under the soles of his feet; the remaining eight damsels coming forward and anointing the sovereign's person with the extracts, and whilst the operation was being performed, saying, "Abundance of days to our sovereign—may he live many thousand years! Increase of age and honours to our king, as long as the sun, moon, and stars endure! Increase of health and learning to our mighty monarch as long as the earth and skies last." The ten damsels then retired, when the adikars, dissuaves, ratemahatmeers, and chiefs advanced towards the king, and performed the same ceremony in a like manner. When the fortunate hour arrived for eating, the monarch partook of a dish of food, which was expressly and entirely prepared of vegetables for the occasion, designated Dina-boejama, giving a portion of the dish to each person present, after which the courtly multitude were invited by the monarch to a sumptuous banquet. The propitious time for eating varied, the fortunate hour being in one of the first four days of the new year; and until the time arrived which the astrologers had specified as the fortunate hour, nourishment prepared over fire could not be eaten. When the fortunate hour arrived for bathing, the monarch

* We have been informed by a Kandian chief, that a thousand jars of these medicinal extracts used annually to be prepared for Sri Wikrama, the last king of Kandy,

stepped into his bath, and was anointed by his chiefs with perfumed oils, and the medicinal extracts which had been prepared by the royal astrologers and physicians within the precincts of the Nata-Dewale. At the auspicious moment for making presents and commencing business, the nobles sent fruits, grain, spices, and flowers to the royal stores, receiving gifts of a similar nature from the monarch. All classes, at the fortunate hour, exchanged donations, varying in value according to the means of the donor. The ceremony that terminated the festivities of the new year was one of great magnificence, and which took place within the first fifteen days of the new year: this ceremony was the public reception of the chiefs who had presents to offer to their monarch. The sovereign, seated on his throne, gave audience in succession, according to their rank, to the nobles, who desired to evince their loyalty by the presentation of gifts: the donor laid the present at the king's feet, prostrating the person three times, and kissing the earth, exclaimed—"May your mighty and gracious majesty live as long as the sun, moon, stars, skies, and earth endure." The royal treasurer then removed the donations, and valued them: their estimated value being deducted from the dues which each chief was bound annually to pay to the king. When this ceremony was ended, the monarch, royal family, nobles, and chiefs sent offerings to the Dalada-Malegawa, and dewales, and thus concluded the holidays of the Awooroodu-mangalle, during the celebration of which, by the Kandian laws, both chiefs and people were exempted from all public services. The third festival is held in the month of May, and is essentially Buddhical, as then the sameneros are examined, and if qualified, are ordained and become upasampada. During the Kandian monarchy, the king's permission was required before a samenero could be made upasampada, and when the royal licence was obtained, the successful candidate for the highest order of priesthood used to be paraded through the streets of the capital, seated in a richly decorated howdah, which was borne by one of the king's elephants. The priests of the temple to which the newly elected upasampada belonged, and

the chiefs of the district in which the temple was situated joining in the procession, the former on foot, the latter seated either in their howdahs, which was attached to the elephant by glittering trappings, mounted on horses, or borne in gaily-decorated palanqueens by numerous retainers or slaves; and we have been informed that during the time the star of Buddhism was in the ascendant, and a member of a favoured noble family joined the priesthood, it was not unusual for the monarch to honour this procession with his presence. In the month of July the great national festival is held, which was invariably celebrated by Kandian monarchs with the greatest pomp, magnificence, and splendour; and a Kandian noble has stated to us that he had seen one hundred and sixty elephants employed in the procession, and although the Parraharrah is now shorn of much of its regal glory, still the spectacle to an European is a most impressive and imposing sight. By the Kandian laws every noble and chief were bound to present themselves in the capital to pay homage to the king, and join in the procession of the Parraharrah. The kings of Kandy frequently availed themselves of this opportunity to arrest the nobles or chiefs whom they considered either disaffected or rebellious; as when a chief was beloved in his dissavonie or rattie, it was invariably a difficult task, if not a complete impossibility to seize his person if he chose to offer resistance by calling in the aid of his followers and the people. The last tiger tyrant, king of Kandy, Sri Wikrama, too often availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him by the assembling of the chiefs at the Parraharrah, to carry out his bloody projects of brutal, savage cruelty and vengeance. The Parraharrah is held in honour of the god Vishnu, who the natives affirm was born in the month of July: this festival commences with the new moon, and terminates on the day succeeding the full moon, the natives giving as a reason for the duration of this feast, that the pangs of childbirth seized the mother of Vishnu on the day of the new moon, and continued until the full moon, when the god was born. This festival is called by the priests and native scholars Eysalakeliye, which signifies the play of July; but the general

name given to this religious festival is *Parraharrah*, which means the procession.

Three days before the new moon appears in July, the priests of the four dewales at Kandy, meet to select a young jack tree that has not borne fruit, the trunk of which must measure exactly three spans in diameter: as soon as the tree is found, it is dedicated to the service of Vishnu and the gods, by smearing the whole trunk with sandal-wood oil, and other perfumed liquids. An offering to the god is placed under the tree, consisting of a silver lamp that has nine wicks, which are supplied with the purest cocoa-nut oil, nine varieties of fragrant flowers, and nine betel leaves of large and equal size. This offering remains a short time under the tree, thus consecrating the tree to the gods; the sacred woodcutter belonging to the Vishnu dewale, having previously bathed, and anointed his person, attired in a new comboy, steps forward and fells the tree, the trunk of which he divides into four equal parts, a portion being sent to the respective dewales of the gods Vishnu, Katragan, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine. The portions of the sacred tree are borne with great ceremony, the priests, musicians, and attendants belonging to the respective temples, walking in procession. When the new moon appears, the piece of consecrated jack-wood is placed in the ground before each dewale, and is decorated with garlands, wreaths, and flowers arranged in other ornamental devices; clusters of bananas, citrons, pomegranates, and palm-leaves, are also attached to, and entwined around the consecrated wood. A temporary building is erected over the decorated timber, the roof of which is composed of young palm-leaves, which are platted, and placed closely together, so as effectually to exclude the sun's scorching rays. This roof is supported by pillars of bamboo, which are also embellished with flowers and fruits in a corresponding manner with the consecrated wood. For three consecutive days, the priests of the several dewales parade round the severed portions of the tree, carrying the bows, arrows, and weapons of defence, belonging to

each god; and which at other times are suspended on the walls of their respective temples. On the fifth day the arms of each god are placed severally in a highly-decorated *ranhiligay*, or palanqueen, which has a gilded dome, supported by gilt pillars: gorgeous brocaded curtains, falling in graceful festoons about the *ranhiligay*, partially conceal the arms; and these palanqueens are carried by the priests. The *Dalada* relic, or tooth of Buddha, enclosed in the casket described in a preceding chapter, is deposited in a most splendidly-decorated *ranhiligay*, which is borne by an elephant gorgeously caparisoned; the priests, attendants, and people, belonging to each temple, joining in the procession, which parades daily through the town. This spectacle gradually increases in splendour, until the last night, when, from the multitude of chiefs in their sumptuous full dress and jewels,* the concourse of people in holiday attire, the innumerable priests in yellow robes, the gorgeous *ranhiligays*, and the elephants caparisoned in their richest trappings, it becomes one most imposing and impressive. Numberless musicians blowing wind instruments, and beating tom-toms, singers giving utterance to ear-piercing sounds, male dancers (having bright yellow streaks of paint from the roots of their hair to the middle of their noses) clad in female costume, throwing their persons into contortions, indulging in lascivious movements and gestures, and rolling their eyes around in very wantonness, also form part of the procession. While we gazed upon this extraordinary ceremony, painful reflections arose in our minds, when we remembered the number of absurd mockeries, which are performed by the heathen under the name of religion.

On the night, when the moon is at its full, and the fast of the *Parraharrah*, a certain number of priests and chiefs accompany the *Dalada* relic, borne by an elephant, to the extreme limits of the town, and remain at the *Asgirie-wihare*, whilst the *kappurales*, or priests of the dewales, proceed to *Ganaruwa* ferry, to cut the sacred waters. The sacred water is placed in golden chaties, or vases, and the flowing stream is cut or struck with

* See woodcut, p. 681, for chief in full dress.

golden swords; the chatties and swords being carried before the kappuralles to the ferry, by the attendants. As soon as this portion of the procession reaches the ferry, the kappuralles step into canoes most elaborately carved and gilded, which the attendants pull up the river Maha-welle-ganga, a certain distance, there to await the blush of morn. When the sun's beams tinge the skies with orient streaks, the kappuralles of the four dewales simultaneously strike the pellucid stream, which reflects the sun's rays, with their golden swords, forming an imaginary circle in the flowing waters. The attendants then pour the sacred waters, which had been retained in the golden chatties from the preceding year, into the river, outside the magic circle, refilling the golden vessels from the centre of the ring which had been traced by the golden swords. The kappuralles and attendants bearing the sacred waters, then return to the Asgiri-wihare, where the procession is reformed, and the Dalada relic, priests, chiefs, and people, entering the city, the tooth of Buddha is replaced in the Malegawa, and the golden chatties, swords, arms of the gods, and gilded ranhiligays, are safely deposited in their respective dewales. Thus ends the Parraharrah, the chiefs returning to their respective dissavonies and ratties, with their followers, whilst the people disperse to their respective villages to resume their daily occupations. During the Parraharrah, offerings are made to Buddha in the Dalada-Malegawa, and other wihares, as well as to the gods in their several dewales. Whilst in the Malegawa, observing the crowd of worshippers that were presenting fruit and flowers to the priests of Buddha, who received the offerings in both hands, and then carried the floral gifts to the altar of the god, placing them on it with reverence, and arranging them in symmetrical order, we noticed a native bearing a species of helmet, not unlike a cap of maintenance, made of split bamboo, and this fragile framework was entirely covered with the delicate blossoms of the fragrant cape jessamine, and the exquisitely odiferous flowers of the orange tree. The man handed this curious specimen of ingenious handiwork to a priest, making a low salaam three times in the direction of the king's palace—the

priest took the helmet and hung it up on a nail, which had been driven into the wall—the man again salaamed towards the palace and quitted the temple. Being invariably desirous of gaining information (more especially when our curiosity is excited by witnessing any extraordinary occurrence in a foreign clime), we questioned our conductor as to the meaning of the scene we had just witnessed, and the Kandian chief stated, that land had been granted to a noble family, who had done "the state some service," by the king of Kandy, on the condition that annually, on a certain day during the Parraharrah, a member of the family should present the offering we had just witnessed, to the monarch, by placing the gift in the Dalada-Malegawa; and that on failure of the performance of this service, the estate should revert to the crown; consequently, the estate was held by this tenure. The mind naturally recurred to by-gone days, as we listened to this interesting narration, and we thought of the king of Kandy in the pride of his power, who had granted the land in question, upon certain conditions to be observed for ever, which were still adhered to, although the heir and successor of that mighty monarch had been dethroned, his kingdom subjugated and ruled by a foreign power, whose protection the Kandians had voluntarily sought, to save them from the savage tyranny of their lawful sovereign, and we exclaimed, "Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti." It is an extraordinary circumstance, that both in Europe and Asia, the tenure of certain estates should be held by the presentation of trivial articles, at stated periods, to the sovereigns or governments of the country, *vide* the silken flags presented annually by the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington to the monarch of Great Britain, and the flower-covered helmet of the native of Kandy, offered to the ruler of his country. Lands were also granted by the kings of Kandy to those who maintained the elephants which were devoted to the service of the wihares, and at this time those individuals who hold land by this tenure, maintain the elephants which are used in religious ceremonies. During the Kandian monarchy, the Parraharrah was a scene of extraordinary magnificence, as every noble and

chief was compelled to come to the capital to take part in the ceremony; and as they were accompanied by their families, and attended by a numerous retinue, many of whom were mounted on elephants, gaudily caparisoned, the spectacle of this vast multitude, the nobles and chiefs being clad magnificently in silken robes and costly jewels, must have been most impressive. The monarch also used to join personally in the ceremony during the last five days, seated in his gorgeously gilded and carved chariot drawn by eight horses; when his subjects caught a glimpse of his person, they salaamed humbly, prostrating their persons, until their bowed heads touched the earth, in lowly, abject humility. The queens likewise joined the Parraharrab, attended by their ladies, each queen's gilded palanqueen being surrounded by the matrons of high rank, ten damsels and ten young girls of extreme beauty, who were all clad in costly apparel and jewels, the clothing being provided for them at the king's expense. The wives and daughters of the nobles and chiefs followed after the queen's retinue, and as each chief tried to outvie their fellows in the costly attire of themselves and families, the multitude of their retainers, followers, slaves, and elephants, the splendour of the Parraharrab in those days, according to Kandians, defies description. These accounts may be fully credited, for now when the Parraharrab is deprived of all regal splendour, and comparatively but few chiefs attend the festival (and these do not allow the ladies of their families to join it), as we have previously remarked, the spectacle is a most imposing and impressive one; and from what we have witnessed, we can bring before our mental vision the monarch seated in his gilded chariot, drawn by eight prancing steeds; the queens in their golden palanqueens, surrounded by the high-born and lovely, clad in silken robes; the nobles and chiefs, gorgeously attired, seated in their howdahs, the ponderous elephants who bore them, walking majestically, and occasionally uttering their shrill scream of joy, or snort of defiance, as their keepers essayed to keep them from trampling on the crowd that pressed against their huge forms. When the enormous elephant, caparisoned in jewelled trappings, appeared,

that bore the Dalada, then uprose the loud cry of adoration, *Sad-hu!* as each person, from the monarch in his gorgeous gilded car, to the poor slave, who trembled at his lord's power, lowly salaamed to the sacred relic of Buddha. The honoured elephant was preceded and followed by other elephants, whose trappings were decorated with small brazen bells and glittering tinsel; then came the priests and attendants of the Dalada-Malegawa bearing flags, shields, talipot-leaves and fans; these preceded the Diwa-Nilami, or chief of the Malegawa, who walked at the head of his followers. Next came the elephant of the Nata-Dewale, bearing the arms of the god, attended by the kappurallies, the elephants, priests, and people of the other dewales following. The retinue and slaves of each noble and chief preceded their respective lords, carrying muskets and bearing banners; and the splendour of the nocturnal procession was materially enhanced by the innumerable flambeaux and torches, which threw a lurid glare over the gorgeous costumes and jewels of the nobles and their families. Native historians assert, that their king Kirtisree was the first monarch who ordered the Dalada to join in the Parraharrab, giving as his reason, that Buddha ought to be equally honoured with the gods. At the termination of the Parraharrab, at Kandy, a similar festival is held in particular provinces, on a circumscribed scale, and in those districts where a procession does not take place, offerings are made to the gods in their respective dewales, of fruit, rice, and vegetable curries on the night of the full moon.

The Karttie-mangalle, or the Feast of the Fortunate Hour, is celebrated in November, on the day preceding the full moon. The town of Kandy is decorated with temporary arches of bamboo, around which palm leaves and flowers are entwined; ornamental arbours, niches, and arches, are also erected on the banks of the lake, and before the Dalada-Malegawa. Every one of these fragile structures are brilliantly illuminated by numbers of small lamps, and the effect produced is most pleasing, especially near the lake, where the lights are reflected in myriads of dazzling beams, which glitter and sparkle on the undulating surface of the rippling blue waters.

During the Kandian monarchy the royal astrologers used to declare the fortunate hour for illuminating the town, and the Nekat-Wattoroos, as soon as they were prepared, were sent to the king. On the appointed day the lamps and oil were taken from the royal stores, and carried to the Nata-Dewale, where certain nobles, and the kappurallés of the other dewales were assembled. When the royal gifts arrived, the kappurallés offered supplications to the gods for the prosperity of their monarch and country. The mangalasta, or hymn of thanksgiving to the gods, was then sung by the assembled chiefs and kappurallés; at the conclusion of this hymn, the Nekat-Wattoroos, oil, and lamps were apportioned, and sent to all the wikares and dewales at Kandy.

The palace, temples, the great square and principal streets, were decorated with arches, and when the sun had set, and the fortunate hour for lighting the lamps had arrived, all these ornamental structures were brilliantly illuminated. At midnight the Dalada relic, and the images of the gods, borne by elephants, and attended by the priests, musicians, and dancers, were paraded through the town, with great ceremony, and when the lamps died away which decorated the Malegawa and the palace, then the relic and images of the gods were replaced in the wihare and dewales. The procession is now shorn of its former splendour, and we feel convinced that in a few years the observance of the karttic-mangalle will be entirely discontinued.

In the months of February, March, and April, many Buddhists and Mahomedans perform a pilgrimage to the mountain called Adam's Peak, to worship the impression of a gigantic foot, which is delineated on the summit of the rock. This imaginary impression of a human foot is equally venerated and worshipped, both by the followers of Buddha and Mahomet—the Buddhists asserting that when Buddha honoured Lanka-diva with a visit, he left the imprint of his foot, as a convincing proof of his divinity, enjoining his followers to adore and worship the impression. In an ancient Cingalese record, written during the reign of the king Kirtisree, in which the mountain called Adam's peak is fully described, we read :—

“ Our Buddha, who acquired Niwane,

who was brought into the world, like all preceding Buddhas, from whom we have derived the food of life, in the religion which he taught us; who is celebrated and renowned for his thirty-two manly beauties, and for the eighty-two signs connected with them, and for the light which shined a fathom round his body, and for the beams of light that emanated from the top of his head; who is the preceptor of three worlds, who dives into the secrets of the past, the present, and the future; who during four asankeas of kalpes, so deputed himself as to be an example of the thirty great qualities who subdued the demon Mareya and his attendants, subsequently becoming Buddha. In the eighth year from that event he rose into the air, spread rays of light of six different hues round his person, and stamped the impression bearing the noble marks, Chak-kra-Laksana, and the hundred and eight auspicious tokens, on the rock Samanta-Kootaparwate, which is renowned for the cold and lovely waters of its streams, for its mountain-torrents, and for its flowery groves, spreading in the air their sweet-scented pollen. This rocky mountain is the diadem of our beautiful verdant island, like a young and lovely virgin bedecked with jewels.”

Some Mahomedans believe that when the progenitor of the human race was turned out of the Garden of Eden—which, according to native writers, was situated in Ceylon—he was compelled to perform penance by standing on one foot, on the summit of the mountain, leaving the imprint of the foot indelibly impressed on the rock. Other followers of Mahomet declare that Adam was precipitated from Paradise, which was situated in the seventh heaven, and fell on the rock, where he remained standing on one foot for ages, until the sin of disobedience, which he had committed, was pardoned. The following curious quotation is taken from the second chapter of Sale's *Al Koran* :—

“ The Mahomedans say, that when they were cast down from Paradise, Adam fell on the isle of Ceylon, or Serendib, and Eve near Joddah, in Arabia, and that after a separation of two hundred years, Adam was, on his repentance, conducted by the Angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, where he found his wife—the mountain from that time being called Arafat; and that he afterwards retired with her to Ceylon, where they continued to propagate their species.”

There is every reason to induce the belief that the Moormen of Ceylon gave the mountain the designation by which it is known to Europeans, as to this day they call the rock *Baba Adamalei*, whilst the Cingalese call the mountain *Samenolla*, or the rock of *Samen*, who is the god that has the mountain and the *Sree-pada*, or sacred footstep of Buddha, under his especial protection—the Sanserit name of the rock being *Samenta-koota-parwate*. Adam's Peak is one of the highest mountains in Ceylon,* and can be seen distinctly for an immense distance at sea, as the height of this stupendous work of nature exceeds seven thousand four hundred feet. This mountain is situated on the borders of the central and western provinces, and is the loftiest of a long ridge or line of mountains. The form of Adam's Peak is remarkably regular—the shape being that of a bell; which gradually tapers until the summit is attained, the platform of which is of an oval form, and measures nearly seventy-one feet in length by twenty-nine in breadth. This platform is surrounded by a wall, between five and six feet in height, in the centre of which appears the apex of the mountain, on which is an outline, which the natives call the *Sree-pada*, or sacred footstep. This impression, if impression it can be called, is a superficial cavity, which is about five feet and a-half in length, and two feet five inches in width—this has a border of about four inches broad, which is made of cement, painted a dark brown colour; there are also small raised portions, which are meant to delineate the form of the toes, but altogether it is as clumsy an attempt at deception, as it is of a representation of the human foot. A brass cover or frame, studded with coloured glass and pieces of valueless crystal, protects the *Sree-pada* from the elements and the gaze of the curious. We have read in a recent work on Ceylon, that the sacred footstep is enclosed within a golden frame, which is an erroneous statement, and we presume the author must have been misled by his informant. The *Sree-pada* has a small temple erected over it; this is attached to the rock by iron chains, which are placed at the four

corners of the edifice, the chains being fastened to the rock and the huge trees which grow on the precipitous sides of the cone. When the pilgrims come to worship, the roof of this building is lined with gaily-coloured cloths, to which are attached garlands of fragrant flowers. There is, likewise, a small dewale dedicated to *Samen*, who is the preceding deity of the mountain; and on the north-east side of the mountain, there is a most luxuriant grove of magnificent rhododendrons, which is considered sacred, as the priests affirm that these shrubs were planted by the god *Samen* immediately after the departure of Buddha from Lanka-Diva. The officiating priest has also a circumscribed pansola, or dwelling, in this aerial region. Cingalese historical records affirm that the four Buddhas, which have appeared successively, visited the mountain, and stamped upon it the impression of their feet, as evidence of their divinity, and, assuredly, if the imprint now to be seen is that of the god's foot, it bears no resemblance to the beautiful form of the human foot; it is only, therefore, the credulous, who, by an elongated exertion of the imagination, can fancy the mark to have been left by a supernatural being who "wore the aspect of humanity." In the same historical writings are recorded the visits which native monarchs have paid to the *Sree-pada*, the sumptuous offerings which they made, and the numerous retinues by which they were attended. Before the pilgrims ascend the peak to worship, they bathe in one of the mountain torrents, the most favoured being the *Seetla-Ganga*, or cold stream, and attire themselves in new or perfectly clean apparel. The mode of worship on Adam's Peak differs slightly from that which is adopted in the other temples of Buddha. The priest stands on the *Sree-pada*, facing the pilgrims, who kneel or prostrate themselves completely on the ground, raising their hands above their heads in an attitude of supplication. The *upasampala* then recites the several articles of Buddhaical faith, which the worshippers repeat in a distinct voice after him. When he has finished, the pilgrims shout the *sad-hu*, or excla-

* The highest mountain in Ceylon is *Pedro-talla-galla*, which rises eight thousand two hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea.

mation of praise, which is re-echoed again and again from crevice to crevice, and from crag to crag. The most interesting part of the mountain form of worship then takes place, which is called the "salutation of peace and good will;" husbands and wives affectionately embrace each other, reciprocating kind wishes for mutual health and prosperity; children lowly salaam their parents, entreating their benediction; and friends embrace, expressing kindly feelings for each other's well doing. This ceremony is concluded by the younger part of the assembly saluting their elders with respectful reverence, and an interchange of betel leaves takes place amongst the assembled throng. Before leaving the rock, every pilgrim makes offering to the Sree-pada and the god Samen, the gifts varying according to the means and inclinations of the devotees—some presenting money; others, fruits, grain, areka-nuts, flowers, or a piece of cloth wherewith to decorate the temple. These offerings are placed on the imprint of the god's foot, where they remain for a short time, and are removed by an attendant who is placed there by the chief priest of the Malwatte-wihare, as these offerings appertain to the chief priest, for the time being, of that temple; and these annual tributes are most lucrative perquisites of this functionary. After the offerings are made, the priest bestows his blessing on the devotees, exhorting them to return home and lead virtuous lives, and benefit their fellow-creatures. The Cingalese will not remain a night on this mountain, as they believe that none but a priest can do so without incurring the displeasure of the gods, and that if any, save members of the priesthood, pass a night within these hallowed precincts, misfortune, sickness, or death, will be the inevitable result.

There is a mountain situated on the south of Adam's Peak, which the natives call Deiya-Guhawa, or the Cave of the God, and they affirm that no human footstep has yet trodden upon, or polluted the summit of this rock, and that if any attempt to penetrate into the sacred mysteries of the Deiya-Guhawa they immediately arouse the god's anger, who inflicts summary vengeance upon the intruders. The following legend connected with this rock, is related by the natives. A

upasampada, relying upon his sacred calling, resolved to penetrate the mysteries of the god's cave, and ascend to the summit of the mountain. He ascended some distance, and the fire which he had kindled beneath the overhanging summit of the mountain was distinctly seen during the night by his followers, who remained at the base of the mountain. When morning dawned, the priest was found seated at the foot of the mountain, a drivelling, gabbering idiot, continually exclaiming: "Hide me, hide me from his terrible gaze;" but not an intelligible account could be given of the terrible and awful sights which had shaken reason from her throne. Since that period no one has had sufficient courage to attempt the ascent of Deiya-Guhawa, or to penetrate into the mysteries of the god's cave.

The ascent to Adam's Peak is most difficult and precipitous, but as the guides are very highly paid, they evince active intrepidity, and ladies occasionally ascend the mountain; aged priests who feel their end approaching, oftentimes desire to worship the Sree-pada before leaving this world, and have been carried up the rock's perpendicular sides in light palanqueens. The approaches to the mountain are almost destitute of roads, and so impassable were they, that in 1845, when Prince Waldemar of Prussia was in Ceylon, and intimated his desire to visit the renowned rock, a road was constructed for his especial use. In some parts of the rock steps have been cut, and in an enormous mass, which is almost perpendicular, one hundred and forty steps were cut by the order of Dharma Rajah, who died whilst on a pilgrimage to the Sree-pada. The figure of the monarch is to be seen roughly outlined on the rock, and an inscription states the name of the king by whose command these steps were made. It would be impossible to convey by the pen an adequate description of the sublime, stupendous, and magnificent scenery of this mountain, down whose sides torrents dash in cataracts of frothy foam; wood-covered mountains, rising above mountains, are beheld, at the base of which lie verdant valleys, replete with luxuriant vegetation.—Abyases, the depth of which the eye cannot fathom, cause the beholder to

start back in affright, as he finds that he has incautiously approached the edge, and the next step forward would have dashed him down the abyss, a mangled, bleeding corse. The terrors of these precipices are concealed by the dense foliage, underwood, and creeping plants, which cling to the mountain's sides; where, also, mosses, plants, and weeds, indigenous to colder regions, are met with; thus combining the gorgeous vegetation of the torrid, with the no less beautiful productions of the temperate zone. Near the summit of the mountain the ascent is most dangerous, and iron chains are fixed to the sides of the rock, to assist the ascenders, and woe unto those who become nervous, or gaze below, as by the slightest false step, the footing would be inevitably lost, and the fate of the unfortunate individual sealed. We have never heard of an European having met with a serious accident in this mountain; but many natives have at different times lost their lives—they feel alarmed, gaze below, become giddy, make a false step, incautiously relax their hold, fall, and are dashed into myriads of atoms.

When the summit of Adam's Peak is attained, then the adventurer is well rewarded for his toil—in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, are beheld mountains covered with umbrageous forests of huge trees—over precipices, dash sparkling cascades, which glisten in the sun's dazzling beams, and the ravines are filled with rills and torrents. In the valleys are seen the magnificent trees clad in luxurious foliage, the tints of whose leaves are diversified, and the vision revels in their brilliant hues of green, red, yellow, and brown, which gladden the eye, and cause the heart to rejoice. It is in such scenes as this that man feels his own nothingness, and the worm man blesses the mighty Creator, who made this beautiful world, "and saw that it was good."

We feel that we cannot express our own sentiments better, than by using the following quotation, which is written by an American author, Theodore Jonffrey, and will be found in the introduction to "*Specimens of Foreign Literature*":—

"In the bosom of cities man appears to be the principal concern of creation ;

his apparent superiority is there displayed; he there seems to preside over the theatre of the world, or rather to occupy it himself. But when this being, so haughty, so powerful, so absorbed by his own interests in the crowd of cities, and in the midst of his fellows, chances to be brought into a vast and majestic scene of nature, in view of the illimitable firmament, surrounded with the works of creation, which overwhelm him, if not by their intelligence, by their magnitude; when from the summit of a mountain, or under the light of the stars, he beholds petty villages lost in diminutive forests which themselves are lost in the extent of the prospect, and reflects that these villages are inhabited by frail and imperfect beings like himself; when he compares these beings, and their wretched abodes, with the magnificent spectacle of external nature; when he compares this with the world on whose surface it is but a point, and this world, in its turn, with the myriads of worlds that are suspended above him, and before which it is nothing: in the presence of this spectacle, man views with pity his own grovelling and miserable conflicting passions."

Many of the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon, and a great mass of the population, at stated periods, making offerings to their ancestors, and the spirits of good men, in which mode of worship they resemble the Chinese, who annually make offerings to the manes of their ancestors. The natives of Ceylon believe, that these offerings both propitiate the spirits of the departed, and relieve them from a minor description of punishment, or purgatory. These ceremonies have been observed from time immemorial, and in the *Ramayana*, a work which is quoted much by native scholars, it is stated, that a son by making offerings to the disembodied spirits of his ancestors, by the constant practice of virtuous conduct in every relation of life, combined with a pilgrimage to Gaya, would suffice to release a parent who had not committed murder, from the place of torment.

The natives of Lanka-Diva, more especially the Kandians, worship the planets, as they believe them to be controlling spirits, who, unless worshipped, will exercise a malignant influence over the destinies of mankind. Their mode of worship is peculiar; the religious ceremonies are called *Bali*; are held at night, and are rarely

concluded before daybreak. Food is invariably offered, and this mode of worship is a combination of astrology with the worship of the malignant planetary spirits. The word Bali is used to express sacrifices offered to planets, malignant spirits, and deceased ancestors. Balia is an image of clay, which is intended to represent the planet, under which the person who makes the image was born; and this image is made and worshipped by an individual, who may be suffering from misfortune of any kind. The worship and offerings are made under the belief that the malignant spirit will be propitiated thereby, and will, therefore, remove from the worshipper the cause of sorrow. Before commencing the worship of planets, the Kandian calls in an astrologer or wise man, who examines his Hand-a-hana, or astrological document, which contains his horoscope; after which, the astrologer states what he conceives the best course to be pursued to allay the anger of the malignant spirit, and either directs in person, or gives instructions relative to the offerings which are to be made, and the various ceremonies that are to be observed.

There is a bird in Ceylon, which the natives call ulama, or the demon bird, which utters most loud and ear-piercing screams, strongly resembling the shrieks of a human being in severe bodily agony. This bird's cries, they say, invariably prelude misfortune, sickness, or death, and are regarded by them as a certain token of coming evil. The superstitious natives believe that they can avert the evil which this bird predicts, by uttering certain words of defiance to the effect, that neither they nor any one of their household will heed the summons of the bird, or the demon who sent it. Although the wailings of the ulama are frequently heard in the interior, the natives assert that it has never been distinctly seen, or captured, and they firmly believe that it is one of the evil spirits which haunt their island. From the cry, we presume this bird to be a species of owl, as there are many varieties of the tribe in Ceylon. Some of these birds are exceedingly large, and we heard from a man of undoubted veracity, that he had shot an owl in the interior, which measured across the expanded wings five feet two-and-a-half inches.

SONG OF TRIUMPH AFTER THE VICTORY OF HERRMAN, THE DELIVERER OF GERMANY, FROM THE ROMANS.

FROM KLOPSTOCK'S "HERRMAN UND DIE FÜRSTEN."

THE battle lasted three days in the Teutsburger Wald, the present territory of Lippe Detmold, not far from the Enns, and terminated with the total route of the Roman general Varus, and the loss of nearly three legions. It made so deep an impression on Augustus, that he was heard long after to exclaim, "Give me back my legions, Varus!"

The following is supposed by a chorus of bards:—

A CHORUS.

Sister of Cannæ!* Winfeld's† fight!
We saw thee with thy streaming, bloody hair,
With fiery eye, bright with the world's despair,
Sweep by Walhalla's bards from out our sight.

* The battle of Cannæ, B. C. 216—Hannibal's victory over the Romans.

† Winfeld—the probable site of the "*Herrmanschlacht*."

Herrman outspake—"Now Victory, or Death!"
 The Romans . . . "Victory!"
 And onward rushed their eagles with the cry—
 —So ended the *first* day.

"Victory, or Death!" began
 Then, first, the Roman chief—and Herrman spake
 Not, but home-struck:—the eagles fluttered—brake—
 —So sped the *second* day.

TWO CHORUSES.

And the third came . . . the cry was, "Flight, or Death!"
 Flight left they not for them who'd make them slaves—
 Men who stab children!—fight for them! . . . no! graves!
 "Twas their *last* day."

TWO BARDS.

Yet spared they messengers:—they came to Rome—
 How drooped the plume—the lance was left to trail
 Down in the dust behind—their cheek was pale—
 So came the messengers to Rome.

High in his hall the *imperator* sate—
*Octavianus Cæsar Augustus** sate.
 They filled up wine-cups, wine-cups filled they up
 For him the highest—all around who wait,
 All the penates†—wine-cups filled they up
 For him the highest, Jove of all their state.

The flutes of Lydia hushed before their voice,
 Before the messengers—the "Highest" sprung—
 The god against the marble pillars, wrung
 By the dread words, striking his brow, and thrice
 Cried he aloud in anguish—"Varus! Varus!"
 Give back my legions, Varus!"—

And now the world-wide conquerors shrunk and feared,
 For fatherland and home,
 The lance to raise, and 'mongst those false to Rome,
 The death-lot rolled,‡ and still they shrunk and feared;
 "For she her face hath turned§
 The victor goddess," cried those cowards—(for aye
 Be it!)—"from Rome and Romans, and her day
 Is done"—and still he mourned,
 And cried aloud in anguish—"Varus! Varus!"
 Give back my legions, Varus!"

M. S. J.

* Augustus was, during his lifetime, honoured as a god, and had temples and priests throughout the whole Roman empire.

† Household gods.

‡ After this defeat, the Romans refused to take part in the service against the Germans. Augustus, to compel them, enforced the conscription by death decided by lot.

§ A statue of victory, which looked to the north, or towards Germany, Dio Cassius relates, was perceived to have turned suddenly to the south, or towards Italy.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. NO. LIV.

FATHER MATHEW.

In a history of Ireland since the Union, one of the most interesting chapters would be that recording the revolution in the drinking habits of the lower classes, chiefly brought about by the agency of the estimable character whose portrait on the opposite page smiles with life like benignity upon the reader. For if any one had been told twenty years since that the time would come when masses of Irishmen would renounce whiskey, and discard spirituous beverages—if he had been informed that dram-drinking would by thousands be abandoned, and that the vicious excitement of the public house would be forsworn for the exhilaration of musical parties, and the perusal of popular literature—he might have called the prophet an impostor, and the prophecy a vision. And if further he had been told that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should one day alter his budget in consequence of the decrease of drinking and dent spirits in Ireland—that the revenue of the country would be affected to the extent of thirty-two per cent. being knocked off the Irish spirit duty by teetotalism—that parliamentary returns would show that in 1838 twelve millions and a quarter of gallons of whiskey would be consumed, and that in three years afterwards only six millions and a half would be taken—that the same returns would exhibit half a million decrease in the spirit duty within two years; and if he had been further informed that the most venerable magistrates on our highest bench of justice would attribute publicly the decrease of crime in the calendars of the country to the temperance revolution brought about, under God, by the agency of an humble, pious Roman Catholic clergyman, who avoided politics, and who applied himself to spiritual things alone—verily, indeed, his utter incredulity in the probability of such a change might have been excused.

And yet within our time, and before our eyes, these changes were brought about. Sir Robert Ferguson moved for and obtained the returns which prove the facts we have stated. The speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were read by every man who had a newspaper. The charges of all the judges gave testimony to the good work done by teetotalism. At the Down assizes, in 1842, Judge Burton declared—

“Gentlemen of the grand jury, it is gratifying to me, as, indeed, it must be to you all, that we owe the peaceful state of the country to temperance.”

At the Meath assizes, in the same year, Baron Pennefather congratulated the grand jury on the absence of crime, “which was evidently the effect of temperance.” And the other judges, in their various charges, frequently corroborated the observations of the two learned and distinguished legal celebrities just cited. At the autumn assizes in the city of Cork, in 1844, only one prisoner was in confinement for trial, and at the spring assizes in the following year, after the long interval of nearly eight months, only one prisoner was on the calendar! The facts were utterly unparalleled. At Waterford assizes for 1838, there were one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners for trial, and in the succeeding twelvemonth (being the first year of teetotalism), there were only five prisoners on the calendar.

The prisons in Dublin presented facts of a similar kind. Up to November 24th, 1840, there were committed to Richmond Bridewell, three thousand two hundred and two persons. In 1840, the number had decreased to two thousand one hundred and eight; and in 1841, to one thousand six hundred and four. Could any facts more strikingly exhibit the extraordinary effects produced by the change in the habits of the people? There are a few more which we offer to the attention of the thinking reader. In 1841 the number of prisoners committed to the prison by the number of two hundred and thirty-seven. (This is a very significant fact) the increase in the savings bank, the number of the

The opposite page is from a drawing by

previous one was upwards of £34,000. The reforms for 1842 showed a most enormous increase in the amount of money deposited in savings banks in Ireland. The licences in public-houses had decreased in that year by £195,677. And the increase in the revenue by augmented consumption of tea and coffee in Ireland was not less than £20,828.

Statistical facts have a certain dreariness, and we will not trouble our readers now with the mere arithmetic of the temperance revolution, (for that it was), but behind those simple facts what a vast moral change for a season was effected in the habits of the Irish population! What families were made happy by sons rescued from misery, and daughters delivered from perdition! What numbers of wives were enabled to thank their God with gratitude for husbands reformed in their temptations, giving good example to their children and neighbours, spending the Saturday night at home, and attending Divine Service on the Sabbath!

As the means of diffusing through the length and breadth of the masses of the Irish population social happiness and morality, no one man can approach Father Mathew. That word, which of all others in the English language—that venerable word *patriot*, which has so often been profaned by application to sordid and selfish disturbers of the public peace, may with perfect propriety be used in describing the character of this worthy clergyman. And there is another word, which in addition to those of reformer and patriot may with equal justice be written after the name of Theobald Mathew. It is a word of mournful sound but glorious meaning—a word of thrilling significance, telling of toil undertaken and life risked in labouring for others—*Martyr*! may be justly added to the other titles of honour which Mr. Mathew has won in his toilsome mission. His health he injured deeply by his laborious toils—his incessant journeys—his admonitions at all seasons and in all places—his public lectures in the open air, sometimes amid sleet and rain, and sometimes under the burning sun of July! His ease—his private comfort—his social enjoyments were all given up for his moral labours. And how have these labours been requited? By stripping him of all his private fortune, and hampering him with debt; for unlike all other reformers of his age, those philanthropists of the platform, with sounding sentiments and selfish purposes, Mr. Mathew has lost his means by his labours for the people, and embittered his life by the pressure of heavy pecuniary responsibilities. The pension of £300 *per annum* only keeps up an insurance on his life effected for his creditors. For five years' speech-making in Free Trade agitation, that pure and unselfish being, Richard Cobden, netted about £80,000, avowedly a very pretty percentage for having injured the English and ruined the Irish agricultural interest! And Cobden was paid just as if no one else had ever done anything for Free Trade, though the future historian of this time must record that in point of fact William Haskisson did more than a dozen of Cobdens to carry out free trade principles; for the Manchester agitator came upon the public after the *Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews* had sapped the ground on which our economical system had depended in the minds of the reading public—after Colonel Thompson had written his *Anti-Corn Law Catechism*, which alone was worth a thousand of Cobden's flippant speeches—after the English philosophical Radicals had familiarised the public for years with the doctrines of Free Trade! Again, Mr. O'Connell was paid three or four times as much by his agitation shop, as he could have possibly earned at the Irish bar. He said himself that he used to get £6,000 *per annum* by his profession, but that was a monstrous exaggeration—it was simply a *hoax*—for it is well known that such an income is not to be earned at the Irish bar, where the fees are extremely small, and, besides, the agitator never was in a large equity business. If his assertion was true, that he made more by his profession, why was he under the necessity of appealing for a *rate in aid*? Mr. Plunket sat in parliament from 1822 to 1829, without aid from office, or from his party. Mr. North sat from 1831 to 1834 in parliament without official salary, and in the pursuit of his own fame, he was content to forego his lucrative practice at the bar, and to open their purses for him. Mr. Shell sat in the House of Commons from 1831 to 1833, without the least help from the purse of the Government, and we must be content that the great misfortune of our country, the

estates, and his vast practice, might at least have been sufficiently independent without setting up a political shop, and sending round his canvassers to get customers for the fraudulent political ware in which he drove so lucrative a trade, while he debauched the popular mind of his unhappy country by his ranting speeches, full of hollow sympathy, and inflammatory pity—by his artful pandering to the credulity of a generous and imaginative people—by his crafty contrivance of the most skilfully built system of political imposture that was ever invented for the gain of one man, and the delusion of many!

From examples of selfish aggrandisement it is really cheering, in such an age as this, to turn to the spectacle of Theobald Mathew, gaining nothing, and losing much, in reforming the evil habits of his countrymen.

The manner in which the principle of total abstinence was first brought under Father Mathew's notice deserves to be recorded.

William Martin, a Quaker, of Cork, was one of the first persons in Ireland who became a practical teetotaler. He was a very upright and honourable man, of sterling honesty and unflagging industry, plain and unpretending, one of those honest men who always go right with the world, even though the fickle world may not always go right with them. Several of the Society of Friends, at Cork, induced by the example of William Martin, became advocates of teetotalism, not merely by word, but by example. The social influence of so limited a body could not be very large, for the Friends were never given to much toying, few of the drab-coloured men of the south having ever sung "Whiskey, drink divine!"—or taken much of the alcoholic manufacture of Tommy Walker. The first teetotalers, however, were soon joined by a miscellaneous collection of allies, and a public temperance society was soon formed. The principle first adopted was "anti-whiskey resolutions;" and so long as they did not meddle with wine or porter drinking, there were found several of the better classes of society who were ready to join them.

Amongst others, a gentleman, very deeply interested in the success of a great porter brewery, had the egregious folly to figure as a prominent temperance advocate, just as if drunkenness by porter was not as bad as intoxication by whiskey. The citizens of Cork have from time immemorial been prone to satirising and joking, being a lively, familiar, criticising race. An anti-whiskey society, which coquetted with the vices of the rich and made war upon the follies of the poor, was too fair a target for railery to be allowed to escape, and accordingly the temperance society was quizzed as a humbug, and denounced as a hypocrisy. The drinking at that time amongst the higher classes in the south was occasionally carried to great lengths, for it is recorded that within the last dozen years there was, at the too-hospitable house of a late alderman of the defunct and deep-drinking Cork corporation, a regular drinking match between six persons. The quantity taken on that occasion would almost stagger belief. It was boasted that three of the parties had exceeded twenty tumblers, and some of the chroniclers relate that the victor in the match had actually drank twenty-six tumblers. It is, however, a certainty that one of the company died of fever, brought on by the disgusting orgies of that night—that the bacchanalian alderman was prostrated on his own floor, and that the victor walked home steadily (!) a mile to his own residence. It is only right to add that the conqueror was a strapping, stalwart *Scotchman*! He might, however, have been vanquished if he lived in the time of a late well-known Munster toper, who boasted with truth that he had drank more port wine in his life than would float a frigate.

Driven from the anti-whiskey principle, the temperance society next took up the anti-ardent spirit principle; but Cork was apparently the worst place in the kingdom to start such a principle. Its population was peculiarly social, and its climate was remarkably humid. The rain comes down there *drizzle, drizzle, drizzle* all day long, from "*soaking morn to pouring eve*." The social glass in such a climate is peculiarly exhilarating, and the traditional habits of the town, with its love of enjoyment and pleasant, good-humoured sensuality, were quite opposed to a cold water regimen. The theory seemed as absurd as to ask the Queen's beefeaters to adopt a vegetable diet, or make the Anacreontic Society sing nothing but Sternhold and Hopkins!

In the meanwhile the society increased in numbers, and held a public meet-

ing, at which the fair sex were half the audience, and Rev. George Carr, of New Ross, was the chief declaimer. It obtained two recruits of marked energy and zeal, the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, of the Established Church, and Mr. Dowden Richard, a Protestant Dissenter, and an active agitator of local notoriety and popular talent. The Rev. Mr. Dunscombe possessed extraordinary zeal, visited the poor in their houses, went into all parts preaching total abstinence, and gained several supporters of his views. Mr. Dowden Richard, too, argued weekly in praise of the principle, and being a practised declaimer, and of ultra-popular principles, made a strong stand when assailed by the jocose assaults of several scoffers at the self-denying ordinance of teetotalism. Some citizens attended the discussions between the moderate drinkers and the teetotallers, and their controversies were very ludicrous.

Little did folk think in those days that the time was coming when tens of thousands would rush to the city of Cork for the pledge against ardent spirits. Little did they suppose that, instead of making merry about teetotalism, distillers and publicans with grave looks would behold their occupations gone. Honest William Martin was laughed at, Mr. Dunscombe was derided, and Dowden Richard's vigorous appeals were disregarded by the bulk of the community, but nevertheless the question was fought for and maintained, and the earnestness of the advocates compensated in some degree for the absence of proselytes. But it became evident that they did not command social influence, and that they could not arrest the attention of the population at large. They therefore thought of looking around them in society for some means of propagating their principles. The societies established on the principle of moderation had proved total failures, though they had been at work from 1834 to 1838, in the city of Cork. In 1835, at Preston, in Lancashire, the teetotal principle was first introduced, and the Cork societies adopted it. The Rev. Mr. Dunscombe and honest William Martin were foremost in taking it, and then it was resolved to bring the principle under the notice of Father Mathew. But why did they go to him? Was it because he was a Roman Catholic clergyman? Or why did they choose him out of the number of influential priests who directed the popular mind in the south of Ireland? Why did not they apply to either of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Cork or Cloyne, or to the popular P.P. of Imogeela, the "Brigadier" O'Connell, who boasted that he kept the keys of the county, and could make and unmake M.P's. with as much ease as Sir Mark Wood at Gatton Park, or Miss Lawrence at Ripon. In short, why did they go to Father Mathew, and who was he? These questions are answered in a chapter of Mr. Owen Madden's work of "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829." A chapter in the first volume is called, "Father Mathew before he was famous;" and we will readily allow another pen than ours to describe the early life of Mr. Mathew:—

"There is a small Capuchin friary in the city of Cork, in an obscure place called Blackamoors-lane. It possesses some historic interest from the fact that it was built by Arthur O'Leary, after whom it was for many years called 'Father O'Leary's Chapel.' It is a small building, exceedingly plain outside, though it is neat within, and fitted up with some taste. It is situated in a very poor and neglected neighbourhood, where poverty and wretchedness abound. Nearly thirty years since a young Capuchin joined the mission attached to this chapel. In appearance, as well as reality, he was very youthful, and he was strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well formed in his body, with a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for predominance, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion—eyes, large, bright, and sweet in expression—a slightly curved nose, and rounded cheeks, with black hair. In the words of Massinger—

————— the fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind."

"To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic in his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady, self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness,

and unvarying affability distinguished him. To the higher classes, he was exceedingly respectful, and was always considered by them as one of their order—to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions—so earnest in pleading their cause, and what was better than kind words or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more Christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves.

"This handsome, courteous, and popular young friar, was a stranger in Cork. Born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th October, 1790, Theobald Mathew was left an orphan at an early age. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile-Borris, near Thurles, having lost his parents when a child, was taken under the care and patronage of the well-known Major-General Montagu Mathew, brother of the Earl of Llandaff. Mr. James Mathew, the younger, married a daughter of George Whyte, Esq., of Cappawhyte, who was married to a niece of the celebrated Mr. Mathew, mentioned in Sheridan's *Life of Swift*. Mr. Mathew had a large family, all of whom were remarkable for beauty of appearance, grace of manner, and energy of character. Mr. Charles Mathew, brother of the Apostle of Temperance, acquired a large fortune, and is a gentleman highly respected in the city of Cork, near which he resides at a very handsome seat. Two other brothers became eminent distillers at Cashel."

"When Mr. Mathew lost his parents he was adopted by the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Denis O'Donnell, parish priest of Tallagh, in the county of Waterford. At thirteen years of age, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, where he became a great favourite of the Rev. Patrick Magrath, the head of that establishment. After having remained there for seven years, he was, by direction of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, sent to Maynooth, where he pursued ecclesiastical studies for some time. Two aged Capuchin friars induced him to become a member of their order, and he repaired with them to Kilkenny, where he remained until appointed to Cork. On Easter Sunday, in 1814, he was ordained in Dublin, by Dr. Murray, after having been for some time under the care of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran.

"At the period of his life when he first attracted attention in Cork, an observer might have classed him (except for his years) as one of that portion of the Irish clergy who were French by sympathy and education, and had imbibed their ideas of life under *la vieille cour*. The habitual polish of his manner (quite free from aristocratic *morque*) indicated a man of refinement, accustomed to move in those circles, where Elegance is worshipped as a minor deity. To the ease of his address, his early intimacy with persons distinguished for manner, may have contributed; but after all, politeness with Mr. Mathew was a dictate of his heart, and attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages, which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the higher classes, neither did he ever cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach, in glozing style, doctrines palatable to their ears. On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation, or by bitter speeches, add fuel to their animosities. Yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he most popular. It is a curious fact that both claimed him as a clergyman after their desires, in itself a satisfactory proof that as he was not a courtier of the great, so neither was he an incendiary amongst the people. In a few years his Friary became the fashionable resort. Thither the devout *belle* went to enjoy Mass later by an hour than could be heard in any other chapel in Cork. The *crème* of the Catholic society might have been seen there. Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive the visitors to his place of worship. But while his notice was eagerly sought by the rich and gay, no confessional was besieged by the poor with the same ardour as that where 'our own Father Mathew' sat to rebuke vice, assuage grief, and console misery.

"Possibly, in the same space of time, no Catholic clergyman in Ireland has exerted so wide an influence in the confessional as Mr. Mathew has done. If the number of those who sought his counsel be admitted as a test of his capacity, he must be admitted as the greatest of spiritual guides. But a more remarkable fact than the number of those who asked for his consolations, was the character of those who sought him as a confessor. This point demands a few words.

"That man does not know Ireland who is ignorant of the fact that several amongst the upper classes of the Irish Catholics do not avail themselves of the assistance which their church affords to them in the confessional. It is not necessary to examine the cause; it is enough to state the fact, which is incontrovertible. While the humble Irishman hastens to acknowledge his transgressions, oftentimes may be noted some Catholic gentleman, racked with the torture of an

upbraiding conscience. Possibly he has lived much in the great world, and contracted most of its vices. He has lived, perhaps, in the creed that

—'tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance
When the decaying sense is palled with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage ;
Then weep and tell thy beads, when a't'ring rheums,
Have stained the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing pulses shake thy withered hand.'

"Yet though a rebel to his moral feelings, which he has often violated, he has not lost his religious instincts. He is a sinner, but not a sceptic. The faith which, when a tiny boy, he learned at his mother's knee, keeps its mystic power over his mind ; and now, after having exhausted sensation, wearied of the world in which he flattered his existence, shrinking before the spectral terrors of his conscience, he quails 'to meet the calm gaze of God.' Believing implicitly in his church, he turns from its ministers with aversion—

————— a slow, still stream
Of molten lead keeps dropping on his heart
To scold and weigh it down.'

until at last, perchance on a sudden and horrid death-bed, groaning for a clergyman, stupefied by horror, he tumbles unshriven to his grave.

"Now, to the class of Catholics just described, Mr. Mathew has more frequently rendered religious assistance, than perhaps any ten clergymen in Ireland. For bringing back such minds to a calm and happy state he was singularly suited. The innate gentleness of his character, and the engaging tenderness of his manners, soothed the troubled spirit, while his guileless sympathy, and earnest desire to discharge his duty without offence, secured to him the unreserved confidence of those who would have scorned to bare their bosoms before coarse and unfeeling terrorists. The wonderful success of Father Mathew as a confessor of haughty minds, and consoler of proud, though broken, hearts, may afford solemn matter for consideration to the clergy. Never was there a more sincere Catholic in any age of the church—never did any of the saints more devoutly submit their understandings to the teaching of St. Peter's Chair than did Mr. Mathew. No clergyman in Ireland was less obnoxious to the charge of esotericism—to the imputation of believing less than he taught. Perfectly free from superstition, it was the character of his mind to favour the extreme of devotion, rather than incline to incredulity. The fact, however, is certain, that his success as a religious minister as far exceeded that of his reverend brethren in Cork, as his triumphant advocacy of temperance has transcended the labours of all the teetotallers in the globe!

"This is not the place to speculate on the probable cause of the great influence he obtained. Much of it is, undoubtedly, due to the moral ascendancy that he acquired by the paramount individuality and original force of his character. Some of it is also due to his having exhibited religion in a more lovely aspect than that in which it is often presented to the mind. He delighted to dwell rather on the good and the fair, than to descend on the dark and terrible. He laboured to bring souls to heaven by the love of God, rather than rescue them from hell by terror of the devil. In short, judging by the course of his instructions, he might be pronounced a follower of Fenelon, rather than a pupil of Bossuet. Free from the mawkish cant of perfectibility, he had a quick eye for the worth of humanity, as well as for its degeneracy. A thorough Catholic in his belief, he was eminently a Christian to all men, and philosophy might seek in vain for sounder views of man's destiny than those which inspired the feeling, and ruled the purposes of this simple, affectionate, and philanthropic friar."

Such was the man to whom the teetotallers applied in their difficulty. He had made himself well known and esteemed as a most zealous friend to the poor, whom he befriended in numerous instances. He had established a religious society for visiting the sick and indigent, having enlisted in it numbers of young men of the middle class. The society was somewhat on the plan of those known as 'St. Vincent de Paul,' and was composed of lay young men, bound by no vows. So remarkable, however, in its nature was this society, that the Assistant Commissioners of Poor-law Enquiry, who visited Cork in 1834, paid special attention to its composition, and even one of the commissioners, since eminent as an educational author, went about with Father Mathew to see the working of the society.

So influential was Mr. Mathew, though but a simple friar, that he set about building a handsome Catholic Church. He arranged, also, a very beautiful graveyard in the style of *Père la Chaise*, and by a variety of works showed his social utility and capacity for practical reformation.

In the spring of 1838, there was a meeting of the old teetotallers at the Infant School-room, in St. Nicholas' parish, in Cove-street, Cork. This meeting was attended by several of the local advocates of temperance; and it was resolved to send two of the members as a deputation to Mr. Mathew, asking for his adoption of the views of the society. In the meanwhile William Martin, the father of teetotalism in Cork, spoke earnestly to Mr. Mathew. One of the deputation was an enthusiastic teetotaller, James M'Kenna. He was a pensioner who had seen much service in the army, and being a constant reader of the Scriptures, and possessing a Celtic imagination, with a limited education, he formed a style of extravagant and flowery quaintness; and when he poured forth his views on his darling subject of teetotalism, he sometimes produced very amusing effects. His name, however, deserves to be recollected by all friends to teetotalism. From a voluminous MS. collection of papers, left by him, we select the following passage as describing what actually took place when Mr. Mathew joined the cause of teetotalism:—

"Father Mathew said he would consider the subject, and told the deputation to see him in a few days, which was attended to. The reverend gentleman, on the second visit, cheerfully acceded to the ardent wishes of the society, and requested a meeting of the friends and advocates of temperance, on the following Monday evening, in the small room adjacent to the little chapel in Blackamoor-lane. It was on the 10th of April, 1838, this committee meeting was held. The Very Rev. Mr. Mathew addressing the members said, 'Gentlemen, I hope you will aid and give me such information as may be necessary for the formation of the new Total Abstinence Society,' and in the most emphatic manner said, if only one poor soul was rescued from intemperance and destruction, it will be doing a noble act, and adding to the glory of God. On taking the pen into his hand he said these remarkable words: Here goes in the name of the Lord, and then wrote down his name—the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove-street, No. 1. It was proposed that the reverend gentleman should accept the presidency of the society, and he was accordingly appointed. Mr. William Martin proposed that James M'Kenna be appointed secretary to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew; which proposition was seconded by Father Mathew. The secretary then enrolled his name—James M'Kenna, secretary, Mary-street, No. 2.

"The first public meeting was held at seven o'clock in the evening, at the old school-room in Blackamoor-lane, when thirty-five new members took the pledge at the hands of Father Mathew.

"On the following day large posters were provided by James M'Kenna, and were posted through the city. On these posters the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew's name, as president of the society, was publicly announced, signed James M'Kenna, secretary. For one person who gave credit to Father Mathew heading the society, hundreds, nay, thousands laughed, sneered, and disbelieved, and said it was all a falsehood and a humbug. The second and third meeting caused the greatest panic to the poison venders in Cork, as well as excitement and astonishment to others, many of whom rejoiced. Three hundred and thirty members were enrolled at the second meeting. The old, dilapidated school-room was soon found inadequate and too small as well as dangerous to the lives of the people, who were flocking in thousands from all parts of the city; some to satisfy and convince themselves, others to laugh and smile at what they called the Utopian scheme of sobriety. Father Mathew applied to Mr. Conway and Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietors of the bazaar on Sullivan's-quay, which spacious building was capable of containing about 4,000 persons at the time, with several doors for ingress and egress. This extensive square was of the utmost importance to the glorious cause, in which the people seemed to be animated by universal excitement to become members of Father Mathew's Total Abstinence Society, which before long became generally known through all the towns and villages of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietor of

the bazaar, took the pledge, and all men and women in the employment followed the noble example of this estimable lady; hundreds every day, particularly after divine service on the Sabbath day, when several thousands were pledged, which occupied upwards of a dozen writers registering the names.

"From the 10th of April to the 14th of June, 1838, 25,000 persons of all denominations took the pledge from the Rev. Mr. Mathew. In the following month of December, being a period of five months, 131,000 were registered on the temperance books, making a total of 156,000 who took the pledge in Cork from April to December, 1838.

"At this time multitudes were coming to Cork from all parts of Munster to take the pledge—some sixty, fifty, forty, and twenty miles distant, were seen on the public cars from Limerick, the counties of Galway, Clare, Kerry, Waterford.

The facts, as now stated, will account for the miracle of Irish teetotalism. Father Mathew, "before he became famous," possessed vast social influence, was president of the Josephian Society, was a zealous educator of poor children, and was a friend to peace and good will amongst all men. The drinking habits of the country required a reformation. This popular and respected friar adopted a principle then a novelty in Ireland. Numbers, as a matter of course, followed his example. He found a staff of teetotal advocates formed to his hand fit for use, and he attracted by his own example and influence a host of the working classes to take the pledge against spirituous liquors. Amongst his assistants were two members of the bar, Messrs. Francis Walsh, and J. F. Maguire, both Roman Catholics, and of popular politics—the first a gentleman of noted declamatory talents—the latter the owner of an important Catholic journal, the *Cork Examiner*, whose systematic support of teetotalism was of great consequence to the subsequent movement, and with other causes gave much influence to its active proprietor, who was at the last general election a formidable adversary at Dungarvan to the most brilliant of the Irish Whigs.

From the city of Cork the movement spread to the neighbouring districts, and soon the rustic population of the south, with their eager minds, noised it from one to another "that there was virtue in Father Mathew." Thousands upon thousands wished to take the pledge. And, in their ignorance, numbers of the lower orders believed that the pledge administered by Father Mathew had a secret charm! The worthy friar himself never entertained such opinions, nor did he in anywise administer incentives to the popular credulity.

At first, however, there was a great deal of superstition mixed up with the movement. As soon as persons came from all parts of the island to take the pledge from Father Mathew, people began to ask themselves why did they select *him* more than any one else. A Roman Catholic writer thus accounts candidly for the anxiety to take the pledge from the good friar of Cork:—

"The prestige in favour of Father Mathew arose from the fact of its being observed, that those who took the pledge from him were in better health than they had previously been. The ameliorated health was the result of the temperance, but the natural cause was overlooked, as is often the case; and as the human mind, when undisciplined, is prone to superstition, the belief in miraculous operation of the great temperance leader does undoubtedly appear to have spread very widely amongst the lower classes of the Irish community."—*Dublin Review*, vol. viii. p. 470.

When, from all parts of the country, people were seen rushing to Cork to take the pledge from Mr. Mathew, the wonder grew more and more every day. Some came by coaches and cars, others by boat, and many walked from distant places. Was it any wonder that extraordinary stories were told by the people amongst themselves? The lower classes, always credulous, eagerly believed many of the tales told about him, and the blind, halt, and paralytic, were brought before him. A romantic tale was told, how in the friary at Cork, one night, an old woman was by accident locked in. As the clock struck midnight the door of the sacristy opened, and to her horror, a priest walked out alone to the altar and asked three times in a ghostlike voice, "Whether any one was there to answer mass, for if not that his soul must again go to torments!" The woman

told this to Father Mathew, says the fable, and the good friar repaired next night and attended the ghost's mass. Then the question came, what was the ghost to do for Father Mathew, and the latter begged for the power of delivering the Irish from drunkenness. It is right again to observe, that in the most pointed manner Father Mathew, from the first, repeatedly disclaimed all power over nature, and in nowise stimulated the credulity of the people.

When the movement had gone a certain way, it was thought advisable for him to go about the country, and administer the pledge in various districts. On the 3d of December, 1839, he was publicly invited to Limerick, and the excitement caused by his visit was prodigious. Crowds from the farthest part of Connaught came to meet the "Apostle of Temperance," as he was now called. The excitement was almost unequalled. The throng into the city was so great, that the gravest apprehensions were felt for the public peace, and the question came, how were the multitudes to be fed? Bread rose to three times its ordinary price; a quart of milk sold for sixpence, and two shillings was paid for the humblest nightly lodging. But for the generosity of some leading citizens, many of the people might have perished for want of sustenance. So numerous were the crowds, that several were trampled down and grievously injured. Many with fractured limbs were taken to the hospitals, and the dragoons were called out by the authorities to keep the masses in order. Mr. Mathew's sister, a most amiable lady, distinguished by beauty and intellect, resided at Limerick, and her famous brother was her guest during his sojourn. The house was surrounded by the dense multitude, and for hours Mr. Mathew stood upon the door steps, administering the pledge. His voice was completely gone—he was inaudible from his exertions after four days administering the pledge.

It was a most striking sight to see that amiable friar, and mild spoken gentleman standing at his sister's door, with a mass of the Celtic Irish around him, some of the chief persons in the city looking on with amazement at the curious scene, as despite of the military and the police, the throng poured in its eager and ardent crowds. It was those days of toil—the preaching in the open air—that first injured the robust health of Father Mathew. The scene at Limerick was acted over again and again, in other parts of the country, to the delight of the people, and the wonder of the empire. The feelings entertained by reflecting persons at this singular and most remarkable movement, were well expressed by a man whose speculative errors cannot blind us to his exquisite delicacy of moral appreciation, and whose erroneous views of theology are compensated for by his fresh and earnest sympathies with mankind, his bold advocacy of slave emancipation, and his right manly denunciation of the vices of American democracy. The high moral nature of Doctor Channing was profoundly touched by the spectacle of Father Mathew's movement against drunkenness:—

"At the present moment, it is singular to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the amelioration of human affairs; I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within the last few years, by the exertion of good men for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime; but this moral revolution in our own country *sinks into nothing*, when compared with the amazing, and *almost incredible work* now in progress on the other side of the ocean. A few years ago, had we been called to name the country of all most degraded, beggared, and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There, men and women, old and young, were alike swept away by what seemed the irresistible torrent. Childhood was baptised into drunkenness; and now, in the short space of two or three years, this vice of ages has been almost rooted out. In the moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is vanished—a new Ireland has started into life; five millions of her population have taken the pledge of Total Abstinence; and instances of violating the pledge, are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole labouring population used to be dissolved in excesses, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly half a million sterling. History records no revolution like this, it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the

leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonized, and whose name should be placed in the calendar, not far below apostles—and in an age in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society, as to the recovery of the mass of men from brutal ignorance, and still more brutal vice."

The movement proceeded with astonishing velocity, and excited wonder everywhere. England heard with surprise of the Irish abandoning their drunken habits, and the press upon the Continent recorded the revolution in Irish drinking as one of the wonders of the age. In opposite quarters it was viewed with a variety of feelings. Protestants thought that there was too much superstition in the movement to give it their unreserved approbation, and the ruling powers of the Irish Roman Catholics by no means hailed the change with enthusiasm. All kinds of objections were made to the promise of abstinence, and much learned lumber was printed about vows, and many metaphysical scruples suggested by many a priest, who might have frankly said, "Really I cannot give up my tumbler of punch." The social enjoyment of a convivial party within his reach is one of the few pleasures which the priest has in Ireland. The institution of celibacy deprives him of that most inestimable gift of Divine Providence, the exquisite and pure enjoyment of domestic happiness in a home made happy by a wife's love, consecrated by the reciprocal duties, and elevated by the ennobling sympathies of the parent and the child. His education has rendered the company of his own brothers and sisters distasteful to him—there is scarcely any community of tie or frequency of intercourse between the companions of his childhood and himself. The antagonism by which our society is divided, excludes him from familiar intercourse with the Protestant gentry, whom he has perhaps denounced at the hustings, and against whom he may have plotted at the elections. Is it to be wondered at that a priest so situated should keenly relish the social board—should regard it as his chief source of relaxation, and that the moments passed in chatting about "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland" should be some of the happiest of his existence? Such considerations ought to be recollected by those Roman Catholics and teetotallers who have so severely censured the Irish priests for not adhering to Father Mathew's system of driving drunkenness from the land.

The objections about the amount of superstition in the movement, we will not discuss, as our space is limited, though the subject is inviting of comment. We believe that those objections had foundation rather at the commencement of the movement, when it was swelling from hundreds into thousands, than when it had progressed from tens to hundreds of thousands—from that to millions; and we frankly confess that we are not disposed to criticise such a movement by a severely ethical code, for surely it was a great matter to give the Irish popular mind a turn towards moral improvement—surely it was a great thing to reach that vast portion of our population who were not to be influenced by the quietism of worthy William Martin and his fellow-labourers, and on whom cold declamations about abstinence, and dull appeals in favour of a negative morality, were utterly thrown away. The precursors of Father Mathew had utterly failed in rousing or commanding the attention of the popular classes in Ireland, by their economical arguments against drunkenness. They had failed to touch the feelings of the people; and, in some respects, nothing could have been more puerile or ridiculous than the means they adopted. For example, they circulated such verses as these in—

" ONE PINT A-DAY.

" One pint a-day! Well, what of that?
Pray, stay awhile, and you shall hear:
For if you save the whole amount,
'Tis three pound sixteen shillings clear!
A good stuff hat this sum would buy,
A pair of shoes, and stockings too;
And two good shirts to wear besides,
Just fit for Christian or for Jew!"

By such merely carnal arguments, such coarse and material motives, it was expected to sway the feelings and imaginations of a fanciful and singularly genial race, like the Irish. But mere rationalism never made revolutions in religion or morals *except for the worse*. A gross and selfish utilitarianism, taking no account of the devil that is in man, and the fallen condition of his nature, can never sway the heart of a compound being, an erring spirit dwelling in weak flesh. Spiritual means, drawing forth the better aspirations of his fallen nature, can alone regenerate him. We would be even more fallen than we are already, if the dearness of sin and the cheapness of virtue were efficient motives to deter us from vice, or rouse our fainting hearts to the struggle with this world.

But on this subject of the amount of misbelief (as Coleridge would say) which was mixed up in this Irish Temperance Revolution, we must put on record Father Mathew's earnest and anxious disclaimer of his sanctioning superstition in his movement. And we beg our reader to observe that this disclaimer was made, not in a hole or corner, but in the face of the country, at one of his most remarkable meetings in Dublin, when the attention of the whole public was fixed upon him.

At his first visit to Dublin, in April, 1840, he spoke as follows:—

"My dear friends, I wish to allude to a certain subject, to which I adverted on the first day I attended here—it is with regard to the great number of infirm and sick persons that are coming here to take the pledge. I mentioned before what brought them here. They attend to join the society in consequence of the exaggerated accounts they received from those who had been drunkards, and who, to encourage others to become teetotallers, showed the benefit they enjoyed from being temperate in their habits. They state that their health which had been impaired by the use of intoxicating liquors, became renewed, and that their constitutions, which were broken down, were repaired by the practice of temperance. The first person I heard speak on the subject was Mr. Smith, the great teetotaller, who stated that persons who for years could not work, when they became teetotallers, were able to resume their avocations. This induces people who are suffering from various diseases to come to me, under the impression that I could cure them; but it is not in my power to afford them relief—that is all in the hands of God. I received an anonymous letter on the subject, finding fault with my conduct, but I don't mind those attacks, it is my wish to please and satisfy all. St. Paul said he would himself be an anathema for the sake of his brethren. Some persons say, why not put them away?—but I would not envy the feelings of the man that could treat these poor people so unkindly. Persons who are free from superstition have brought me to those sick persons, to gratify them: and when I went to them I did not refuse them my blessing. I went through no ceremony of any kind, but simply invoked a blessing on them, and it is no harm to do that to anything, animate or inanimate, or to any creature, rational or irrational. Whatever the consequences may be, though I do not wish to see them coming here, I will not refuse them my blessing, or, rather, refuse to ask God to bless them. If, for one moment, I relieve them from pain of mind, or despondency of heart, I care not what is said about it, for it should not give scandal. Several of those persons have been turned out of hospitals incurable; and it is natural that when man cannot afford them aid, they apply to heaven for it. Persons of strong religious belief have importuned me to give them a blessing and let them go away. I cannot, as I said before, bless them, but I can say, 'God bless you.' I use neither candle or holy water, nor go through any ceremony, but merely give them a blessing. I have seen Protestants invoking a blessing."

His private resources, not very large, chiefly consisting of legacies from relations, he cheerfully expended in the temperance cause. He was left a distillery at Castle Lake, in Tipperary, with a good deal of money. He broke it up at a vast loss to himself, and refused a large rent for it, when it was offered to be taken by parties in a distillery. He had one brother embarked in distilling; one of his sisters was married to an eminent distiller; and another brother was married to a lady whose family were extensively engaged in the manufacture of whiskey. But, regardless of the commercial injury his own friends and kindred must suffer from the cause of temperance—regardless of his own pecuniary losses, he entered on his course of exertion, and never slackened his toil.

One circumstance in this movement of Father Mathew was very remarkable.

The "Liberator" was by no means one of its most ardent admirers. A jealousy of all who threatened to rival his influence, was a marked feature in that gentleman's character, as his treatment of Lord Cloncurry, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Sharman Crawford, and even such mob orators as Jack Lawless and Feargus O'Connor, proved at various times. The moral miracle of Father Mathew distracted the attention of the myriad dupes who heretofore had gazed with the eyes of faith at the glittering bubble of Repeal, with its rainbow hues. Father Mathew was a rival "Liberator" of a greater and nobler kind; and the glare of the Conciliation Hall system, with its mock glitter and theatrical varnish, might lose its tinsel, and cease to be admired. It was no wonder, therefore, that O'Connell disliked Father Mathew! To the editor of one of the Repeal organs he said, "You are making far too much of Mathew!" And in various ways he quietly insinuated his opinions about the worthy friar. Lip praise in public he gave the worthy father enough of; for Joseph Surface was not a greater adept in the art of substituting sentiments for acts—words for deeds. He made a flaming speech at the meeting in Dublin, got up by Peter Purcell, for raising a testimonial to Father Mathew. After the Duke of Leinster had put down his name for one hundred pounds, Peter Purcell also gave in his for another hundred, when O'Connell cried to one near him, "What impudence Peter has! Put my name down for five pounds!"

One reason also why O'Connell disliked Father Mathew was because the latter could never be coerced by the big agitator, or bullied by him into any course of which he disapproved. In early life, when without experience of the sort of agitators who have abused the popular confidence, Father Mathew had on one occasion—the solitary instance in his life—interfered at an election in Cork. The occasion was very excusable: it was in favour of the family of Hutchinson, who had done great service to the Catholics, and who had a claim on their friendship. Upon the understanding entered into with certain popular leaders, he had prevailed upon some poor voters to vote for the emancipation candidate. They were ousted in consequence by their landlord, but not a penny could Father Mathew procure from the roaring friends of "the people." From that day Father Mathew determined to have nothing to do with politics, and he thought, upon reflection, that a clergyman should avoid that part which, of all others, inflames the feelings and rouses the prejudices of mankind. O'Connell could not dupe or drive him, and therefore the man who never was so happy as when he had crushed some rival influence, and made it either useless or subservient to his own selfish purpose, did not like Mr. Mathew. The movement for Irish manufacture, in which Dr. Flanagan was so active, was never let alone by the agitator until he had daubed it all over with the ruddle of repeal, when, of course, like a tainted sheep, it ceased to be regarded as wholesome by the sensible part of the community. But despite all the efforts of Father Mathew, the Repeal party did enormous injury to the teetotal movements, as will now be seen.

When teetotalism had been adopted, it was thought advisable to supply the masses with some cheap and innocent amusement. Acting on that view, bands had been formed, temperance festivals encouraged, parties of rural enjoyment set going, and various amusements started for the people. Reading-rooms were established as a matter of course. But the year of dupes was at hand, in which the repeal bubble was at last blown big enough to burst. Popular excitement was created. A vast and portentous organisation was formed through the length and breadth of the island, and a display of physical force was made to cow the Duke of Wellington and to crush Sir Robert Peel! The temperance societies, with their banners and their bands were sucked into the vortex, and political enthusiasm, with its shadowy visions of regeneration, and its active development of a spurious and sectarian nationality, seized hold of the popular mind under the spells of the sorcerer who evoked the phantom of repeal. A mortal blow was thus struck at the teetotal movement. For despite of all that Father Mathew could do, despite of his manly and even heroic refusal to compromise the independence of the society of which he was the president, the cajolery of the agitator, and the inflammatory poetry of Young Ireland were too powerful for his influence.

But a terrible day was then at hand when with wailing hearts the people of this country were to experience the evils left by the false agitation which our present Whig viceroy has recently denounced in his letter, applying for the continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The famine was at hand amongst a people who had been taught for years to hate England, and upon whom every species of delusive art that a charlatan in politics could invent had been practised with a cruel recklessness. The scourge of God's wrath was upon our land. The day was coming when years of folly, of agitation fomented to fill this man's purse—to satisfy that man's paltry ambition—agitation, *destroying the sense of Ireland, and revolting the sympathy of England*—were to be avenged by the spectacle of the people whose fancies had been so falsely excited, and whose minds had been so cruelly misguided, lying helpless before the nation so insulted and abused—the slandered, reviled, and calumniated England! Then came the ruin of our gentry, the destruction of our peasantry, the agony of all ranks. The heart of the people beat no more with exultation. They found at last that for years they had been cajoled, that they had been following an *ignis fatuus*, and confiding in a charlatan. They saw their country afflicted with the most woeful of heaven's visitations, and they witnessed the most unparalleled exertions ever made by a government to save a people from destruction. They heard of Pope Pius the Ninth expressing with honourable candour his admiration of the exertions made to save the people, whose "friends" could only cavil and sneer, and display their noble energies in abusing the hands that fed the population, or in denouncing the impotent rebels who had spoiled the trade of agitation, and torn the masks from the faces of the political brawlers who bought the people at a farthing a-week, a penny a-month, and a shilling a-year, and sold them to the treasury for a place to this cousin, the promise of one to another, and an impunity to themselves from the clumsy hands of a maladroit attorney-general. In such a day—one of sorrow and of shame—one to be thought of for a long time with agony to numbers—all moral advancement was neglected for the cause of mere physical sustentation.

But though the teetotal movement has received a heavy check by the social consequences of the famine, a vast deal of good has been effected. A popular opinion has been raised against drunkenness; and the fact that tens of thousands of Irishmen were induced to abandon spirituous liquors, is in itself a great moral fact in the history of our country. No one can despair of extraordinary moral alterations in this country who calmly reflects on the apparent hopelessness, some years since, of expecting a change in the national love of strong drinks.

We honour Father Mathew as a man who has given us good grounds for not despairing of the social regeneration of our people. We respect him for his moral elevation of character, his freedom from selfishness, and his contempt for all vulgar ambition. We see in him a man who has done great public benefits to his own detriment. His private resources he cheerfully expended in the cause of temperance, and has given up his time and care to the service of his countrymen. Such a man, who never abused his great influence for political purposes, deserves to be honoured and regarded with affection as one of the worthies of our island. Praise he has had in abundance. Statesmen in both houses of parliament have acknowledged his public services. Journals of opposite parties have testified to his disinterestedness. He has won at the same time the respect of the rich and the affection of the poor. May his health be still spared by Providence to enable him to pursue his virtuous career; and when, at some distant day, he will be called to receive the reward due to those who toil in their Maker's service, may his example allure many to follow in the footsteps of Mathew the philanthropist!

IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

CHAPTER III.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS, FAIRY LORE, AND ENCHANTMENT.

IRISH FAIRY ARCHEOLOGY—THE UNCHURCHED—HOW TO GET BACK A WIFE—THE WORM CHARM, A BLARNEY TALK—THE ROSCOMMON DOCTOR, A LEGEND OF MATH CROGHAN—INTERIOR OF THE FAIRY PALACE—HOW TO ESCAPE—THE FEE—FAIRY MEDICINE—TESTS FOR FAIRY-STRICKEN—THE CHANGELING—THE LI SMORE AND THE "BACKGONE"—THE PIPER OF MALINAGAR—THE KEEN—THE FAIRY PATH, A LEGEND OF LOUGH CORRIB.

FOR learned disquisitions upon fairy mythology generally, the origin and extension of the belief in fairyism, and the derivation of the English word "fairy," we must refer our readers to works specially devoted to the consideration of these subjects.* Spencer and Shakspeare have embalmed the fairyology of England, and though the flowery vales and moonlit glades "under the greenwood tree," where revelled of old, Puck and his merry elfin court, are now traversed by the thronged street, or smoke with the fiery blast furnace, it matters little to the antiquary;—the superstition, the legend, the ancient rite, the popular belief in

"Faery damsels met in forest wide,"

have been preserved; and it only remains for modern investigators to discuss questions relative to their identity, or inquire what vestiges of these times or notions may still linger in such few patches of the hills and yellow plains of merry England as railways have not burst through, or among such portions of the people as mines, mills, and manufactories have neither demoralised or divested of their ancient poetic feelings and traditions.

The following learned communication, for which we are indebted to our friend Mr. O'Donovan, is, perhaps, the best exposition of the Irish word for fairy, and of the ideas originally attached to that mysterious personage, which has yet appeared in print:—

"The word *sidhe* literally means a blast of wind, but figuratively a phantom, a fairy. The Latin word *spiritus*, and the Greek *πνευμα* (*pneuma*) are similarly applied, and there can be little doubt

that these terms originally meant *wind* or *breath*.

"The oldest authority in which the word *sidhe* occurs is Tirechan's Annotations on the Life of St. Patrick, preserved in the Book of Armagh. In this work the word *sidhe* is translated *Dei terreni*, or gods of the earth. The two daughters of Laeghaire, King of Ireland, while they lived with their foster-father near Rath-Croghan, in Connaught, entered into conversation with St. Patrick about God, according to the notions which they had of their own deities. The story runs thus: St. Patrick, when going to Tirawley, rested for the night, on his way, at a fountain in the neighbourhood of the royal residence of Connaught, and he and his companions had begun at daybreak to chaunt their morning service, when the two young princesses coming to the fountain at that hour to bathe, were surprised by the appearance of a group of persons, all clothed in white garments, and holding books in their hands. Tirechan remarks, that they took the strangers to be the *sidhe*, or gods of the earth; and that on their inquiring who the strangers were, St. Patrick availed himself of the opportunity thus furnished of instructing them in the nature of the true God, and of explaining to them the leading mysteries of the Christian religion. The passage in Tirechan runs as follows:—

"Deinde autem venit S. Patricius [cum comitibus] ad fontem qui dicitur *Clabach* in lateribus *Crochan* contra ortum solis, et sederunt juxta fontem; et ecce duæ filię Regis, Loigairi, Ethnë Alba, et Fedelm Rufa, ad fontem more mulierum ad lavandum, manè venerunt, et sinodum sanctorum episcoporum cum Patricio juxta fontem invenerunt; et quocumque essent or quâcumque formâ, aut quacumque plebe, aut quacumque regione, non cognoverunt. Sed illos viros *side*, aut *Deorum terrenorum* aut *fantasiam* æstimaverunt."

* See, in particular, Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," vol. i. London, 1833.

"Colgan, in a note upon the life of Ethnea and Fedelmia, at 11th February, *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 56, n. b, has the following note on *Viri Sidhe*. 'Est Hibernismus spiritus enim hominibus in facie humanâ apparentes vocantur Hibernicè *Fir-Sidhe* seu *Fir-Sithe*, i. viri de montibus vel collibus, personæ namque quas infestant et hinc rudis populus persuasum habent amœniores colles domicilia eis esse, quia e tabbus simulant se prodire.'

"I find another curious reference to an evil genius called *siabhra* in the Annals of Tighernach and of the Four Masters, A.D. 266, where it is stated that Maelgenn, a druid, incited a *siabhra* at King Cormac, son of Art, on account of his adoration of the true God. The word *siabhra* is still in use in East Munster, and distinguished from *ṛíḃeoz* a diminutive of *ṛíḃ*, a common fairy. The *ṛíḃṛta cñic* is the malevolent, malignant, ill-natured fairy that strikes men and cattle with his *ṣat ṣuñṛeac*, or venomous dart, which sometimes causes a wound, from which blades of grass, *truhneens*, and sometimes needles, issue!

"The *lenán-sidhe* is the fairy *leman*, succubus, or familiar female sprite. The *badhbh*, or *bowa*, in East Munster, is the good-natured female sprite that laments the deaths of old families. When my grandfather died in Leinster, in 1798, Cleena came all the way from Tonn Cleena, at Glandore, to lament him; but she has not been heard ever since lamenting any of our race, though I believe she still weeps in the mountains of Drumaleague in her own country, where so many of the race of Eoghan More are dying of starvation."

But to resume. As it is believed that the fairies exercise an especial influence upon women before the ceremonial of churching is performed, that rite is anxiously required by the Irish peasantry as soon as possible after the female's accouchement. In addition to this, the old Mosaic ritual is still clung to by the ignorant of the west, many of whom believe that a woman is unclean until she is churched, and even her husband considers it dangerous or unlucky to take food from her hands. It is considered by the vulgar that myriads of demons flutter round her, and it is even said, that if an unchurchéd female takes water from a river, or washes at it, the fishes will mark their disapprobation by quitting the polluted locality.

In certain illnesses immediately succeeding the accouchement, and particularly in those unhappy cases of tedious recovery, accompanied by mental aberration, already alluded to at page 557, the lower orders always attribute the state of the patient to fairy interference—the real person, it is believed, not being physically present, but represented by one of the good people, who has assumed the features and general appearance of the individual. Yet no ill must happen to the representative, otherwise the abducted nurse could not safely be recovered. And even if death ensues in this or in any other instance of fairy possession, there is a popular belief in some parts that the spirit of the rightful owner again takes up its abode in its earthly tenement, immediately preceding dissolution, and therefore the fact of returning consciousness a short time before the soul's departure in case of raving mania, or other disturbance of the mental faculties, is pointed to with confidence as establishing this particular fact. In cases such as those referred to above, a degraded friar is generally applied to, with whose avocation and mode of cure we shall have to deal in another chapter.

There are ways and means by certain charms and mystic rites for the husband (*if so inclined*) to bring back the abducted wife; but for some reasons best known to the former, they are seldom put in practice, indeed so rarely, that we have been obliged to travel to Blarney for a well-authenticated instance illustrative of this belief. Everybody, and Father Horgan himself if he were alive, but he isn't—and more is the pity!—will swear upon the book there isn't a word of lie in this—

Betty Sullivan not only died in childbirth, but was washed, laid out and waked, and more than that, cried over two days and two nights, when her husband had a dream that she wasn't dead at all, but only carried off by some of the good people, to nurse a child of Donn Firinne. "The woman of the house" (that was) appeared to him in a dream, and told him that if he had still any "nature" for her, he might get her back by going to the cross-roads of Ballinatray, foreninst the fort of Lisnarayr, at twelve o'clock at night, and there performing certain in-

cantations, as precisely at that hour she was to pass by with a grand cavalcade of fairy ladies and gentlemen. He was to know her by seeing her mounted on a white horse at the reer of the whole party. First of all he was to provide himself with some holy water and a prayer-book, as well as some sprigs of yarrow (*archillea millifolium*), which should be cut by moonlight with a black-handled knife,* certain mystic words having been first pronounced on the herb. He was also to carry with him a rosary, and above all, to procure a large worm in young,† the use of which was a substitute to the good people for his wife, as it is very hard to bring back an ailing let alone a dead person from fairyland without a substitute. Having arrived at the appointed place, he was to sprinkle with holy water the yarrow, and also make a circle round him with it on the road, so large that the fairy procession should pass through some part of it in their progress.

Having made the circle, he was next to draw the figure of a cross with a hazel wand, commencing at the eastern and ending at the western point of the compass. He should then repeat certain prayers with his face to the moon, and waiting until the cavalcade approached, he was at once to fix his eye on the white horse of his wife, and

as soon as she approached to pull her off, if possible, without going outside the circle himself. If he failed in this she was lost to him for ever. The mystic rites and all the necessary ceremonial were performed, and Biddy Sullivan was restored to her people.‡

The fairies, though they are so knowledgeable, sometimes require the aid and assistance of mere earthly practitioners, particularly in the obstetric line of business. Many are the stories related of and by the Irish midwife—ay, more than ever Carleton told, for all his legendary lore, and graphic powers of description. Don't we ourselves remember, as if it were but yesterday, sitting by, when Judy Mullooney, the luckiest woman in all the barony of Ballintubber, and that's a great saying—used to tell, when she had a drop in, and was what you might call *mogalore*,§ how her grandmother was taken off of a fine frosty night, by a gentleman in top boots and riding a grey mare, all the ways to Shee-More, in the county Leitrim, just under Fionn Mac Coul,|| to attend a beautiful lady that was "in the straw" there, and how she was blindfolded, and never seen the daylight for three days and three nights till she came home again.¶ But what is the use in talking about Judy's grandmother,

* A black-handled knife is an indispensable instrument in performing certain rites, and we shall have occasion to describe its virtues by-and-by. It is employed in the ceremonial of Hallow-Eve, and also in the mystic ceremonies performed at the rising of the new moon, as well as in certain diabolic mysteries made use of to induce love, &c. &c.

† The large earth-worm known to fishermen as the *caillaigh* is held in great veneration, under the belief that it is a fairy woman, in that condition which worms wish to be who love their lords. It is therefore carefully avoided by females, particularly in the morning before breakfast, as should it be crossed at this time, and be accidentally killed by them, they think they incur the risk of having their children fairy-stricken. This creature must not here be confounded with the *caillaigh ruah*, or barbel of our rivers and streams.

‡ At Tumon, in the county Tyrone, there is a graveyard set apart for females who die in childbed, and aged strangers; it is called *Relig-na-mban*, the women's burying-ground. There is a tradition attached to this old cemetery, that if any woman sets foot therein she will die within a twelvemonth; consequently all the females remain outside during the interments. In the same locality there is also a *Killeen*, or *Relig-na-leinieib*, or infants' burying-ground for unbaptised children. (See our former article, chap. ii. p. 500.) In the same place there is also a *Relig-na-befear-gonta*, or strangers' burying-ground, literally the wounded man's graveyard. Strangers are always interred here. This ancient superstition concerning the separation of the dead is of great antiquity, and probably of Eastern origin. In all old cemeteries, the north side of the churchyard was always set apart for burying strangers in. This at Tumon was, no doubt, such an one.

§ About half drunk—pretty well, I thank you.

|| On the top of this picturesque hill there was some years ago a rude stone effigy of this celebrated Irish champion.

¶ There is no Irish term for midwife but *bean cóbnaic*, i. e., assisting woman.

that's dead and gone these sixty years, when it's well known what happened to a lady's doctor of great repute in more modern times by half a century at least.

The following is a Roscommon tale, repeated of a winter's night in the villages, when villages existed, from Slieve Bawn to Rath Croghan, and from that through the fertile plains of Boyle to the shores of Lough O'Gara. Some eighty years ago, when potatoes were plenty, and the country not so much broken up or intersected by impassable roads leading from nowhere to nowhere (thanks to famine, the Board of Works, and the lavish but most injudicious and often useless dispensation of English gold), the only road leading from the southern to the northern part of the county ran through the fertile plains of Rath Croghan, famous of old for its rath, the head-quarters and palace of fairy majesty. About the period to which we allude, regularly-educated medical practitioners were as scarce as the roads themselves. The only one of any eminence in that part of the world was Doctor —, who located himself in the county town, and to his other qualifications added that of being either descended from or intimately connected with some of the most ancient families in the province. The venerable man who is introduced as the chief actor in this story, lived down even to our own time. We *mind* him well, when nearly eighty years of age, cantering along on his spanking chestnut—for he rode to the very last—encased in his voluminous, many-caped, drab “riding coat,” his broad-brimmed leather hat, buckskin smalls, top-boots, overalls, and spatter-dashes, with a red culgee coming up to the middle of his nose. Oh! it was a great sight to see that man strip in the hall of a cold night, afore he went up to the ladies.

No representative of Hamlet's grave-digger, from the days of Will Shakspeare to the present, ever threw off the same amount of covering, and no doctor ever will again, we are sure; where would they get it, the crathurs, them that's living on the out-door relief of five shillings a-day, without either meat or drink?

One fine evening in August a servant, splendidly dressed in the rich livery of a noble family residing some twenty miles distant—his fine black horse panting and teaming as if he had swam through the Suck, arrived at the practitioner's door. On alighting he presented a letter to the doctor, requesting his immediate attendance upon Lady —, who had become suddenly and dangerously ill. The doctor's man was not long in saddling his horse, and off they started, at a dashing pace, the servant leading the way across the plains of Rath Croghan, where there wasn't a house to be seen for miles and miles around on the monotonous undulating surface they traversed; nothing but the long-horned bullocks or four-year-old wethers of the Balfes, and Farelles, and Taaffes, fattening for the fair of Ballinasloe. After a couple of hours' hard riding, the servant who conducted the doctor was, to his apparent annoyance, suddenly stopped at the entrance of an avenue leading through a beautiful park, in which the dim outline of a noble castellated mansion could be seen through the now fast falling twilight.

A gentleman here presented himself at the gate, handsomely dressed in the style of the day, with a cut velvet coat, a powdered wig, snow-white ruffles to his shirt, and silver buckles in his shoes and breeches. He requested with great earnestness the physician to ride down to the house for a minute,* to see a lady who very much required

The following Munster legend has been afforded us by Mr. Windole, of Cork, to whom we owe many obligations: “A woman was called on one night to act as an accoucheur. She was carried to Rathmore, and was told by her guide to take neither money nor victuals from those to whom she was going, but to ask three requests, and they would be granted to her. After her professional services were over, she declined the offer of money, meat, and drink, but demanded the three following gifts for her offspring and posterity; proficiency in angling, in learning, and in gambling—which seem to have been granted, for to this day her descendants are famous in these qualifications; but they bear the reputation of being fair players.” See also “The Irish Midwife,” in Carleton's “Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.”

* Riding down “for a minute,” or doing anything for a minute, in Ireland, was by no means expressive of so short a portion of time. Minutes counted as nothing. The railways first began to make us punctual and to know the real value of time.

his professional services. The servant expostulated, and urged the necessity of the doctor's not making any delay; but all to no purpose—the gentleman took the doctor's horse by the reins and led him up to the hall-door, where a groom took charge of the animal, and the physician and his companion entered the house together. They passed through a spacious hall, flanked by at least a dozen servants on either side, in gold lace liveries, to a noble saloon, and after traversing several winding passages, the physician was introduced into the apartment of a lady, at whose bedside his conductor retired. This lady had a black veil thrown over her which entirely concealed her face, and she never spoke a word; but after the doctor had attended to her wants, she pointed to a bell, which he rang, when the gentleman again appeared, and having heard a favourable account of the patient's progress, presented him with forty yellow guineas. Those were the times for the doctors! It's not all as one as—but no matter, the physician returned through the saloon by which he entered. The owner of the mansion expressed many thanks for his attention, and praised his professional skill, inviting him at the same time into the banqueting-room, to take some refreshment after his long ride. The doctor after some faint excuse consented, and was then introduced into a splendid suite of apartments, filled with most fashionable company, some divided into parties, who played at cribbage, five-and-twenty, and Pope Joan, and others dancing. "Och, 'tis there," says Darby, when relating this tale, "was the music that would rise the heart of a Presbyterian, and the dancing that flogged the world; some of them timing it mighty easy in a thing they called a minuet, all made up of bows, and scrapes, and curtsies, and walking backwards and forwards sideways across the flure; others futting a reel, and the full up of a fair of people, all of real quality, cutting jigs and hornpipes, and moving about in country dances through other to no end. There were pipers and fiddlers till you'd get black in the face counting them; and as the doctor passed through them, they struck up his favourite tunes. 'Now, Lemmy, your sowl to glory,' the fiddler 'id cry to the piper, 'hellows us up the best

in your bag for the heart's blood of O'Farrell; rattle us out "Planxty Connor," or "Shawn Bue," "The hare in the corn," or "Thierna Mayo," for he's come of the ould sort.' While the piper, as he fingered the drones, and gathered his bag under the power of his elbow, would turn to the fiddler and challenge him for 'Drive the geese to the bog,' 'The hen's march,' 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' 'The frost is all over,' and other Connaught airs."

Among the musicians the doctor thought he recognised some old acquaintances that he remembered in the backs of the tents, and by the custom gaps of Ballinafad; but before he could speak to any of them, the gentleman with the velvet coat hurried him off to the supper-room, "where there was fish, fowl, and flesh beyant the counting. Troth it would take the sight of your eyes to see all the ateing and drinking that was there; roast and boiled; hot and cold; first and second courses, and removes; lashings and lavings; *lunnawaulia*, no stint, but the best of everything—not to spake of the malt, and wine, and spirits, that was to the fore."

"Won't you take something," says the gentleman; "if you don't eat itself, won't you taste a glass of scaltheen, just to keep the cowl out of your bones as you're going home?" "No, thank you," says the doctor, "I'm by no means druthy;" for when in the act of sitting on a sofa beside a beautiful young lady, with a skin like alyblaster, he felt something press his foot, and at the same time she whispered in his ear, "As an old friend I tell you, neither ate nor drink while you are where you are."

He was urgently pressed by many of the company, and his host in particular, to partake of some of the delicacies by which he was surrounded, but these he altogether declined, so they left him to himself; and after some time—while he was in conversation with the young lady—he found his eyelids grow very heavy, and from thenceforward he had no recollection of what occurred until he was roughly shaken by the shoulder, a voice at the same exclaiming, "The top of the morning to your honour." Cold, stiff, and lost in amazement, the

physician raised himself up a little, and asked where he was. "Faix, your honour, I don't know, if you are not lying on ould Father Maurice's tombstone, in the churchyard of Eastersnow, and, by my sowkins, a hard bed and a cowl'd boulster you had of it."

The doctor inquired of the man—who was the neighbouring pound-keeper—if he had seen his horse. "Faith an' that I have. I found him in the pound, and that's what brought me to look for your honour, for bad scran to me if ever I saw a mortal thing get into it afore, sarra as much as an eel itself, and the gate locked, and the key in my pocket. But myself believes the good people (God protect me and mine from harm) had a hand in your honour."

The doctor said nothing; but after giving a gratuity to the pound-keeper, mounted and rode away, comforting himself for being almost benumbed with cold, and running the chance of getting the gout or the rheumatism, by feeling for the yellow boys in his pocket; but to add to his astonishment, he found in their stead only a few pookaun berraghs.*

For description sake, the subject of popular medicine might be divided into the administration of medicinal substances—generally herbs—for we do not find that minerals enter into the composition of any of our popular prescriptions, although animal substances do, and are often had recourse to in a very revolting manner;—the performance of certain operations with or without ceremonies, prayers, or incantations—resort to sacred shrines, ancient ruins, and blessed wells, in which case faith is the moving power—working on the imagination, by means of a charm—or the invocation and communion with

certain unknown or invisible beings, particularly the fairies; and, finally, the mixture of supernatural influence with ordinary remedial means. The fourth and last division may be considered under the head of fairy cures, which this chapter is intended to illustrate.

It is well known that there are certain maladies which are believed to be caused by supernatural agency; and the most remarkable of these, besides those already specified, are swoons, apoplexy, or any sudden deprivation of the senses; hysterics, and that peculiar state denominated catalepsy, as well as epilepsy, insanity, and paralysis; and, also, whenever raving or incoherence occurs in the progress of other diseases, as, for example, in fever. In these cases the peasantry formerly made it a rule never to call in the doctor in the first instance "for fear he'd bleed them;" and so far as the reason was concerned, it was often a judicious one; but these instances of fairy-stricken are not now so generally believed, nor treated as such, as those in which young children become affected with a sort of wasting, denominated by medical men *marasmus*. Such cases assume an appearance of senility and decrepitude, which, it is said, the fairies in their natural state possess. The body and limbs become wasted to a degree; the abdomen becomes prominent; the head is apparently larger than natural; the features get shrivelled, and greatly resemble those of extreme old age, the eyes being sunken, and the mouth and nose pinched, as if from hunger; the voice is hoarse and raucous, and at times squeeling; and the skin in many parts of the body becomes covered with long whitish hairs,† giving altogether a most supernatural aspect to the child. At the

† Otherwise *Bolcaun-Beakys*, fuz balls, fairy stools, or dried fungi.

‡ This hirsute condition is often an accompaniment of famine: and we have seen it produced in a few weeks by deterioration in the quality or deficiency in the quantity of food. It would be unsuited to the pages of a non-professional periodical to give a medical description of those diseases, the superstitious practices resorted to for the cure of which it is our intention to illustrate. Professional men—particularly Irish country practitioners—are very conversant with the disease we have described above, which is denominated in the Gaelic *cnai*, or *enaidh*—a wasting or decay. According to the late Irish census—to the medical memoir of which we refer our readers—(see pages xxxii and xxxiii) 123,828 deaths are said to have taken place from this disease alone during the ten years preceding 1841. In a note to the description of this disease, it is stated—"An inquiry into the sources of Irish 'cures' and 'charms' would throw much light upon many topics of antiquity, and elicit such legendary lore as would assist both the topographer and the historian."

same time, the mental faculties often appear to be precociously developed, and the appetite is in some cases most voracious.

In such a state of things, nothing will persuade the peasant mother that this is her own child. She believes it to be "fairy-stricken," or, as it is called in the west, *shilthaua* (touched), or in English, "backgone;" and she is persuaded that her own *pausteen** is with the good people, dancing to the music of fairy pipes in one of the neighbouring raths, and that the imp which occupies its place is no offspring of hers. In the north, the word "elfshot," though generally applied to cattle, is sometimes used to define this state. *Buillie*, or, simply, "struck," is also employed to express the same idea, as well as the more ancient and mythological term *gunta*,† which is used principally in the south. The term *sluistaire* is applied to elfshot children in the south when they grow tall and meagre.

Under the impression of this *fairy influence*, cures, charms, and incantations—some of rather a potent character—are generally resorted to, either for the purpose of affording relief to the sufferer, or of putting to the test the supposed supernatural possession; and more than one instance of death accruing therefrom has come within the cognizance of the writer. Of these tests—the employment of the *lusmore*, or fairy finger (the foxglove or digitalis)—is one of the most frequent; and its baneful effects are well illustrated by the following incident, which occurred in the west of Ireland some twelve or fourteen years ago.

A child labouring under the affection just described had been missed from the neighbourhood for some time; and one day upon our meeting the mother and asking for "the backgone," the following conversation took place:—"Troth, plase your honor, I'm proud to say he's off, and may all the bad luck go with him."

"Why; has he died?"

"No, in troth, sarra die; the likes of them never dies; but he's gone, anyhow, the thievin' villain. There he was in the corner, aitin' and drinkin' every individual pin'sworth we gave him, talking into himself, and as cute as a leprechaun. At last I thought to myself it wasn't lucky to have him in the house at all. More betoken, the neighbours and everybody wor beginnin' to say he wasn't right, whin they used to come in and see him lookin' so wise, and hear him screechin' for all the world like a young *scaulthau*;‡ and he'd ate the world itself. Sure Cathreena na Montha tould me to hould him over the fire on the griddle, but my heart failed me when he began to bawl. So one fine windy day goin' on Shuraft, I stript him to his pelt, and left him sittin' on the *borau*,§ and when there was a furlwind in the garden, and that I knew the gentry were on the move, I opened the two doors, and then I stood on the thrashall, and held him out upon the shovel to them, but sarrah hit the worse nor the better he was of it when I put him back in the cradle, only he kept on aitin' the more, and watchin' and listinin' to everything we said.

"At long run, when I was fairly bet up|| with keepin' him, and afeerd to kill him outright least any misfortune might happen to the rael wan, I went to the churchyard of Kilkeeven ar' by the Suck, one fine starlight night, and pulled an apronful of the *lusmore*, and when I came home, I put down a rousin' fire of stone turf, and I boiled a potful of the herb till the *juice* was as strong as would float an egg—and he watchin' me all the while. 'My lad,' says I, 'I won't be keepin' you any longer; sarrah house-room you'll get here for the future;' so, avourneen, I repeated the prayer that Cathaleen taught me, over the pot, and then I pops him into it, hot and warm, to the neck, till you'd think it would scald a pig, but it only made him screech the more; and then, as that was no use, I opened his mouth, and poured a cup-full of it down his throat."

* *Pausteen*—A little child. *Neenau* and *gaulugh*, a baby, or infant.

† *Gunta*, from *guin*: a mortal but a bloodless wound.

‡ *Scaulthau*, an unfledged crow, or any young bird. From the ravenous appetite and peculiar cry of these creatures, the simile is very apt.

§ *Borau*, a sheepskin or goatskin stretchd like a tamborine over a sieve-rim.

|| Beaten, or "bet," is a very expressive term, used by the lower order to indicate being "done up."

Here she stopt, giving us a knowing expressive wink, which the imagination of one conversant with Irish superstitions could easily interpret; but as we were anxious to draw her on to the catastrophe, for the benefit of a Saxon friend who was present, we appeared not to understand the hint, and asked whether the "cure" was effectual? "Effecthull is it?—Och, *nee hinnann shin** it was; for before half-an-hour about, he died dancing! and then when I washed him and laid him out, there was the corpse of my own purty child left in the place of the *shanleigh*;† only it was a little thinner than when they first took him from me."

The fairy finger, or purple digitalis, is one of the most showy of our Irish indigenous plants, and possesses most powerful sedative properties. In the Gaelic it is called the *Luss more*, or the great herb, and sometimes *Sjáðáfi rleíbe*, i. e., the fairy herb of the mountain. It is used by the herb-doctors for a variety of cures besides that specified above.

There was a woman lived at one side of Ballinagar, the mother of a large family of boys and girls, the eldest of whom was settled and well to do in the world, so that Nancy Keefe was no chicken at the time to which our tale refers. Well, to the wonder of all the neighbours, she became "that way" again, and in course of time presented her husband, Tom Combatte‡ with a fine man-child, two inches longer and two pounds heavier than any infant the midwife or the gossips ever saw before. It thrived to about the end of the third year, at which time the parents thought it became "weeshie."§ However, it conti-

nued to eat, drink, and sleep like other children, but it became at last very old-fashioned, and talked quite different from children of its time of life. This state of things continued up to the eighth year, when, one fine Sunday morning, all the family went to mass except the servant girl, who was left to mind the little boy. She had occasion to leave the house for a short time, and on approaching it again, she was startled to hear the sound of bagpipes, playing up very lively music. She entered the house, expecting to meet Tom, the itinerant piper, but to her utmost astonishment, she found the little scrawled gentleman in the *bosk* (straw chair), harnessed with a beautiful set of pipes. She was in the act of running out of the house, when the "chap" called her back, and told her not to be at all surprised at what she saw, and that if she promised to say nothing about it, he would play her "Modda-na-Blondie;"|| "The Humours of Glim," and other favourite airs, and that his playing at that moment was caused by the birth of his third child the night before. "Thunder an ouns," says the girl, "what's this for, and I lying and rising in the one house with you this twelvemonth!" She ran out, and did not venture to return until the entire family came home; when she told what had occurred. They all entered the house together, but the *bosk* was empty. After a diligent search, however, the *sheegue* was found behind a meal stan,¶ stiff dead, cowl'd, and as black as the sole of your shoe, with a *capogue* (dock leaf) under his oxter, and a *fióraun*** in his hand, the remains of the bag and chanter!

* It is not all as one—i. e., as a doctor's curse.

† A very old man.

‡ In the west, and indeed in most of the country parts of Ireland, the married woman always retains her maiden name. We have seen some ludicrous scenes of legal perplexity at assizes and quarter sessions, arising out of this practice.

§ Weeshie, wee or weeney.—One of those northern expressions which have crept into Connaught on the way farther.

|| This is a very old and favourite air in Connaught; it is properly *Maide na bplann-daidhe*, the planting stick; or *Gairde na bplann-daidhe*, the garden of the plants; and we remember, when we were quite a child, an old beggarwoman singing and dancing to this tune, in a sort of pantomimic movement, representing the planting, manuring, moulding, weeding, digging, and pitting of the potato. It bore a strange resemblance to the Greek Romic dance, representing the making of wine. We lately procured the tune from a piper on his way to the workhouse.

¶ A barrel, with a cover to it, is called a stan or stand.

** The *Phoraun*, *Fóráin* or *tiraun* is not the spindle-tree, as some of the dictionaries define it, but the *Sphindgylum*, or great cow parsnip with which the children in the country make popguns and squirts, as well as *feedoges*, or whistles and fifes.

"From thence, a fairy thee unwilling reft,
There, as thou sleep'st in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood then for thee left.
Such, men do *changeboys* call, so changed by fairy
theft."

Mr. Croker's story of the Brewery of Eggshells, is a graphic illustration of this belief, which is common to most of the northern parts of Europe; but in the British isles is now chiefly confined to Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man.*

To preserve the new-born child from fairy influence, the Northern wife sews up a knitting-needle, a horseshoe nail, and a darning-needle, as well as a bit of its father's coat, in its dress; and whenever she leaves the house, she places the tongs across the cradle, and puts a quenched coal in the child's bib. It is considered unlucky for one woman to hand a child to another the first time it leaves the house. From the observance of this very ancient custom, arose one of the chief points of evidence in the celebrated case of supposititious children (*Keon v. Keon*), that caused so much noise in Connaught some years ago.

Although the fairy gentry have never been accused of road-jobbing, yet are they exceedingly tenacious of the rights and royalties connected with their high-ways, and by-ways, so that they frequently inflict those who venture, even unwittingly, to obstruct their paths, with the severest penalties; and often no less a forfeit than death itself has been inflicted for so grave an offence. The executive of fairy majesty is not content with a single victim in such instances; the law is allowed to take its full course until the crime has been not only atoned for, but the obstruction removed. Thus, when several of a family have, either owing to hereditary taint, the unhealthiness of the situation, or other circumstances, been carried off in succession by consumption, or some such lingering complaint, it is attributed to the fact of the house in which they died having been unluckily built upon the fairy path. This is generally discovered by means of a "travelling woman," a sort of *schuler*, half mendicant, half quack,

generally a stout, strapping, "black-avized," hard-featured, middle-aged woman, "out of the North:" as, in both Connaught and Munster, the knowledge and power of a north country-woman is deemed more efficacious than that of all others put together; for sure all the witchcraft and magic comes out of the bottom of the black north. The remedy is obvious and indispensable. To appease the offended sylvan deities, and avert further mischief, the house must be removed, no matter at what cost, or how inconvenient, once the fairy-woman has pronounced its doom. To our own knowledge, and that of several of our friends, the cabin has, under such circumstances, been pulled down, and either built on the other side of the road, or a few yards to the right or left of its original locality. Let the following Joyce Country tale illustrate this peculiar superstition, as well as afford a good specimen of the mourning of an Irish peasant mother, given, as it generally is, partly in English and partly in Irish, with all the pathos and soul-stirring energy which those who have ever heard it know that it fully possesses:—

"*Oh, wirra strue, wirra strue—deelish deelish, gad de-shin*, what's this for. Aun't I the unlucky and misfortunate woman this day, to be sitting here under the foot of Ben Levee, and the last of my four fine boys under the cowl'd clay in Ineh-an-Goill.† *Och, och!* I'll never be the same again. O Thierna, can it be that the full four of ye are laid weak and low this night. Oh, wirra, wirra, my four fine boys, ye that were the joy of my heart, my four children!" were the passionate expressions—uttered in a low, whining tone—of Honor Donnelly, as she rocked herself backwards and forwards on a creepy stool beside the decaying embers of a neglected fire, on the evening of the day of her last son's funeral.

"*Och, Cormac darling, you that war the pride of my sowl. Ochone, orhone, gadhow, gadhow, dhow, oh!*—(for ever, for ever, ever).

* See Train's "Account of the Isle of Man," "Waldron's Description of the Manx Customs," "Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and Ellis's edition of "Brand's Popular Antiquities."

† Ineh-an-Goill, an island in Lough Corrib, celebrated for its burial-place, and ancient inscriptions.

"Oh, masha, go voru Dia orm, astore you were, that I'll never see you again, my fair-haired laneuh.

"Mo chuid don Theel hu, 'tis you that were the patha—*gra machree*, my own heart's blood; the sight of my eyes is gone with you. Och, the worms picked your heart—they did—*ochone, ochone*.

"Oh, wo, wo, wo! O Thierna, Thierna, what shall I do—what shall I do. Am I alive at all, at all. Arrah, neighbours achree, don't ye pity me—don't ye pity me. Did ye ever before see the likes—did ye ever see before such a *creach maidne* as this.

"One by one they were taken from me, my four beautiful boys, and Cormac Beg, the last of them. O Thierna, 'tis little I thought I'd live to see this. Och, *gurm hu, gurm agus cogim mi hu*, the Lord be with you this night, and send ye all to glory. I thought ye would be crying over me, and rowing my ould body off to the blessed island.

"Och, *cushla machree*, Paddy, darlin', wer'n't you the flower of the flock, with your two blew eyes as bright as the stream that's dancing over the fall of the As Rua. Arrah, Paddy avourneen, heavy is your sleep, that you are not comin' home to me. Do you pity your mother to-night—me, that gave you the suck five quarters, and that rocked you in your cradle for many's the long night—why don't you speak to me? *Ochone, ochone, ochone, oh!*

"Arrah, Jemmy, *sthore machree*, why did you leave me. Och, *gad é shin*, what's this for. Why did you go from me, and leave me here without one to help me. 'Tis you that comforted me when the rest would be playing out in the *moneen*. Sure you'd come to lay your little head in my lap, and tell me stories to keep off the lonely. *Ochone, gadhow, dow! ochone, ochone, oh!*

"Orrah *wirrah wirrah*—what's this for, Michaelleen, Michaelleen, *ma run cree*, what are you doing? isn't the strings of my heart boulding you, and why don't you come back to me, *run gil*, with your cheeks like the roses, and your hair aequal to the flax itself. Och! *mavrone!* Sure the cows and the goats do be lookin' for you, to drive them home in the evenings.

"Och, my darlings, and are ye all gone, *ochone*—who'll buy me the coat, and the ribbon, or bring me home the tabacoy from the market? Och, who'll take care of me when I'm ould, and carry my four bones over the blue waters? Oh! *Thierna, ochone, ochone, ochone, gadhow, gadhow, dhow, oh!*"

The slanting beams of the western sun fell through the open door upon the cold hearth by which she sat; the wheel and the rock lay with the household furniture neglected and unused, and silence and desolation appeared to reign around, as well as

* The foregoing keen, or Irish lamentation, is not a mere library composition; it is the absolute thought and expression of the keeners in the west of Ireland, and principally written from memory of what the writer has often heard at wakes, and repeated over graves. It is not the wild Irish cry sung at a funeral, but the emphatic lament of real grief vented over the corpse, or by the mourning relative kneeling at the grave, or, as in the instance above, *chaunted* by the weeping mother at her own fireside. Abrupt and irregular as all outpourings of the heart in such cases must be, no matter what the language, it always wants the smoothness of a studied composition; yet there is a harmony pervading it. Many of the Irish expressions introduced are purely western, and some of them very local. Several of them are but exclamations of grief, and do not possess any definite meaning, that could be translated into English at least. The *Wirra Strue*, or *Is truagh*, is an expression of intense pity, and forms, with the *ochone*, the burden of most of our laments. Each of these epithets and expressions, and those others, such as *Deelish*, "dearest," or *Gadhow*, "for ever," are repeated several times in succession; and the latter term in particular may be recognised among the western laments as the beginning and ending of several of the stanzas, for in reality they are a sort of metrical extemporary elegy. It is a most touching expression, implying the everlasting loss the person has sustained, thus poured forth—for ever! for ever! ever, ever, oh! *Gad de shin*—what is this, or why is this. O *Thierna* (O Lord) is nearly always expressed in Irish. *Go nora Dia yom*—God help me. *Machuid don theel hu*—"my only worldly treasure," is a term of both endearment and respect very common in Roscommon and Mayo. *Gra Machree*—love of my heart—is, from the beautiful air of that name, already well known to most of our readers. *Laneuh* is child; and *asthere* is an Anglo-Irish expression long in use. *Patha* means simply

within the mourning mother's heart. The doorway darkened, and, as a tall female figure passed within it, the usual salutation, "God save all here," would not have arrested the keener's attention, but that it was pronounced with rather a strange accent for the neighbourhood of Connemara.

When Honor Donnelly turned to see the speaker, she perceived a travelling woman, such as we have already described, and differing slightly in her costume from that of the western country, by wearing an old tattered grey cloak, and on her head the relics of a black beaver bonnet, so battered in by rain and storm, that its *pook* fell down like a shade, below her nose. Honor said nothing, but gave vent to another wild *ochone, ochone*.

"You're in trouble, honest woman, and small blame to you after what you have suffered," said the traveller, "after the loss of your four children."

"True for you, true for you; every one knows their own know, and I know my own know: *ochone*, sure I'm left desolate with nobody in the wide world, but the man of the house and the colleen beg, to look after me, and maybe I'd lose them same afore long, if the Lord isn't good to me, a *van Ulltach*."

"Pon my conscience, and you're not far wrong neither," said the traveller, as she cleared her pipe, and gave rather a knowing look at the distracted mother.

"Why, then, *ahager*," said Honor, whose curiosity and superstition were now fully awakened, "if I might make bould, may be you'd be after telling us if you know anything about them that's gone—*ochone*; *o-honey*, oh!"

"Troth, then, may be I could do

that same. Didn't you lose your four fine gossoons, one after the other? Didn't they melt away from your sight like snow off the side of a mountain? and what do you think they died of?"

At this interrogatory the mother's grief again gushed forth, and she recounted the virtues and beauties of her lost ones in the full aching of her heart. "What did they die of? Och, *avourneen*, the decay! the decay! what my mother afore me died of, and more was the pity, for 'tis she was the *laughy** woman, though 'tis myself that says it. Sure the worins picked their hearts, and they wasted ever, ever, till they were taken from me, and I am left alone. *Oh, wirra wirra*."

"Tis truth you're speaking, Mrs. Donnelly, they were taken from you; but did ye try never a cure?"

"Cure! Och—*goday am cure*. 'Tis many's the cure I tried for one and all of them. Wasn't I at the Dishpinsary wid the doctor; *ducteur sallagh*. What good is he, only blesthering and givin' a dose of salts to everybody, and the master paying him two pound tin a-year for looking after all the tenants on the 'state. I was then, and the last time I was there, for *Paddeny bought*;† he told me to put a warming plaaster on his shust [chest], and to leave it on till it fell off. Sarrah shust we had in the house, but I stuck it on the lid of the box, and it's there to this blessed hour, and not a good. it did him, any more than the ass's shoe that's nelt upon the thrashald. Cure!—didn't I carry Michaeleen, a *rue*, on my back to the pattern of Bal, and performed for him, and washed him in the blessed well, in the *lough* of St. Kieraun; and wasn't I on my two bare, bended knees all the way up the

a pet. *Woo, wo* is merely an exclamation of intense sorrow; but the *Creach maidne*, "a morning's desolation," has a farfetched, but not the less significant meaning, referring to the ancient plundering and consequent desolation seen in the locality on the break of day. Frequently the term for grief or endearment is expressed first in Irish and then in English as *ma run gil*—my white secret—what are you doing; and if the mourner speaks English fluently, both languages are very commonly mixed up and run into one another, as we have shewn in the text, the more passionate thoughts being expressed in the original language. *Gurim agus costym mich hu* is another term of excessive endearment, meaning love, praise, and the invocation of blessing, very common in the west. *Avourneen*, or *avourneen*—my dear. *Moneen*—a low, damp, boggy ground. *Mavrone*—my sorrow.

We have spelled the Irish terms introduced above chiefly by the sound, but at the same time as much as possible according to the true orthography. In the Irish cry, or keene, used at funerals in Connaught, the tune is generally raised with *Oh, ilow, ilow, low*.

* *Laughy* (lách), Pleasant, agreeable, civil.

† Poor little Patrick.

reek in honour of a vow I made for the little girl, and never broke my fast till I came home again. Sure, when Jimminy had the *felloon*, didn't I bring him all the ways to Cong, to the Abbot, till he was touched with the blessed rag;* and didn't they all wear the scapular, and the gospels round their necks, till the day of their death. I went to my duty late and early, and said seven paters, seven aves, and a creed,† every Wednesday and Friday, in hopes that the Lord would be good to me, and look down upon my desolate condition. Cures! *Och, och: wirra, wirra.* Where's the use in talking; didn't I go to the fairy-man that's over in the Partrey Mountains, and bring home a bottle from him for Cornaceen; and never spoke to man or mortal while I was going and coming. Ochone, my darling; the angels be with you this night. Hadn't we a "knowledgeable woman" here in the house for a quarter, boiling herbs, and giving it to them to drink. Ochone; 'tis the many, and a many's the cure we got, but all to no purpose. They war to go, and what is to be must be—the Lord be with them. *Och! midh-musha, cures!*"

How long she might have recited the various cures and charms employed, it would be difficult to say, when the traveller interrupted her with, "Oh, then, did nobody ever tell you the real rason of their going. Little business you had looking for cures, and going to the doctors, when the ground you're standing on isn't right. Isn't the house you're living in built on the track of the good people, and how could ye expect luck nor grace after crossing them the way ye've done. Take my advice, Honor Donnelly, and change the house you're living in out of this, and I'll go bail you'll lose no more of your children. Didn't you

ever hear tell of the man in Innis Turk, that built a new house, and had as fine a family of children as ever stood on a floor, or gathered round a skieh, and weren't they all taken away from him, one after the other, till the five of them were gone? Well, at long run, after the last of them was taken away, he was getting up one fine morning in May, to look after a sick cow he had, and when he opened the street door he saw a strange-looking man, with a great crowd of people after him, coming up to the house, and he thought it might be the peelers; so he ran back to hide a little keg of pot-teen he had, but before he had time to turn on the floor, a little old man came into the house and told him not to be anyways daunted, for that they were only the fairies. 'Now, Peter Toole,' says he, 'if you take my advice, you'll knock down this house, that is in the way of the gintry, and when you have removed it to the other side of the backreen you'll get your children back again: so don't be frickened.' He said no more, but walked away, and left Peter Toole thinking and dreaming all day.

"At last he did as he was desired, and knocked down the house, and sign is on him, he got his reward: for one morning, very early, he heard some one knocking at the door of the new house, and when he opened it, there was the same old man, with the five children with him, just at the same ages as when they were taken away. 'Here are your children,' says the man, 'and never let them be late out at night, and don't allow your wife to throw out the ashes early in the morning; and when any of the cows does be calving, put a gad in their ears, and I'll engage no ill luck will come next or nigh them.'"

* The *phuilla ree* was a bit of linen, believed to be marked with the blood of the Martyr, possessed by the late Rev. P. Prendergast, generally styled Abbot of Cong. It was supposed to cure scrofulous diseases, and numbers flocked to him to be touched with it. We have seen it, when a boy, in the possession of the venerable old man, who generally kept it along with the two celebrated relics, now in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy—the crozier, or cross of Cong, and the shrine of the *Fiacail Phadraig*. This miracle-working rag passed into the possession of the Prendergasts, of Ballindangin, county Mayo.

† We are in the habit of sneering at the wordy repetitions and oft-repeated prayers of the truly religious Irish peasant:—Is not the Lord's Prayer repeated every Sunday by the Church of England Protestants at least nine times?

POETRY AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

O Phœbus! and is it my fate to read through
 All those horrible books I've been sent to review?
 The "pamphlets," and "poems," and "sermons," and stuff,
 With the pithy instructions, "Dear Sir, please to puff?"
 Well! well! was one ever so fiercely attacked
 With "plays" that won't play, and with "acts" that won't act.
 With fearful "Disclosures" that nothing disclose—
 With verse that's not verse, and with prose that's not prose;
 With dark "Revelation," too dark to reveal;
 "Thoughts in Favour of Union," that lead to repeal;
 "Proofs of Antichrist,"—proving this fact at the least,
 'That the author, if not the poor Pope, is the "*Beast*:"
 "Common Sense" running riot, and growing delirious,
 And "Mysteries," with nothing about them mysterious,
 Except—if this one little hint may be hinted,
 The very great mystery how they were printed;
 Then the "Guide Books" so dexterously made to mislead,
 And the "Readings in Science" that no one can read;
 The "Screw Loose," by a gentleman pleasantly screwed,
 And the "Hints upon Etiquette," shockingly rude;
 And "The Garden," with margins bedizen'd and bordered;
 And "The Beauty of Order," that never is ordered;
 And "preludes" that never find tips to begin them;
 And "novels" without any novelty in them;
 And "bills," with weak heads, and long "tales" without ends;
 And "Man's enemy tamed," by a circle of friends;
 And "Lord Manners new dressed," by a couple of Pegs;
 And "The Pigeon walked into," by two pair of *Legs*;
 And "The Plot of the worthless," that's scarcely worth pleading;
 And "The Students unwigged," an *un-called-for* proceeding;
 And "The Belle of the Season" that's never in season;
 And "The Bondsman" unfettered by rhyme or by reason;
 And "The Sceptic soon answered," that doubles each doubt of us;
 And "The Hope that is in us," that *can't* get cash out of us;
 And other such drivelling twaddle and trash,
 Of which I'm to make a respectable hash!—
 Why, not Soyer himself!—

But, no, we must not let our indignation and disappointment carry us the length of doing injustice to the character of that great man. He, and he alone, had he turned his stupendous powers to the subject, could have presented an unctuous and savoury dish to the reader, out of the unpromising and unsubstantial materials that have been placed before us. Nevertheless, we must even try what *we* can do. Without being able to procure many (if any) of the delicacies of the season—if such there be—or even the

good, coarse, homely fare of our fathers, much cannot be expected from us. In these days of novel esculents, all that may be required of us to do is, to show what are the miserable makeshifts and substitutes of Poetry, which those persons who indulge in that luxury, have to put up with at present. We throw our eye over the goodly array of prettily-bound and beautifully-printed volumes on our table, in some doubt as to which we shall give the honour of precedence. There is something irresistibly attractive about that thin

little volume with the emerald green cover,* so we shall hesitate no longer. With this delicate morsel, oh, reader, must thou commence the critical banquet we have prepared for thee. Thou and we are doubly fortunate. An Aldine edition of the poems of a lady! What a combination of attractions. In those lenten days in which we write, the luxury is too great. Mr. Pickering's volumes, in size, in shape, in type, in paper, in every respect, have been always to us the very ideal of the manner in which we would wish all our favourite poets "from many

lands" to appear. They are, however, so elegant, and have such a classical look about them, that we could wish no poetry but that of the highest order could ever be met with in them. An Aldine edition, in our mind, should be at the same time, the evidence, as well as the reward of merit alone. How our fair friend "Emily" has earned that honour, the reader shall now see. The first "poem" in this volume is a loyal address "To Victoria, Queen of Great Britain," which commences thus:—

"All hail thee, gracious Lady! star of our little land!
The free-born sons of Britain—a brave unfettered band."

This fact being stated with the simplicity and conciseness that character-

rise true genius, the fair poet and panegyrist thus logically continues:—

'Yes, yes: the British nation is a noble *bonny* thing,
Her sons to majesty and might with trustful homage cling."

The rapidity with which "Emily" makes up her mind as to the character of the British nation upon the strength of the reasons given in her first couplet, is admirably expressed by the abrupt "yes, yes," with which our second quotation begins. Dull and shortsighted critics might object to the introduction of the word *bonny*, as being not quite adapted to the greatness of the subject. Not so do we. It is, in fact, the key of the entire poem: "Emily" desiring to denounce the revolutionary tendencies of the age, and to act as a sort of special constable in poetry and petticoats! pays a well-merited compliment to the loyalty of the "British nation." But the question arises, what is the British nation? "Emily" says it is "a *noble, bonny thing*." Now, we insist that

Emily is here a sly satirist, and by those adjectives limits her praise to England and Scotland, and deprives Ireland of the benefit of the compliment. We all know from the *Times*, and other modest and veracious journals, that no people on the face of the earth, but the English, is entitled to the epithet "noble": and, then, "bonny" at once proclaims the locality to which it alone can refer. If Ireland were meant to be included, some unmistakeable adjective, expressive of "that part of the empire," would certainly have been used. We would humbly suggest either "starving," "hungry," or "wretched," which a poet of Emily's command over rhythm would easily introduce into her poem; the line would then probably read thus:—

Yes, the British nation is a noble, bonny, *hungry* thing."

Farther on in the poem, "Emily" compliments her Majesty on the *largeness* of her heart, bids her be of good

cheer, and renews her praise of the "noble bonny thing"—the British nation:—

'Fear not, bright Queen of England! let no shade nor sorrow dwell
Upon the *ocean* of thine heart: we love thee much too well.
We are a goodly people, and we have a goodly Queen,
And we'll uphold her on her throne right royally, I ween."

'Fugitive Poems." By Emily. London: William Pickering.

Emily, however, does not confine her observations to mere domestic politics. Her pride and security as one of the goodly people aforesaid, do not prevent her feeling commiseration for the fate of the Citizen King. Without any experience of evil herself, still, like Dido, our fair poetess burns to succour the distressed. The vicissitudes of life, and the instability of fortune were never more strongly exemplified than in the career of Louis Philippe. It was a great subject, worthy of the peculiar powers of our authoress, and wonderfully has she availed herself of it. We give this original and remarkable production in its entirety:—

“LOUIS PHILIPPE.

“The Monarch’s heart beats high,
All bends beneath his rod;
Earth holds no *dynasty*
More proud than his *Synod* ! !”

“Power, wealth, is at command,
Might reigns around his throne:
Alike in every land
His sovereignty is known.

“His ships sail on the sea,
His tall flag woos the wind,
The ablest king is he
Of all proud human-kind.

“His counselors are wise,
His trumpet sounds, and then
Full suddenly uprise
Four hundred thousand men.

“A storm lowers in the sky,
Dissenting lightnings play,
Rebellion’s voice grows high,
The Crown has passed away.

“Where is the man of state?—
A fugitive unknown,
With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne.”

This the reader will admit to be a gem of purest ray serene, which must put “Belshazzar’s feast” for ever in the shade. The first line, more graphically than even the most graphic sketch of Richard Doyle, puts the *discontent* monarch before the eye of the reader, in all his pride of power. The second line—

“All bends beneath his rod,”

is another instance of Emily’s power

of shadowing forth a deeper meaning than appears upon the surface. Other monarchs are represented as wielding the sceptre—Louis Philippe, the *rod*—emblematic of his early application to the duties of a schoolmaster. Thus, in two lines, and by the introduction of one happy word, the entire past life of the hero is given. The next two lines are unrivalled, for the striking effect which a novel and unexpected mode of pronunciation adds even to a couplet, so well balanced and so clearly expressed as this—

“Earth holds no dynasty
More proud than his *synod*.”

After this, Keats’s magnificent termination to the Sonnet on Chapman’s Homer—

“Silent upon a peak in Darien,”

need be quoted no longer. We cannot stop to admire the peculiarity which is attributed to French ships, namely, of sailing “on the sea”—and the fact of the national flag of France wooing “the wind” when it is unfurled; nor even the “*dissenting* lightnings,” which are represented as playing round the tottering throne of the barricades. We must hasten to the end—

“Where is the man of state?—
A fugitive unknown,
With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne.”

Oh! climax of all possible evils—

“With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne !”

What more can be added? Further analysis is useless. Our readers will join with us in paying the tribute of our tears to the unfortunate subject and *author* of this incomparable ode.

It would be unfair to “Emily” to allow the reader to suppose, that even in those stirring times she cannot withdraw her mind from public questions, and indulge in those fancies and tastes which poets, “who,” as Moore says, “were born in happier hours,” are supposed to enjoy. At page 9 “Emily” informs the world how she

would particularly wish to spend the night—

“Far out upon the billow
My lone *canoe* and I,
The wild wave for a pillow,
The sea-mew glancing nigh.

“Commend me to the moonlight,
With a bark upon the sea.
The tranquil, happy moonlight,
That is the time for me!”

“Emily” is evidently fond of the sea. In a poem, page 18, called, “Somberrö,” the following fine picture of the ocean is given:—

“When sweeps the wildly raging sea,
By the far shores of *Carribbee*,
There is a barren, lonely rock,
That echoes to the billow’s shock.
It seems a spot at random hurled,
A speck upon the watery world,
A blot upon the ocean wide,
That woos the sea-bird for its bride.
Where proudly dash with frenzy frantic
The bold waves of the broad Atlantic!”

The reader may think we have spent too much time in breaking this butterfly on the wheel. Let them hear the threat with which “Emily” concludes her volume, and he will be of a very different opinion. Here it is—

“CONCLUSION.

“We have been friends of old, my papers, I and ye,
We have trudged along together through joy and misery:
And now an unbefriended book, I launch ye on the world,
To meet the scorn and irony that may at it be hurled:
Yet go away, my little book, and tell the courteous men,
Who smile at thy simplicity, thou’rt from a youthful pen,
That perchance may please them better if they let it write again.”

Ah! no, dear Emily, do not do anything so dreadful. Work Berlin wool, attempt *crochet*, knit purses, mend stockings; the easiest and idlest of these occupations will be a profitable and praiseworthy expenditure of labour and time, compared with *that*.

The transition from green to blue being the most natural, we take up, at a venture, this second pretty-looking volume, bound in cloth, of the latter graceful colour. As we live! another Aldine, and another Lady!—“Thoughts and Meditations in Verse. By a Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith.”—Well, there is something novel and attractive about this, at any rate. The Harp of Sion we feared had as little chance of being heard again on earth as the Harp of Tara. Let us see whether the “Maid of Judah” has any claim to being put upon a level with the “Minstrel Boy.” Like our fair friend “Emily,” the young lady of the Hebrew Faith has had her mind very much occupied with the state of France during the past year. Her hero, however, is not Louis

Philippe, but Lamartine, to whose praise about a quarter of the volume is given. The first poem is addressed to him, and must, doubtless, have given great consolation to that philanthropic statesman. She promises him “a brilliant immortality,” and continues:—

“Thou dost, in truth, a model seem
Of all that’s noble, wise, and good.”

Although she candidly acknowledges to him—

“Such excellence as thine, by few
Will be acknowledged, or understood.”

Further on she gives the object of her laudation the following piece of novel information—

“Thy gifted brain hath oft produced
Works intellectual and profound”

She then continues, and concludes with the following correct and subdued image—

* “Thoughts and Meditations in Verse.” By a Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith. London: William Pickering.

'Thy sphere is distant far from mine,
 Although thy radiance lights us
 here;
 Thou may'st be likened to a star,
 Amid thick darkness shining clear.
 As pilgrims oft in ancient times,
 Travelled to many a sacred shrine,
 I'd journey far to gaze on thee,
Bright image of our God divine!!!

Her admiration of Lamartine, however, does not render her indifferent to the misfortunes of the exiled royal family. How touching and conclusive is this

" LAMENT OF
 THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

" My power and influence are gone!
 Obscure, too, is my dawning fame;
 No opportunity is left
 To win a high distinguished name.
 In my imagination once
 How bright and fair the future
 shone!
 I dreamt not my long-cherished plans
 Would be so suddenly overthrown."

The ingratitude of France, however, pains him more than anything else. "Ungrateful France," he continues, "so cruelly

" To banish thy delightful land,
 Those who to thy *real interests*
 Would have devoted heart and hand."

Little did she know of the anxious days and sleepless nights that the prince, and all his family, spent in devising plans for her glory and welfare. Mildly, but reproachfully, he says—

" Thou wert our study constantly;
 Nor did our efforts ever cease
 Thy vast dominions to extend—
 Thy rich possessions to increase."

" Had I remained," he says modestly—

" Thy mighty power
 Should have filled all the world with
 fear;
 Fresh glory thou should'st have ac-
 quired,
 By conquest each succeeding year."

Well for England, however, fate interposed, and prevented the fulfilment of the prince's intentions. "I had resolved," he says—

" Britannia proud
 No more should boast to rule the sea,
 And that *all* nations unto France
 Should *only* tributary be!"

Like Byron's, Joinville's "Curse" shall be forgiveness. "Still," he touchingly continues—

" Though my family are deprived
 By thee, of wealth, rank, home, and
 friends,
 A thousand blessings from this shore,
 My patriotic bosom sends."

He would not revenge their injuries "to be the monarch of the world,"—feels his breast still burn "with triumph" at the sight of the French flag—promises his valuable assistance when France his "services shall need"; and concludes—

" Impatiently my spirit yearns
 To tread thy glorious soil once more;
 I live supported by the hope,
 Time will this precious boon restore."

The truth must be told. The young lady of the Hebrew faith has lost whatever little faith she once possessed in the capacity of the French people for freedom since Lamartine's removal from office. In a poem addressed "*To France Torn by Civil War*," she states this plainly, and for this reason—

" While Lamartine your reins did guide,
 Some hope upon the future shone;
 Now that you've cast his aid aside,
 Deep gloom is o'er your prospects
 thrown."—p. 101.

Speaking of the hopes that some sanguine persons had in the revolution, she says—

" Your friends had hoped for better
 things;
 Who that your *lofty language* heard,
 Would have believed, *O ye fickle beings!*
 Such passions in your bosoms
 stirr'd?"

The novelty of being obliged to pronounce "*beings*," in the third line, as *bings*, to rhyme with *things*, in the first, is, perhaps, only to be equalled

by the reason assigned in the second line for expecting steadiness and consistency of purpose in the people of France. They are, however, punished for their fickleness, by being compelled to accept the iron rule of Cavaignac for the mild sway of Lamartine. Still this will not quiet this turbulent people, according to the young Hebrew lady; for, continuing her address to France, she says—

"But much, I fear, when icy death
Has with its terrors chill'd your rage,
You will just pause to gather breath,
And then again in fight engage!"

This "resurrection of the body," for the purposes of mortal combat, shows clearly that the French are even a still more *lively* people than they got credit for; and it is certainly the most singular attribute of theirs that has come under our notice. It more than realises the exploit of Ariosto's hero—

"Andava combatando ed era morto."

If our space permitted, we would wish to give the lines to Lord John Russell in full. We must, however, make room for a stanza or two:—

"Honour be given to thee, Lord John,
With truest wisdom thou'st behaved;
Thy firm but moderate conduct has
England from fearful evils saved.
Thy calm undaunted attitude.
While it the discontented awed,
Did not provoke them to rebel—
Such measures all men must applaud.
I know thou hast a noble soul,
By kind and just emotions moved;
That thou art fitted to command
The late events have fully proved.
How peaceful must thy feelings be,
How must thy generous heart exult?
That by forbearance thou hast quelled
The threatened riot and tumult"!!!

This rhyme "*tumult*," though by

no means so daring or original as Emily's "*Synod*," still is not without considerable merit, and gives great promise of future excellence in that direction, if the young lady will only persevere in writing and publishing such verse. We must pass over a great deal in this address to the premier, to make room for what appears to us to have first suggested to Lord John the lucky idea of the "*Rate in aid*." Landlords of Ireland, the Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith "has done it all":—

"Apply thy mighty intellect,
The labourer's sufferings to assuage,
Let the condition of the poor
Thy deep and earnest care engage.
Legislate not for wealth alone,
The rich their own rights can protect,
'Tis shameful, th' interests of the poor
Statesmen should scornfully neglect.
Prove that thou art superior
To policy so mean and base:
And sympathise with poverty,
Though of a lofty ancient race.
By acts benevolent and just,
Thou may'st a reputation gain,
Which will to all posterity
A beacon-light and guide remain."

—p. 50.

The author of Coningsby, as might be expected, is an especial favourite of our poetess; and with the lines addressed to him we shall take leave of the "Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith;" assuring her on the faith of a Christian, that we sincerely believe her to be a charming, intelligent, good-natured, dark-eyed daughter of Israel, but without the faintest shadow of a vocation for the divine art of poesy, whatever her affectionate and worthy mother—for whom, we are told, the volume was written—may think to the contrary:—

"TO BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.

"Dare I, indeed, attempt to sing of thee?
Thou brilliant orator and sparkling wit!
I write thy name in truth all tremblingly,
For through my brain bright vivid memories flit
Of those streams of sarcastic irony,
Thou in the senate house hast oft times launched
At all whose sentiments did not agree,
With aught thy firm and vigorous mind advanced!!
But with these recollections others blend
More sweet and lofty: I with joy recall
Those glowing works, whose fame can never end,
But must, while time endures, all hearts enthrall.

My spirit glances o'er forthcoming years,
 And prophesies for thee a splendid fate;
 Thine intellect that so profound appears,
 Will thee to highest honours elevate.
 Yes! 'midst thy sovereign's counsellors thou'lt sit,
 Thy country's destinies assist to guide;
 Gaining fresh laurels, statesman, poet, and wit,
 In a career to thee as yet untried."—p. 115.

Having thus consigned two such charming young ladies to the Limbo of lost (poetical) reputations, with a want of mercy and gallantry that must have turned the hearts of many a fair reader against us, we must now endeavour to procure them some male companion for that long and dreary journey, whose ponderous pretension, and incomprehensible jargon, may prepare them for the cimmerian darkness and unintelligible dialect of that dismal region. What is this thin-looking Tennysonian volume about the size of "The Princess?"*

There is something about the sober colour of the cloth in which it is bound, that bespeaks extreme confidence. As if in its contempt of external gilding and garish decoration, it proclaimed, "There is something in this that passeth show":—*Revelations of Life, and other Poems, by John Edmund Reade*. Such, oh, reader, is THE WORK and THE MAN: with the latter we have to renew an acquaintance of some ten years' standing; with the for-

mer we have considered it our duty to get on as familiar terms as the conscientious reading and re-reading of the "Revelations" and the "Poems" would permit. Our opinion of this volume, and of the pretensions of the author to be considered a POET, are so unfavourable, and so completely different from the conclusions that it is evident Mr. Reade himself has come to on the subject, that we have bestowed more than ordinary attention on this work, with the view of discovering what there was in it, either in composition or execution, that could possibly have given grounds for the egregious self-complacency of the writer, as is exemplified in many passages. On the fly-leaf of the volume before us, we perceived that Mr. Reade has already published six other works, five of which purport to be in verse. Although diligent book-threshers, stall-searchers, and review-readers, we do not recall to mind anything of any of these books, but the "Italy":—

"We here evoke the shadow of THE WAS"!

(to borrow one of the most remarkable lines in his present poem, p. 44), which, along with two other of Mr. Reade's "Poems," was reviewed in the number of this Magazine for June, 1839.† The impression left on our mind by that notice was, that it was an industrious and obliging reproduction of the fourth canto of Childe Harold—the poetry and harmony of the original being carefully omitted. However that may have been, we will not now stop to inquire. Whenever the public demand a complete re-issue of Mr. Reade's books, we shall be content to return to the subject. We have at present to do with the "Revelations," which, we regret to say, bear the same

unfortunate resemblance to the "Excursion" of Mr. Wordsworth, as the former work did to the masterpiece of Lord Byron. Why Mr. Reade should have considered it necessary to have introduced his "Pastor," "Enthusiast," and "Fatalist" to the world, sitting on eternal "granite" benches, and holding "imaginary conversations" that would have puzzled Savage Landor himself, we cannot discover, except that he may have imagined Mr. Wordsworth's "Pastor," "Wanderer," and "Solitary," had omitted many important topics, which he felt it his vocation to supply. Had the new matter (supposing it to be such) retained any portion,

"Revelations of Life, and other Poems." By John Edmund Reade. London: 1848.

† Dublin University Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 727.

however small, of the simplicity or elevation of the old, we would be slow to object to "more last words" from Mr. Wordsworth *per* Mr. Reade. Not being able to find either of these attributes; being equally unsuccessful in discovering any other quality that would compensate for their absence; finding neither originality of conception nor felicity of execution, we must be excused from conceding to Mr. Reade, or his work, the position which, in his introduction, he seems to claim for both. It is painful to write thus of a man who is evidently well-intentioned, and who is actuated by a lofty and a laudable ambition. But when upon a careful perusal and reperusal of his work, we find no single passage which we for a moment could think of quoting, except for its singularity or affectation; when we find no new truth uttered, and no old one repeated with a happy novelty, or even a common heartiness of expression, there is nothing for an honest and unprejudiced critic to do, but to pronounce his opinion, and to place before the reader some materials on which he may be able to come to a decision for himself.

In the first place, we utterly abhor, denounce, and abjure that slip-slop combination of words, which it has been the fashion for some years to present to the world, under the much-abused name of *blank verse*. "Prose run mad," was the happy epithet applied by a wit of a former age, to the poor imitations of this noble metre, which were then attempted to be palmed upon the world, and would still apply, if it were not almost as difficult to reduce the composition of which we speak, to correct prose, as it is to raise them to the elevation of tolerable verse. The simplicity and

directness of the former is sacrificed, without any of the harmony or felicity of the latter being obtained. And thus we have sentence after sentence, so involved in construction, with so many forced and unnatural inflections and transpositions, and so chopped up into lines more or less nearly approaching to the regularity of ten syllables, that the sense (if any) is utterly lost, and we find ourselves only smiling at the monomania of the author, who all the while believes that he is actually writing blank !

How or when this mongrel sort of versification crept in, it is not easy to determine. There is a fore-boding of it in Cowper, though most amply redeemed; and in the great cycle of poets that has just passed away, we find it occasionally in all, perhaps with the exception of Coleridge and Shelley. The blank verse of Byron's dramas is far from being perfect. Southey's epics are for ever buried beneath the weight of their own words. The metre of Rogers's "Italy" is as perfect as that of "Paradise Lost," but on so low a key as to be scarcely audible; while even Wordsworth himself too often forgets the conciseness, felicity, and melody that are so apparent in most of his sonnets. We are sorry to find that Mr. Tennyson, also, in his lately published poem of "The Princess" has fallen into the same unmeaning and unmusical prosiness of versification, unworthy of one who has so many times "chantered a melody wild and sweet." These men were, however, all Poets, who, though they could be "harsh" and "crabbed" occasionally, could also be "as musical as is Apollo's lute." But what shall we say to such lines as the following, and of such, and no better, is the staple of this book made up:—

"The Fatalist replied not, but advanced
To the Enthusiast, returning: 'Sir
Gratitude deeper than we pay we owe you.
Priceless spiritual revelations are.
And you have delved the soul roots of the man
Creature of impulse and of art, traced through
Phases of being, glorified by lights
Create within him, till again declined
To reverential childhood.'"—p. 38.

Now, in this short extract, we have a specimen of most of the defects of which we complain in this book. The abruptness with which "Sir" termi-

nates a line, and begins a sentence, to us, at least, has a very forced, if not comical appearance.

"Priceless spiritual revelations are,"

can only be equalled by other lines, constructed on similar principles, which are to be met with throughout the "Revelations;" such as —

"Even so our *impresses*
Discords and melodies inwoven are."
—p. 7.

Not to talk of *impresses*, which is one of Mr. Reade's pet words, we ask why this last line could not be written simply—

"Are discords and inwoven melodies?"
Or,

"Are discords and melodies inwoven."

The verse would be as good, and the grammar far better. Again, he says even more obscurely—

"We breath-dependents are, whose
name is change."—p. 74.

And of another kind—

"The mantle dropped of prophecy."
—p. 175.

Or—

"Thy altar place of opening life, and
grave"—p. 163.

"Fountain of Joy! that overflows thine urn,
Wakening to *notice* being life that else
Were chaos; or *create*, or *uncreate*,
Save by the presence."—p. 10.

At p. 13 we have—

"By melody or motion *half-create*."

At p. 38 we have it again in the passage already given. At p. 73 "thought"

"I knelt down as I poured my spirit forth by that gray gate,
In the fulness of my gratitude, because I was *create*."

Of the words *pulse*, *impulsing*, *impulsive*, they occur so often that it would be impossible to enumerate the instances. In a poem of ninety-four pages

"We breath-dependents are, whose name is change;
Our liberty is tree-like, blossoming
In thoughts or deeds: earth-rooted, fed by air,
Impulsed by notice, calm or restless still."—p. 74.

We must pass over the iteration of such words as *gravite*, *sublimated*,

Or, again—

"Like the shroud of faturity and tomb."
—p. 114.

We take these passages almost at random, as we turn over the leaves, and could add many others to them if necessary. Our space, however, will only permit us to touch on this peculiarity of Mr. Reade's style, as we have two or three still more glaring instances of affected phraseology and bad taste to notice. Of the first of these, perhaps, the use of the word *create*, for *created*, is the most singular, and the least excusable. Next to *create*, the word *impulsive* and its derivatives seem to be the favourites. We shall give a few instances of both. Our first extract gives the two together—

"The truthful and *impulsive* is outlived;
A new and restless spirit is *create*."
—p. 4.

At page 10 we have it again in two shapes, as well as another word, *motive*, which nearly rivals *impulsive* in the estimation of our author. Addressing stuart (which Mr. Reade calls "*ingenerate essence*," p. 10; "*pure intermediate*," in which the Deity, "*comate self-pulsing Being!*" exists, p. 11) he writes—

is called "*memory-create*." At pp. 139, 154, we see it again; while, perhaps, the climax of the entire is the couplet, p. 158:—

we have marked them as occurring forty-six times at the least. We shall only give one example:—

nether, &c., to come to a few definitions of Mr. Reade, and one other

form of expression, which, from its frequent repetition, has rather a comical effect. At p. 49, existence is called "a *fluxion*, ever growing, becoming never." At p. 50, remorse is styled "the pulse of early memories." At p. 55, he feels that "death is life, to be absorbed in the eternal *flux*" round him. At p. 88, death is termed "the uncompromising real, which dreamers mourn," &c. &c.

The other expression to which we allude is the use of the word "*thing*" by all the characters in the poem. The Enthusiast, at p. 18, sought "to be a *thing* of wings and light." At p. 19, he "grew up a *thing* of impulses." In the same page he became "a *thing* even God approved." At p. 24 he "entered in the world, a *thing* of nerves." At p. 78, the Pastor says he is "a moving *thing*, on all dependent I." At p. 86 another character "became a *thing* of hearing;" while Mr. Reade himself concludes this history, "de natura rerum," by confessing that—

"A *thing* of nature he became."

We regret that the "other Poems," which fill half of Mr. Reade's book, please us still less than even his "Revelations." We often find toward the end of a volume, the principal portion of which is filled by some elaborate, but unsuccessful, attempt at the tale, the epic, or the drama—a sweet little warbling of natural song, which seems almost to have escaped the singer unawares, and which looks as if it were put in for the sake of filling a page, rather than for any intrinsic merits of its own. It is in these little poems that the heart of a true poet speaks. They are thrown off at intervals without premeditation, and almost without effort. An irresistible impulse (to borrow Mr. Reade's phrase) compels him to sing: subject, rhythm, and sentiment, are born at the one moment; and thus often in nearly as short a time as we have been describing it an immortal lyric is created. In Mr. Reade's "other poems," there is nothing of the kind; in fact, his rhymed verse is worse than his unrhymed, as two or three examples will prove. In the first the rhyme seems to have been suggested by Captain Cuttle—

"Mary's hand with mine was joined;
In that touch our spirits *joined*."

—p. 116.

In the same page the jingling of *I* and *Y*, &c., is very displeasing:—

"I should not feel content, if *I*
Left this sweet butterfly to *lie*
Exposed to every passer *by*
Beneath the cold and open *sky*!"

Which, however, is surpassed by the *we* in the next quotation:—

"I wish the weary walk *were* done,
That *we* could reach that timesome tide
We hear, but do not see!
It seems that miles away are *we*;
As if there *we* should never be:
A moment more, *we* stood beside
The everlasting sea!"—p. 120.

Having given so much of Mr. Reade's "poetry," the reader may be curious to see a little of his acknowledged "prose." We take the following specimen from the notes, p. 188:—

"Dartmoor opens the exact reverse. Here, leaving fertile uniformity behind us, we enter abruptly into unenclosed wastes, into an ocean of glens—they resemble nothing else—but an ocean entempered, heaving into mountainous fluctuations: each hollow is haunted with the ghosts of old tradition. While on each loftiest top, whiten those granite altar places, which from their altitudes alone, divested of traditions that Time has rendered holy, assume from their desolation and loneliness a pronounced sublimity."

And again:—

"It must, however, be conceded that Nature here demands the whole man: one to whom her russet weeds and holiday garb are alike welcome; to whom her frowns and smiles have an expression, alike understood. For here the beautiful unfolds itself occasionally in veins of the richest and brightest gold, buried rather than hidden, among the sternest forms of a repelling sublimity and desolation."

This, the reader will recollect is Mr. Reade's *prose*. Now, let us see whether, without the omission or introduction of a single word, we cannot make as good verse out of this, as any to be met with either in the "Revelations" or the "other Poems":—

" Dartmoor opens the exact reverse ;
 Here, leaving fertile uniformity
 Behind us, we abruptly enter into
 Wastes uninclosed, into an o-cc-an
 Of glens—they nothing else resemble—
 But to an o-cc-an entempested,
 Into mountainous fluctuations heaving.
 Each hollow with the ghosts of old tradition
 Is haunted ; while on each loftiest top
 Whiten those granito altar-places which,
 From their altitudes alone, divested
 Of traditions, Time has rendered holy—
 From their loneliness and desolation,
 A pronounced sublimity assume !"

Or this, which is still better :—

" It must, however, be conceded that
 Nature demands the whole man here, to whom
 Her russet weeds, and holiday attire
 Alike are welcome : one to whom her frowns
 And smiles have an expression, alike
 Understood ; for here the beautiful
 Unfolds itself occasionally in veins
 Of the richest and the brightest gold."

Here is a specimen of prose "done into verse," which, we repeat is as good poetry as anything in this book which Mr. Reade prints as such. As we have already said, we would not notice this volume at the length, or with the severity that we have done,

but for the singular vanity and self-complacency of several passages. Will it be believed that Mr. Reade has had the boldness to promise a sure immortality for his verse, in language scarcely less confident than that used by Shakspeare, in his 55th sonnet :—

" Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive *this powerful rhyme.*"

Thus prophesies the immortal bard. Mr. Reade, in his passion for imitating everything, must, of course imi-

tate this : so we have the following, in his " Final Lines on Doubting Sheep-state," p. 170 :—

" Life is oblivion, hope, its sigh suppressed :
 Let the great mystery in darkness rest,
 So child-like, I be gathered to thy breast !
 Or in thyself, or in the universe
 Thy visible thought : and be *this lasting verse !*
 Record of him whose spirit Thou didst nurse."

In his introductory address " To the Spirit of the Age," he makes his claim with equal confidence and modesty. But we must have done. We shall only add, that Mr. Reade has given the best criticism that could possibly be given of his poem, and the best epitaph on himself. Of the former, we would say with him, " Life's" (meaning "*The Revelations of*")—

" Life's unintelligible plan
 Was magnified by words that threw
 Substantial darkness o'er the obscure."

And of the poet himself—

" Men, gazing, *latent meanings guessed,*
 And raised the poet o'er his crew :
 He wiser, to the few confessed
 The failure that he felt and knew."

—p. 112.

After this great effort, we must refresh ourselves with those two or three pretty pamphlet-looking books in paper covers.* Alas! alas! how bitterly we lament our not being a field-marshal, or commander-in-chief, to visit our next two "poets" with exemplary

* "Othello Doomed," &c. By One in the Ranks. Dublin, 1849. "National Lyrics," &c. By a British Soldier. Dublin. "Return again Whittington," &c. London, 1848.

chastisement for such prose and poetry as the following. Without promoting them, we would certainly inflict *corporal* punishment upon them :—

(Poetry—"By One in the Ranks.")

"Death is a grimly cur, bitter with paleness,
And cold to the very soul! It freezes
Thought: and all the wild enthusiasm
Of revolving life, curdles beneath his
Paw; stagnant and horrible! This is the
Unkind monster which makes man fret about
His soul, and sends him roving through a
Wilderness of theology, as a
Penance for his existence."—p. 37.

(Prose—"By One in the Ranks.")

"Life is not a distinct inhabitant of shapes, but a great united mass—a fluid ocean of intensity, surrounding our globe, having visible and invisible properties. It might be compared to one universal tree, budding prolifically animal blossoms; which wear for a time their summer leaves, then drop them down in withered thousands; while the tree original lives on, multiplying samenesses."—p. 100.

("A Lyric"—"By a British Soldier.")

"The immortal Sir Walter Scott has said,
'I ask, where is the man with soul so dead,
Who returning home from some foreign strand,
Hath not said, this is my dear native land?'
And I, who sometimes sing my humble song,
Would still the echo of his words prolong,
And further ask, what British heart would yield
To Britain's foes the glories of the field?"

This continuation of Scott's patriotic question is inimitable. Of the poems dedicated to the memory of that greatest man of our childhood—"Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"—we shall only say, that notwithstanding much puerility and immaturity, the simplicity and correct rhythm of several passages pleased us. Of these we may instance the following; the easy flow of which is in itself a great merit :—

"I LONG TO WANDER BY THAT BROOK.

"I long to wander by that brook
My youthful fancy ponder'd o'er,
And seek again the favourite nook
Which oft a boy, I sought before;

I sigh to climb my native hill,
To look abroad on nature's charms,
The aged spire, the distant mill,
On snowy cots and cultured farms!

"I long to see that kind old man,
With nut-brown face, and locks of grey,
To win whose smiles I oftentimes ran,
And left my playmates and my play;
And while I leant upon his knee,
He spoke of many a foreign land.
Oh! how I wish once more to see
That goodly man, and press his hand!

"I long to stray among the flowers,
Where bees and birds sing free and glad,
For bright as sunshine between showers,
Is nature's joy to hearts long sad;
So boyhood's home bursts on the sight,
Of him who has known homeless years,
And vivid visions, young and bright,
Repay the wanderer for his tears."—p. 56.

Happy for the poet whose better fortune it is to come next before our critical eye, at a moment when we feel ourselves softly melting into a more merciful mood. The bright rosy colour of this volume,* like the dawn of a new day, shines hopefully upon us, auguring better things, we trust, than the unsubstantial phantoms that have detained us so long. This volume is so prettily got up, and the author's verse wanders occasionally so near the enchanted realm of poesy, as to carry away now and then upon its surface, some beautiful shadows reflected from that wonderful region (although we cannot admit it to be in itself one of those everlasting streams—

* "Poems." By Thomas John Ouseley. London and Shrewsbury, 1849.

"That water the greenland of dreams,
The holy land of song").

that we are more disappointed, than if we found less to praise, and more to censure. Mr. Ouseley's volume contains a variety of poems in various metres, some in blank verse, but the greater number in measures more or less nearly approaching the perfection of lyrical harmony and completeness. We think Mr. Ouseley's blank verse, on the whole, much better than his rhymed, and should he continue to write, we would strongly recommend him to use that form in preference to the other. The wonderful richness and novel melody of Shelley's lyrics have, it is quite plain, fascinated Mr. Ouseley, as they must every true disciple of poetry; and are, we think, the models which he has rather attempted to rival than to imitate. But his ear is either so radically defective, or his command of poetical language so limited, that no one lyric in this book is sustained from beginning to end, with an even and uniform dignity and harmony, according, at least, to what in our estimation, is the proper standard of elevation of thought, or sweetness of versification. The first poem in the volume is, perhaps, as favourable a specimen as we could select both of Mr. Ouseley's rhymed and blank verse. Indeed of the former, it is of a higher quality than usual, more equal in rhythm and fanciful in idea. We shall give it entire, italicising some of the passages that we condemn and admire:—

"THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

"She comes adown the pale blue depths
of heaven;
Above her head, an undimmed wreath
of light
Spans the deep ether dome. In either
hand
A vase of frosted silver, whence arise
'Transparent clouds of incense. On
her head
A coronal of snow-drops, like gemm'd
tears
New fallen from sad-loving spirits'
eyes.
Her spotless wings, like sun-illuminated
snow,
Fan the ambrosial air, as seedlings
rise
In beauty infantine—spreads their
leaves

To catch the luscious sighs. She
gently comes,
To kiss her sister *May*,
Who, robed in hawthorn white,
Like a young fairy sprite,
Sings her enchanted lay,
The honeysuckle bells
The air with perfume swells:
And from the woodland spray
The songster's joy-notes trill,
As the low-whispering rill
Breathes forth its calming music till
the close of day.

"The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies;
The modest violets
Under the hedgerow sets,
Lift up their soft blue eyes;
And the meek daisies show,
Their breasts of satin snow,
Bedeck'd with tiny stars of gold
amid perfume sighs.

"Moon-dyed primroses spread
Their leaves, her path to cheer,
As her step draweth near,
And the bronzed wall-flowers shed
Rich incense: summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Ushered to life, and fed
By the young zephyr's wing,
Who elfin music ring,
Luring the bee from out their
thyme-wave fragrant bed.

"From their calm limpid cells
Fair Naiades arise,
With laughing, sunny eyes;
Casting their witching spells
The beauteous one to greet,
And lave her ivory feet.
At their bright crystal wells.
Young buds pout forth their leaves—
Earth a green garland weaves—
New life, and joy, from Nature's
lovely bosom swells.

"She comes with smiles upon her blushing
cheek—
With fragrance breathing from her
rosy lips;
A paragon of beauty—a desire—
An angel she of gladness."

There is so much prettiness in this little piece that it is a pity a few defects—some of them violations of the simplest rules of English grammar—have been permitted to remain, which pain the eye, and jar upon the ear of the reader, and which are most fatal to the favourable appreciation of the poem. In the blank verse at the com-

menacement we have nothing to object to, except, perhaps, the word "*seed-lings*," which after the "sun-illuminated snow," and the "ambrosial air," is rather prosaic, and savours somewhat of the bathos.

"The honeysuckle bells,
The air with perfume swells,"

is an instance of bad grammar that surprises us. We cannot understand why the "low whispering rill" is made to breathe its calmy music only "*till* the close of day," and not after. In the second stanza, the lines about the pansy are very good, particularly the last—

"Mocking the sunset skies,"

which, along with presenting a good image to the mind, falls on our ear, at least, happily, and with good effect. The word "*sets*," in the next couplet, though correct, is so seldom used as to appear forced and pedantic. "*Satin snow*" is a bad compound, and neither word is applicable to the white of the daisy. The "stars of gold" in that flower are not "*tiny*"—they are, in fact, its "better half." To what "mid perfume sighs," in the end of this stanza, refers, we cannot clearly see. In the next verse "*moon-dyed*" is a good and unhackneyed epithet for the primrose. "*Bronzed wallflowers*," though equally new, is not so true to nature.

"Summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Ushered to life,"

is poetry; but what a falling off in the next passage?—

"And fed
By the young zephyr's wing."

Now, though the *wing* of a fowl, roast or boiled, may be a very good thing, the *wing* of a zephyr would be rather unsubstantial fare even for a "sweet bell-flower." The flowers may have been fanned, or covered, or sheltered, or anything else within the power of wings to do, but it could not be *fed* by them.

The only other defect we shall point out is the faulty grammar in the last line of the last rhymed stanza—

"New life and joy from nature's lovely
bosom swells."

These faults are so obvious, and so easily removed, that we must again express our surprise that the author has allowed them to remain. We would undertake in a quarter of an hour to weed every one of them out of the poem, and to leave it as good poetry as it is now.

We could go through the entire of Mr. Ouseley's volume, and almost in every poem point out the same beauties, and the same defects, if not worse. For, along with such grammar as—

"Waking dreams,
That o'er the wizard fancy streams
And drives," &c., p. 121,

we have such rhymes as "*morning*," and "*dawning*," (p. 13); "*gone*," and "*born*," (p. 150); "*doom*," and "*swoon*," (same page); and a hundred others, which have much more of *Luigate Hill* than *Parnassus* about them; and less of the *Muses* than the *Minorites*; but the task would be invidious and unnecessary. There are, however, two or three other stanzas which we have marked, that in their several ways are so remarkable that we must notice them. The first is taken from "A Dirge on S. T. Coleridge," p. 53. It must be premised that a favourite form of versification with Mr. Ouseley, is to begin and end every stanza of a poem with the same line, which has often a strange effect, as in the following instance:—

"Earth thou hast lost a spark!
Not of dull fire like thine own
Ætna's blaze,
But one immortal! E'en the sun were
dark,
Clad in a robe of mist through night's
dim haze—
Compared to light like his—tremble—
ah, hark!
Earth thou hast lost a spark!"—p. 54.

We trust that Mr. Ouseley had too much respect for the lamented author of "*Christabel*" as to pun upon the word *spark*, though it reads dreadfully like it. There can, however, be no mistake about his eclipsing the sun. This passage nearly approaches the sublimity of the Young Hebrew Lady's "Bright image of our God divine."

Our author can, however, be as successfully the laureate of a living queen as of a dead poet, as the following remarkable stanzas will prove :—

"THE CONTRAST.

[On the evening of the day on which the Queen prorogued parliament, she embarked at Woolwich for a continental tour. Her dress was plain, consisting of a purple-shot silk, a black satin mantle, and a straw cottage bonnet, trimmed with striped blue ribbon.—*Britannia*.]

I.

"In the morning—in her pride,
With her nobles by her side;
On her head a jewelled crown,
Robed in gorgeous regal gown;
All her officers of state,
Round the royal presence wait,
Every eye, and every ear,
Attent the monarch's speech to hear.

II.

"In the evening see her stand,
On her native British strand;
A plain dress of purple hue,
Cottage bonnet trimmed with blue;
Brow, where diamonds without flaw,
Glittered—sheltered now by straw.
"How is she best loved, I ween,
As a woman, or a Queen?"—p. 116.

In the first of these stanzas, the faculty of *hearing* being imparted to the *eye*, is perhaps the most remarkable feature. In the second, we ask—or rather (to use our author's phrase) we "ween," why the "*black satin mantle*" and the "*purple shot silk*" were not immortalised as well as the straw bonnet "*trimmed with blue*." To supply these important omissions, we descend from our critical throne, and take up the lyre. Let the reader judge between us and Mr. Ouseley:—

Being quite hard up for rhyme,
We forgot to say in time,
(Deuced hard to bring this *pat* in!
That her mantle was "*black satin*".
Purple, too, the silk was *not*,
It was only "*purple shot*!"
When a bard describes a queen,
He should be exact, "*we ween*!"

We would not wish, however, to leave an unfavourable impression on the mind of the reader. This volume contains many very beautiful passages, a few of which we shall presently give. We must, nevertheless, repeat, that we do not consider Mr. Ouseley has as yet finished his apprenticeship to the art and mystery of the poet's craft. To obtain a place among the great living *masters*, he has something yet to learn and unlearn :—

From "Heaven is Life."—p. 132:—

"The moonbeam kisseth the pearly
brook,
The silver stream
Windeth through many a shady nook,
Even as a dream;
Brightly the water rippleth on—
LIFE is the stream."

In the next line of this stanza—"Darkness her pall spreads—the light is gone," the flow of the metre is so broken, that the effect of the entire verse is nearly lost.

From "Last Words."—p. 129:—

"The garden flow'rets die,
Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are
still;
Darkness o'erspreads the sky;
E'en birds have ceased their sweet me-
lodious trill;
Yet Spring will beautify,
And *they* return, for such is Nature's
will.

"These will again renew,
The birds their songs, the trees their
leaves, the flowers
Bloom in their rainbow hue;
And silver streams, fed by the summer
showers,
Sing to the heaven's calm blue:
But these are not of us—they are not
ours.
"Ours are the dearest ties:
Once fled, what voice the lost one can
recall?
In climes beyond the skies
The spirit soars too purified to fall:
Memory alone can rise
Upon the wings of love:—yes, that is
all."

The broken but sweet melody of the following, though not breathed out as perfectly as we think it might, still pleases us very much. With the first and third stanzas of this poem, we shall take our leave of Mr. Ouseley's poems:—

"THE BRIDE.

'See where she stands in beautiful
array,
Youth smiling on her,
E'en as the rising of a summer's day;
Sad though she Joyeth!
Simplicity is strewn o'er form and
dress,
Love looks upon her,
Her doating heart thro' tear-drops he
doth bless,
Her soul ho buoyeth.

Is't not her bridal morn, her life's
sweet day,
Her dawn of pleasure?
Ther'why should sorrow o'er that soft
brow play
Marring her blessing?
When the fond soul has met, no more
to part
From its own treasure;
What then pours bitterness upon the
heart,
While love's caressing?
Oh! 'tis the shadow of the days
gone by,
That mocks her joying,
That dims the lustre of that speaking
eye,
Her hopes alloying.

III.

"How steadfastly in faith she walketh
forth,
On him relying,
Who is to be the guardian of her truth,
Through pain, through pleasure;
On him she trusteth with her first of
love,
Nature outvieing;
Who can express the feelings that so
move
Joy's tuneful measure?
None but those beings who have truly
felt
Its magic power,
For strongest minds love's influence
will melt
With its sweet breathing;
Ay, many is the stubborn heart, I
ween,
Hath had to cower,
Abashed beneath the light of beauty's
beam,
When 'tis enwreathing.
Now she breathes freely, for the
morning breeze
With kisses presseth
Her sweet lips with its music from the
trees,
Sighing it blesseth."—pp. 171, 172.

Notwithstanding the sweet savour
of these latter delicacies, we fear that
the appetite of our readers, healthy
and vigorous as we know it to be,
must by this time be well nigh gone.
Indeed from our own various and
onerous duties of cook, caterer, com-
mentator, and critic, we feel well nigh
exhausted: we must, therefore, refresh
ourselves and our guests with one so-
litary dish more; but we promise

them it shall be of the most piquant
and stimulating description. At this
feast, whereunto we have invited so
many of our friends, there has been
nothing produced at all to be com-
pared, for novelty and attraction, to
the poems* we shall presently lay be-
fore them. As to the feast itself, now
that we are about concluding it, we
are quite at a loss for some suitable
name by which it can be best described.
Ovid and George Chapman have had
their "*Banquet of Sense*;" but we fear
that such a minute portion of that
useful ingredient went to the compo-
sition of our dishes, that the misnomer
would be too glaring. Plato had his
Symposium—much too fine a word for
the attenuated fare at our table. Sir
George Strickling and Leigh Hunt
had their "*Feast of the Poets*," which
is equally inapplicable. In one word,
we confess our inability to supply the
proper name, so that in every respect
the anonymous must be upheld.

The writer that Mr. Sutton princi-
pally reminds us of is, that "sweet
singer of the temple," George Herbert
—not so much in the religious char-
acter of his poems, although those of
Mr. Sutton have occasionally that re-
commendation at least, but in the
quaint language and extraordinary
conceits in which he so often indulges.
In these, the disciple has far outshone
the master, and must for ever be pro-
nounced the undoubted lord and ruler
of this narrow but curious domain.
We shall give the first poem in the
collection entire, as a riddle, or poe-
tical Sphynx, the mysteries of which,
we are confident no "learned Theban"
among our readers will be able to un-
ravel:—

"CORRESPONDENCIES.

"I saw seven shades, lean as the death,
That in consumption languisheth;
Each lay alone, deader than stone,
Devoid of sense or breath.
I saw seven gods go gently by,
With each a passion in his eye—
A different passion. These by the
hand
Took the seven shades: making them
stand
Upon live feet: making them start
Within their bosoms with a heart

Never their own: making them
spread
Their arms out for the strong embrace
Which the gods owed them.

Then, instead
Of fourteen, there were twenty-one—
Seven shades, seven gods, seven
fairies lithe
Born of this union. Ever blithe
About immortal business, they
A many-fangled task began,
And waved or whirled away.

‘I saw seven Rays swiftly come on;
One drest in the deep emerald stone,
One with a marigold had grown
Mockingly friendly; and a third
Had robbed the ruby-breasted bird;
*One was arrayed in the purest skies;
Or in the deepest pansy-dyes;
Or in the light of violet eyes; [Good!]*
Or in the gold cloud, whereon lies
In his chamber of molten imageries,
The western sun before he dies.

‘I saw seven shapes stand by the Rays,
While seven Tones their several
ways
Took by me:—

And when any Tone
Gave voice, a Ray, its friend to own,
Sparkled and shook; and a fine
glance
Of recognition sly did dance
In each Shape’s carved countenance.

And when any God,
By any accident, did nod,
A shade must nod, as if it knew,
And so must one of the Fairies too;
And one of the seven Shapes must
choose

To smile; nor durst a Ray refuse
Sparkling to quiver; nor a Tone
To sound its gentle flute alone—
Between these seven, so deep and
good

The understanding was that stood. (r)
The seven Gods now busy grew,
Hither and thither lively flew,
With swiftest change and counter-
change,

Attraction and repulsion strange;
While at their heels, on rapid wheels,
Followed the Shades and Fairies too,
Three thrones they reared, three
kings appeared

And set their kingdom there—(?)
One diamonds had, instead of eyes!

And for a tongue, the wind’s deep
sighs,
And earths and stones for arms and
thighs,
And foam for hoary hair.

‘The second was mossed over,
And his hair was grass and clover;

And his legs were roots of trees,
And his arms branched out to seize
Heaven’s precious influences;
For he loved the first king’s showers,
And his coronal was flowers.

“But the third king had *eyes for eyes*,
And feet for feet, and hair for hair;
And sometimes he would shake his
locks
Into a mane, or in a bear
Go shaggy; or in silly flocks
Of sheep, hang wool about his *thighs*,
Look cunning through a brushy fox,
Or in an owl look wise.

“I saw, amid the kings, up to the skies,
A golden Altar rise,
A Lamb upon it lay;
The Lamb a sword did slay;
Upon the Lamb a Fire did prey!
When from a smoke, up-going, did
for aye
Take to the seven Most High Ones
its little trembling way.

“I saw three Bows,
Three—sevenfold each—
Like rainbows, which
The great world span;
The first upon the Altar goes,
And with the Lamb—
*The second over the first—the third
Over the second run—*
With seven Most High Ones the
third did close:
From the King’s feet their bases rose;
I looked, and called them man.

“The one was of deep raging dyes,
Lurid and thunderous; dyes, which
beat
Like heart’s blood, in a wild pulsation;
Pale first, then glowing deep, then
pale again,
In fitful alternation:
The next was icy, formal, sparkling,
clear
Transparent, *geometric*.

And the third
Was bright, sparkling, and clear like-
wise,
*But warm and fresh as lover’s word
And sweet as woman’s eyes, [Good!]*
Wonder, and mystery, and dread,
with awe,
Like smoke, did o’er it rise—
O, ’twas a perfect thing, without a
flaw!
A miracle so full and deep,
That when that *Holy Bow* I saw
My soul perforce did weep.

“As the first Bow lightened and shone,
The Shades and Rays shook every
one,
And the first King smiled it upon,

When the second Bow its light
The Shapes and Fairies at the sight
Danced, and the second King grew
bright.

"But when the third Bow flamed, each
Tone and God
Did give a voice or nod ;
And the third a solemn finger keeps
Upon his awe-struck lips ;
And the whole universe did rock and
shake,
As if in twain to break ;
And Shades, Fays, Gods, Rays,
Shapes, Tones, Kings—and Bows
Of earth and ocean,
In dread did prostrate fall ;
While the seven Most High Ones
o'er the commotion
Calm, grand, majestic rose :
And they had done it all !" (?)

We give the entire of this strange production to the reader, as a curiosity of literature. Not that we under-

stand it, indeed ; for, like the worthy Scotchwoman mentioned by Southey, we "wad na hae the presumption," but solely for its singularity. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity upon it. As for us, did we exercise our *seven* senses for *seven* hours a-day, during the *sevenscore* years and ten allotted to mortal life, it is *seven* to one that we would be as much in the dark at the end of our studies as we are now at the beginning. We suppose we must "give it up," as to all our inquiries neither the book nor the author would give a more satisfactory answer or explanation than in Wordsworth's Ballad, "We are *Seven*."

From the remaining "Poems" we must cull a few more rarities for the entertainment of our readers. The sky at night is called a "beautiful blue meadow" (p. 13). In the next page a still more singular figure is used :—

"But, oh, thou *blue cloak*—God's own vestment wide,
Blue sprinkled o'er with twinkling drops of gold,
Would that some wind would *blow thee once aside*
And lay all bare the glories thou dost hold."—p. 14.

This, it must be confessed, is *inexpressibly* sublime. In "The Daisy" (p. 22) are to be found some new and pretty fancies ; but the entire piece is so overladen with forced conceits, as to leave only a comic impression on the mind. The bee is described as never coming to woo the daisy—

"Except he brings
His pocket on his thigh."

"*What's that to thee*, thou foul and gluttonous Grave ?
When did I give thee leave to set thy tooth
Against my breast's red secrets ?—I am free !—
Who made my flesh thy slave ?
Come, *shew thy warrant*." &c.

And again—

"What right hast thou, O Grave, to moulder me ?"—p. 31.

And lastly—

"*Let me alone*, thou pensioner of Death !"—p. 31.

In the lines "To a Star" is the following stanza :—

"It gleams ! it gleams ! the gentle
sprite
Its eyelids deigns to part,
Swift shoots a wiry lance of light,
Straight tilting at my heart !

The gnat is called an—

"Old back-bent fellow
In frugal *frieze coat* drest."

We suppose he must be a countryman of ours. In a poem addressed "To my Grave," he puts two or three home questions to the personification of that unpleasant object of contemplation, *e. g.*

"It seems a friend to recognize ;
Darts through the wide door of my eyes,
Falls on my soul's neck with a kiss
Of lovingest surprise !"

In the next stanza, the important question is asked—

"Do stars weep" Sure, to that *shy*
wink,
Some mist, like tears, was given!"

To which an answer is given,
though not very confidently, in the
following verse:—

"And it may weep,—a *star may weep.*"

Of course, for the same reason that
"a Shade must nod," as mentioned in
our first extract. The last four lines
of this poem gives our author's idea of
"the whole duty of man," which must
shock any Malthusian poet or critic
who may chance to read them:—

"For there's no glory, save to try
To breed smiles in the human eye,
And cut off the posterity
Of every tear and sigh!"—p. 34.

Some of the author's peculiar phi-
losophy is given in the poem called
"The Hills"—p. 35. Addressing
those who may differ in opinion with
him, he says:

"Yes, *Messieurs*, right well I bear you."
—p. 37.

In the Sonnet, p. 40, is the fol-
lowing curious image, descriptive of
the sweet pea:—

"What's quieter than death of flower
forlorn,
'Uprooted where the pitiless sun can
see?
'Or marriage of the affectionate sweet
pea,
That put a ring on every fingery thorn."

In the fragment called "Eugene,"
along with a great deal of extrava-
gance, there is manifest a thorough
appreciation of natural beauty, and
more than a glimmering of poetic
power. It of course contains many
passages quite worthy of those we
have already quoted, from which we
select a few:—

"Or watch when March sends out his
windy elves
To shake by the shoulders the deep-
slumbering trees,
To bid them wake, and dress their
drowsy selves
In haste, the approaching Lady Spring
to please;
Nor may those tiresome breezes cease
to tease,

Till their Briarean whispers of soft
psalms,
Draw a green cloth over their naked
arms."—p. 49.

This is the first time we thought
arms was pronounced *alms*. Further
on, we have "*award*" rhyming to
"*broad*" (p. 56), &c.

In a former poem we gave some
pertinent questions put to a star, by
the following it will appear that the
Moon does not pass uninterrogated:—

"What mean thy rays, O thou religious
Moon
Meddling so freely with our inward
parts?
What dost thou then, playing such
gentle tune
On the most private octaves of our
hearts."—p. 51.

According to our author the sea is
not the sea:—

"'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity."—p. 77.

Which we respectfully deny.

The remainder of the volume is
taken up with a long poem called
"Clifton Grove Garland," which we
regret our space will not permit us to
do more than mention. Could we de-
voted an entire article to it, we would
find a difficulty even then in pointing
out all the fantastic conceits and affec-
tations both of thought and language
that we have marked in reading it. Of
these we must be content to offer but
one, which, however, is sufficient to
immortalise the author and the poem.
It is descriptive of the river Trent,
which he calls—

"That preacher of Time's lapse, aye
cloquent,—
That LIQUID PRESENT PARTICIPLE,—
TRENT,
PASSING, NE'ER PAST!"—p. 12.

When Lindley Murray can supply
a poetical image, there is hope for all
things. With this passage we shall
take leave for the present of all our
friends, poets as well as readers. We
trust both classes are pleased with the
manner in which we have arranged
this poetical banquet—the former with
the way in which they have been
dished, and the latter with the mode
in which they have been served. The
opinions which we have pronounced

upon the several books that came before us, may be right or may be wrong, all we can say with certainty is, and we say it in all seriousness and solemnity, that those opinions are honestly and deliberately formed, and are expressed without favour, prejudice, or partiality. We would consider our duty a pleasanter one, if the judgment passed on those writers were, on the whole, more favourable and complimentary. Though we are reconciled to it, from the conviction that a little timely severity may prevent much heart-burning and bitter disappointment, and waste of time and misdirection of talent on the part of most

of them. With regard to such of the writers as we have condemned, our intention were really much less to amuse the reader at their expense, than to good-humouredly laugh them out of their several delusions. The last author reviewed (Mr. Sutton) gives special permission to the critic to be truthful, and we have taken him at his word :—

“ Do you love me ? Come thou nigh me ;
Prick me, man—never relent !
Cut, and hack, and scarify me ;
If the truth can make me sore
Let me be a wound all o'er :—
 Do this but with pure intent,
 I am yours for evermore.”—p. 59.

PICTURES IN THE DARK.

BY A DREAMER.

In the deep quiet of the Midnight hour,
 When Memory sad her lonely watch is keeping,
 What visions burst on my rapt senses, sweeping
 Across the wandering soul with stayless power !

Old forests wave Vast mountain-ranges tower
 To heaven, with clear and glancing rills down-leaping
 Their rugged sides Calm, moon-lit bays lie sleeping,
 O'er-watched by stars Summer landscapes flower

In their rich beauty Loving forms attend
 And gather round me, an ethereal host—
 The childhood's Comforter, the boyish Friend,
 • The Known of riper years. But, welcom'd most,
 A sad and gentle face doth o'er me bend—
 Thine, Una ! once-loved and early-lost.

EASTERN RAMBLES.

CHAPTER II.

A MEDLEY, COMPRISING A NEW USE FOR A MEDICINE CHEST—THE ROY BOTTLE—AN HAREM IN THE DESERT—A DITTO IN NUBIA—ARAB PHLEBOTOMY—BOUGHING IT ON THE NILE—CROCODILE HROOTING, AND A CROCODILE CEMETERY—LYNCH LAW IN EGYPT—SLAVE MARKET AT ASSUAN—THE MOTHER'S GIFT—DESCENT OF THE CATARACT—ODE TO THE RIVER NILE.

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing," so says some wise old saw, and not a doubt of it. "Never meddle with edged tools," unless, at least, you understand the use of them—a moral maxim indelibly impressed on my puerile faculties, by the early and constant contemplation of a veracious picture, wherein was faithfully represented a country bumpkin who had actually cut his head off by the indiscreet application of an unwieldy axe, whereupon the body of said bumpkin remained standing bolt upright, with arms outstretched, in highly natural amazement; while the head, with hair on end, bristled from its unwonted position between the legs, looking up, in grim consternation, at the involuntary dissolution of partnership between itself and trunk. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" grant it; but a little knowledge is, on some occasions, a very diverting thing, as my own practical experience testified in the delights of a medicine-chest. One material component of our outfit for the East was, of course, a medicine-chest, not one of your gim-crack, glass-stoppered, mahogany affairs, but an honest, substantial oak box, well filled with every known combustible, for the cure or prevention of any ordinary disease—not that I previously pretended to any acquaintance with, or skill in, the use of medicine. I had not (like Tony Lumpkin) been "dosed ever since I was born;" nor, like him, had I "gone through every receipt in the 'Complete Housewife' ten times over;" nor had my respected mother (like Mrs. Hardcastle) any "thoughts of coursing me through quinsy the next spring,"—as far, at least, as I was aware of; yet, having purchased a medical treatise to instruct me in the due application of my drugs, I naturally considered myself qualified for the purgation of the Arab race in general, or any member of my own party in particular, whose malignant star might guide him under my hands. On the

Nile my practice was extensive, and of a very flattering description; for Egyptian boatmen, I spread blistering ointment on old mummy cloths—I thought the idea classical and appropriate; of eye-waters and cathartics I was profuse beyond example; but in the Desert I "came out strong." The circumstances were as follow.

A favourite Sheik, belonging to our escort, had suddenly fallen ill soon after we left Lucy, and becoming daily worse, he got himself strapped on his dromedary, covered up his face, and stoically resigned himself to fate. At this juncture it was discovered there was a Hakeem in the caravan, and my patient being brought alongside me as I rode, I promptly administered, internally, a potation of oil of croton, and, to aid and abet the same, applied externally an enormous blister, which was twisted round the throat. It was now two to one against my patient, for poor Sheik Embarak had to struggle against both doctor and disease; but whether I roused any latent energy, or vitality was deep seated in the man, the upshot was, that from that day the Sheik began evidently to amend, and, marvellous to relate, in about three days more was nearly as well as ever. In fact, the Sheik recovered, and I became famous. My name was bruited through the camp; indeed, I became so respected, that no Bedawee of distinction now lit his shebook on the march without first presenting it to the Hakeem, to take a preliminary puff or two—a distinction with which I could have dispensed.

A few days after, as I was riding beside the learned man of our party (the orator of the convent, as you may remember, in the preceding chapter), two Bedawees on foot came beside him, and accosted him after a ceremonious salute. One of them was a fresh-looking fellow, young and hale; the other a little sun-dried, used-up old Arab, grisly and grey.

"This man has no children," commenced the youngster, partly addressing my friend, partly apostrophising his senior; "this man has no boys."

"And how can I help that?" remonstrated our orator, who, from his deep acquaintance with Egyptian lore, had gained the *soubriquet* of Rhamesis the Great; "and how can I help that?"

"You can," rejoined the Arab; "are you not the friend of the Hakeem?"

"Suppose it—what then?"

"Then you can get a medicine from him to give this man boys."

Rhamesis thought to give a turn to the conversation.

"Pray, how old," said he, "do you take this Hakeem to be?"

"How old?" replied the Bedawee, eyeing me curiously, "why, he is four-and-thirty, but not more." (My age to a nicety.)

"Balash," cried Rhamesis, "if he is a day, he is above a hundred years of age! He was, in his own country, a great Hakeem. Kebeer! Kebeer! (lifting up his hands and eyes) he amassed a heap of gold, which he is now going to spend amongst the Arabs; but he did better than that—he made out the elixir of life, and every day he takes a spoonful he becomes younger by a year."

"By Allah, and by the soul of your mother, but this is wonderful!" exclaimed the Bedawee, "he is a great Hakeem." And then he repeated every word of the extravagant falsehood to his ancient comrade, who, however, had already drunk in the narrative with ears and eyes.

"Now, then," chimed in the old man, "he can give me boys, for all things are possible to this Sheik."

"But you, have children, no doubt, already?"

"Children I have; but what of them, they are only girls—the Hakeem must give me boys."

It was in vain I protested my incompetency—in vain I urged it was out of the power of medicine to comply with his demand. The reply was the same to every dissuasive—"All things are possible to this Sheik; the Hakeem of a hundred years can give me boys—the Hakeem must give me boys."

The more I proclaimed my inability, the more obstinately my extraordinary powers were thrown in my teeth. What was a score or so of male in-

fant to the discovery of the elixir of life? My refusal was looked on in the light of a personal injury, and the matter became too serious for a joke; so for nearly three days I was besieged by importunate mediations in behalf of this unfortunate father, till, on approaching Sinai, where the old Arab was to leave us to return to his tents, we found we must bring the affair to a conclusion.

Well, one bright morning I unlocked the medicine chest, and compounding, under the special direction of Rhamesis, a medley of every hot essence the said box contained, the daughter-stricken Bedawee was summoned to the tent. Never shall I forget the joy that lit up the old fellow's eyes when he heard his petition was to be granted. He watched every motion as we corked the precious liquid, showered benedictions on our unbelieving heads, for we still decried the efficacy of the potion; and on Rhamesis handing him the miraculous mixture, remarking, "There are boys in that bottle—keep it safe," the anxious patriarch thrust the pipe into his bosom, kissed both our hands, bounded across the camp, and set off instant for his home in the desert, to test the powers of the Hakeem's prescription, alone, amidst his household gods.

From the day we left Sinai, in our progress through the great desert, as regularly as the morning broke, I held my daily levee. Where all my patients came from, or how the news of my arrival spread, I am utterly at a loss to conjecture; but each day new faces greeted the Hakeem: not that one in ten had anything the matter with him, but the rage for bolting drugs grew with the opportunity; every man seemed bitten with it, even to the Arabs of our own escort. I had to reduce my practice to a regular system. The routine was thus: out of some twenty fellows kneeling in a circle, I picked one, say, for example, he was afflicted with sore eyes. Now, knowing what one got, all must get, eye-water and croton oil was the order of the day—the one dabbed in with the end of a feather, the other wiped across the tongue with the cork of the phial; for I always turned the bottle upside down, and gave each what would stick to the stopper; except, indeed, in one instance, when a troublesome Sheik,

who was leaving us, pestered me for a present of clothes, with such importunity and impudence, that I was constrained to give him a Benjamin's portion of the croton, which laid him under the feet of my dromedary, incapable of stirring any member of his body, except his tongue; if he ultimately recovered, he must have been a man of unexampled constitution. And so on; varying from day to day, as any particular drug got low; aperient pills (which were always crunched) and blistering ointment being in high request. What would I take to figure as Hakeem on the same route through that desert again, O, ye afflicted ghosts and incensed survivors? But my practice was not confined to male Arabs, for of female Arabs I had no lack. This was, however, a more delicate branch of the business. I would be directed to a wife, daughter, sister, mother, grandmother, or great-grandmother, as the case might be, "off there," my informant pointing to some rock, shrub, or hillock, at a discreet distance from the camp. "Off there" I would trudge, with becoming gravity, and find some disconsolate damsel, veiled and covered up, lying in a wisp, like patience personified. "Owezy ya bint," "What will you, oh, girl!"—they are all *girls* in the East, as all are *boys* in Ireland—then issued a discordant catalogue of complaints, ending invariably with "an impression on the heart." I, as in duty bound, shook my head wisely, stroked my moustache, felt the pulse, pondered the symptoms, promised to send medicine, and returned to the place "from whence I had set forth."

My doctoring, however, introduced me unexpectedly to some Bedawin Hareems, curiosities not generally accessible to less scientific travellers. My adventure was the following:—When some few days from Sinai, as we had got into marching order for the day, Sheikh Embarak rode up, and gave me a polite invitation to pay a visit to his tents; he said they were not more than four hours distant, and not far from the place we were to encamp at for the night. The invitation was, of course, one to be accepted; and accompanied by two of my own party and some Arabs of our caravan, we placed ourselves under the Sheikh's orders, and set out for his temporary

home. Our path was rough and difficult: we were conducted through defiles of mountain, bleak and desolate as can well be imagined; the dull monotony of our ride being broken at intervals by the howling, sing-song chant of our attendants, who irritated the wild echoes of the dismal hills to an alarming degree. More than once the gloominess of the scenery took possession of my mind; I thought of the Towarah, hanged by proxy in the short desert; and the menaces of his tribe, the blood for blood system of the wilderness, was anything but pleasant to reflect on. Still the good-humoured features of Embarak, from time to time dispelled my apprehensions; and as I remembered how often I had physicked him "free gratis," independently of once delivering him from death, I felt my confidence in Arab honour and Bedawin fidelity gradually revive. At last we came to a more open line of country, and, entering a pleasant wadi, our cavalcade was brought to a halt. A few lowly graves, humble but not neglected, marked a burial-ground in the desert, and a palm tree threw its shade across the dead, while a few shrubs and an acacia grew around.

Our Sheikh, who had dismounted, was standing by one of the little mounds, apparently engaged in prayer; if he were so, it was the only instance of devotion I had noticed since I came amongst the Bedawin. Embarak then took some green but faded branches he had brought from Sinai, and planted them on the grave; he remounted, and we went on our way. Some three hours brought us to a tolerably extensive valley, at the foot of a long range hills. At a distance we discovered the low black tents of the encampment, while in our immediate neighbourhood some women were tending a few scattered flocks of ragged, long-eared sheep. Our Sheikh rubbed himself up, put his dromedary into a sling-trot, and rode gallantly along the tents—we, with sore bones and teeth chattering from the unwonted velocity of our mettlesome brutes, following as we best might. Our arrival was greeted by a shrill cry, issuing from within the tents, accompanied by the tinkling of various little bells; but our Sheikh, no doubt proud of exhibiting himself and the strangers to his lady friends, made

a triumphal circuit of the encampment, and finally pulled up at a large open tent about the centre of the row. Here we were permitted to dismount, a number of Bedawin welcoming us very cordially, and conveying our saddles, carpets, saddle-bags, &c., into the interior, with which they constructed an extempore divan.

New arrivals, meanwhile, continued to pour in on all sides—the sundry salutations between the new-comers and our entertainers being conducted with a degree of stateliness and decorum, which, contrasted with the wild features and ragged habiliments of the parties, amounted at times to the ludicrous. Each bent his head till it nearly touched that of his opponent in politeness; each then kissed his own hand—the palms of each party touched, and the guest sat down cross-legged, on the ground; preparations for a *whet* were speedily commenced; coffee was roasted in little iron ladles, next pounded to powder, boiled, and served boiling in the usual tiny cup, but on the present occasion outrageously sweetened, in compliment to the Europeans, who are supposed to delight incontinently in sugar. Our pipes, which we, of course, had with us, were lighted, humoured, and presented in true Arab fashion; and we were soon puffing a cloud, and sitting cross-legged as contentedly as if the great desert were our private property, and sheep, goats, camels, and Bedawin our farming stock thereon. But by this time the preparatory repast was ready. A small modicum of water being poured from a copper ewer over the right hand of each of us, we were invited to join a select party of Arabs round a huge wooden bowl of porridge. The proceedings were simple and primitive in the extreme: with the right hand and knee advanced to the dish, the left leg uncomfortably bent under one, half-sitting, half-kneeling, we thrust our fingers into the mess, the two first fingers scooped up the quantity required, and the thumb plugged the morsel down the throat. Some gentlemen used three fingers; but they were evidently a sharp set, and inclined to take more than their share. I cannot say much for the mess itself, but our friends seemed to relish it amazingly, and in a few moments the platter was cleared; we were then

watered, a few swallows being allowed each, and restored to our pipes and the process of digestion. But hospitality is not disinterested even in the desert; the Arab understands the "*quid pro quo*" as well as any man in existence. This I speedily ascertained; as our host, advancing with a salâm, requested my services in the medical department in behalf of sundry hareems then awaiting a visit from the "Hakeem of a hundred years." An Arab tent, which is merely a tabernacle consisting of four low poles, covered over with dark-coloured haircloth, forming roof and walls, is either divided into two apartments (the inner being devoted to the women), or contains one apartment only; and in this case the women of the family appear to have a tent to themselves—the former arrangement is, however, the most usual, at least such was the case here. Skins, arms, and culinary utensils were scattered in the outer room; but the ladies' apartment was unadorned in the extreme—dark, close, and dirty; there were a few dried sheep-skins on the floor, perhaps a little bundle of wearing apparel in the corner, a brown baby or so, and the females of the establishment veiled, and seated in the background—one could not well stand upright inside any tent.

My first patient, as I well remember, was a young lady of distinction, and considerable personal attractions. To do her honour, I suppose, the old Bedawee, who acted gentleman-usher, creeping all-fours through the outer room, backed stern-foremost into the presence chamber, and having established a breach in the curtain, very decorously withdrew. A very ancient lady, saluting me, directed my attention to the suffering fair one—a maiden with brilliant eyes, remarkably fine black hair, which was greased, and elaborately platted as well as ornamented with several ghazees; her arms and ankles were bare, very prettily tattooed and adorned with armlets and anklets of massive silver, with which, like the lady in the nursery rhyme, she made music wherever she went. I must allow there was a total innocence of soap and water, and a consequent incrustation of dirt, which dimmed the lustre of her charms. The loose blue garment which she wore also prevented her figure from

being seen to perfection : and the long face veil rather left her lower features a matter of speculation than beautiful reality. But still the fair maiden was evidently an Arab belle ; and sheep, dates, and dromedaries would go hard to buy her.

At first introduction, the young lady seemed taken rather aback by the splendour of my appearance : a gold-spangled kerchief, converting my gay tarbouch into a turban, my flannel waistcoat, with broad crimson stripes (it was shirt and jerkin), being girded with a voluminous silk scarf of very violent colours, my pistols peaceably protruding therefrom, my legs encased in bright red Turkish boots, a world too wide for them, and tricked out with yellow tassels, to which add a face raw as an undressed beef-steak, set off by a long moustache of very questionable *auburn*, and you may easily imagine how well calculated my rawney figure was to prepossess any young lady of pretensions at first sight. Well, at first my patient stared, then the dark maiden tittered, finally she minced her words in reply to my kind inquiries about her health, and became so wonderously coy and prudish that I could not make out what was the matter with her at all. However, the chaperon came to the rescue, and entering into a detailed account of the maladies of her young friend, I felt my patient's pulse, and requested her to allow me to examine her tongue. She at once testified the most unqualified surprise at my assurance. In vain the matron scolded and persuaded, "she must submit to the directions of the hakeem." Submit she declared she would not—nothing could tempt her to such an act of indecency as to expose her face even to a hakeem. She pouted, got into the sulks, and having gone through all her paces, let fall the veil when no one was asking her, and disclosed a very pretty face, with a row of teeth like ivory. I promised her a powerful potation from the medicine chest, and took my leave.

One harem was so like the other I won't detain my reader by going farther into detail, suffice it to say, for the next two hours, young, old, fat, lean, plain, pretty, handsome, and hideous, of all sizes, forms, figures, tempers, and stations, came under my medical hands. My curiosity was completely

satisfied, and my good samaritanising becoming a perfect bore, when Sheik Embarak sent a formal summons to say that dinner waited. It did not wait long for me ; in five minutes I was cross-legged in the company tent, where my companions had remained, from the time I left them, enjoying their pipes. Our "whet" had not been an unsubstantial one, but the dinner was the entertainment of the day. Our sheik, on my departure for the harem, had privately asked the loan of a long knife I used to carry about me, a great object of desire, by the way, to many an aspiring Bedawee ; and it would appear the knife had not been borrowed for show, for in addition to undeniable tokens of bloodshed about the blade, our first platters were heaped with huge fragments of a recently-dismembered goat, the parboiled and sinewy pieces still quivering with life ; then followed huge wooden bowls of broth, of a very watery quality, fowl, torn piecemeal, and covered with yolk of egg, tempting piles of dourah cakes, copiously larded with gee, milk in a variety of shapes, parched maize, dates, coffee, and pipes to wind up with, not to mention an unknown sort of liquid, which we took for granted was sherbet ; in fact, if a man could not feast to his satisfaction, he deserved to go hungry for all "the dear days of his life." One fastidious gentleman of our party, forsooth, found fault with what he termed the "filth of the dinner service," and no doubt the sides of our bowls and platters were incrustured with the debris of many a previous repast ; but this surely spoke of plenty rather than the squalor or nastiness of poverty. Another anathematised the kid for having had so slight an acquaintance with fire ; but that gentleman himself confessed he had always had bad teeth ; indeed, any one who doubted the excellency of the viands had only to turn his eyes on the guests assembled, and marking how dainty disappeared after dainty, while the fragments were handed to the brats, his scepticism must vanish in a moment, and his inner man yearn to revel in our Sheik's profusion ; and Sheik Embarak was the very fellow to play the host, arrayed in a flowing garment of crimson silk, chastely striped with yellow—blooming like a peony of the desert. His hospitality knew no

bounds; fresh relays of fresh guests, assailing fresh bowls of delicacies, were cheered to the attack by Embarak, as if his flocks, his herds, his corn were all as unbounded as his heart.

Poor Sheik Embarak, you would not let us off till half-past four o'clock, and, as you pocketed our ghazees, you looked as if you did it all for love.

A weary way it proved to us, as leaving these "tents of Kedar," we attempted a short cut across the country to our resting-place for the night; darkness soon set in—the moon had not a thought of rising—our guide lost his way—we all got separated one from the other—my dromedary got bogged in a watercourse, and threatened to lie there for the night, thanks to the Kourbash he didn't; though never were four men more agreeably surprised when suddenly descending into a wádi, we found ourselves in the midst of our encampment. Cheerily blazed the camp fires—pleasant was the sound of old, familiar voices—gladly we dismounted from our dromedaries, and stretched at our ease in the capacious tent of the great Rhamesis, we recounted at full length our day's adventure, and the blow-out in the desert.

Time, place, or distance cannot much incommode the tourist who sits at ease in his arm chair, and travels comfortably on paper. Now, then, over a few hundred miles, and take a glance at a harem in Nubia, "doctoring there also"—doctoring I confess it.

We had returned from the second cataract above Wádi Halfa, and our boat was moored opposite Philæ—there is a village there, but I forget its name—it is above the first cataract.

I was cooling down, one January afternoon, lying in my cabin, thermometer 96° in shade—the upper country, as they call it, is, after all, the place to winter in—when Paulo abruptly made his *entré*, to say an embassy was without waiting on the hakeem, to conduct him to visit a poor woman who, if Paulo was to be believed, had for the last four months been possessed by a legion of distempers, so I begged the embassy would retire, and promised to attend the patient as soon I had had tea. It was after night fall when, accompanied by Paulo and our Nubian pilot—the husband of the woman—I repaired to the lady's mansion in the

village. Clearing the little quay, we found ourselves speedily involved among the mud hovels of the hamlet, winding through narrow lanes, floundering over the debris of dilapidated cabins, and getting ourselves into sundry personal quarrels with the lazy, snarling curs that infest the region. At long last we halted before a rather retired habitation, quite as dingy and deplorable as any of the surrounding edifices—for more so it could scarcely be—and stooping through a narrow doorway, we found ourselves in a little, dark den, the right-hand side of which was occupied by a mud dewan, on which lay a female, calmly reposing in her upper clothing and inexpressibles. This I took to be my patient, and as I was about to rouse her from her slumbers, my attention was attracted by the strife of tongues proceeding from some quarter beyond the room wall to the left, and, for the first time, I discovered, low down in this left-hand wall, a narrow aperture, securely fastened on the inside by a piece of board. At this the master of the house kept knocking, and after some angry discussion, the obstacle was removed. The female voices now rose in a loud tone of deprecation, which the pilot never heeding, he was eventually permitted to worm himself through the aperture, and disappeared by "the hole in the wall." Paulo followed next; and as soon as I saw the soles of his feet, I also plunged headforemost, and found myself amongst a crowd of women, in a little low room, of a most overpowering temperature. One side of this apartment was occupied by a low dewan, like that in the outer room. At the end of it there was a kind of stove or hot-hearth made of clay, on the top of which was burning a lamp-wick in an earthen vessel filled with rancid oil. The walls, in the dim obscurity, appeared hung round with mats, sheep-skins, culinary utensils, and some farming implements; and here were congregated a bevy of squalid, filthy-looking women, haranguing, in their native dialect, at a fearful rate; evidently they had rebelled against the inroad of the males into their sanctuary. At length, after much altercation, way was made for the hakeem; and I found my patient stretched on the dewan motionless, but, alas! not speechless. When she had

rated us until she was well nigh exhausted, I commenced tender inquiries about everything but the state of her lungs; for of their healthy action I had been abundantly assured. The pilot translated his wife's Nubian into unintelligible Arabic, which Paulo again rendered into a compound of French, Italian, and English. My patient I was glad to find not by any means so ill as I had been led to apprehend; a few simple remedies setting her on her legs in about two days after. At the time, I directed the husband to come to my boat for medicine, and gladly beat my retreat from an oven in which I could not have believed it possible for human beings to exist. "Oh, Mr. Pea," cried Paulo, drawing in a deep breath, as we gained the outer side of the establishment, "I *swell* as much as if I had worked all day." Apropos to doctoring: much as I wished to meet one, I never met with an Arab physician; indeed, the only operation I could hear of the natives performing on one another was that of phlebotomy, which was carried to perfection in its way. We had, one day, a rare example of this amongst our own boatmen.

One of them appeared one morning returning from shore, with an old razor in his hand, from which he was carefully wiping off some recent stains of blood. On being asked whom he had murdered, he replied with a grin, he never had murdered any one, but he had just been bleeding a man, requesting us, at the same time, to return and witness his skill. Of course we readily complied. At a little distance on the bank, a knot of idlers were collected round an unfortunate Arab, who was hopping on one leg within the circle—the other leg being ingeniously tied up so as to prevent his setting that foot on the ground. The leg on which he hopped was gashed and wounded from the knee downwards, and the blood oozed slowly from the cuts. Way was cleared for us, and our medico approached the saltatory gentleman, telling him, at the same time, it was necessary he should be bled again. The poor fellow winced, and protested against a renewal of the operation. Much to the amusement of the bystanders, however, the operator persisted, and made unequivocal demonstrations of assault.

The patient actually howled as he drew near, and hopped dementedly about, to the unfeigned delight of the spectators, who declared he must allow the Khowages to see him bled. In vain he prayed, protested, threatened; the surgeon rushed forward with the razor-blade between his forefinger and thumb, and watching his opportunity between every plunge of the sufferer, snigged away at shin or calf, whichever presented itself, till the lower portion of the poor delinquent's leg streamed with blood. Escape he could not, and the more violently he hopped, the faster the blood flowed, until at last he threw himself on his back in the sand, and kicked so viciously with the maimed member, that what with laughter, heat, and exertion, his persecutor was fairly forced to desist, and patient and physician lay amicably rolling side by side.

It was a scene nowhere to be witnessed but amongst those rare specimens of humanity that "grow spontaneous" on the banks of the Nile.

The Nile! What a host of pleasant recollections does that name recall!—what pleasant days, and erewhile plaguy perplexities, novel scenes, odd characters, and old faces! Truly, your traveller enjoys himself far less in the reality than the reminiscence—

"He fights his battles o'er again,
And twice he slays the slain."

Your actual travel is all very well in its way. There is in it a great degree of pleasurable excitement; there are great charms of novelty, much interest, and the opportunities of acquiring much valuable information. But once beyond the region of hotels, railroads, coaches, diligences, and the like—once beyond the range of European civilisation—the annoyances, difficulties, hardships, and, it may be, dangers, of your route, vastly tend to counterbalance its advantages. Yet, once again at home, seated by your own fireside, restored to your former habits and accustomed occupations, let memory call back past scenes, past toils, and past adventures—revisiting in thought far distant lands, and how marvellous the transformation! Your happiest days come out in brighter colouring—your saddest hours are undarkened

by a cloud. Speaking of the Nile, however, I must draw my pen across the words difficulty, hardships, danger—hardship, above all; for an easier life than that of the traveller afloat on the broad bosom of the Nile, I, for one, know not of. Notwithstanding, strange as it may appear, my companion and I were unaccountably prepossessed with an insane idea we should have to *rough* it on the Nile; and, consequently, never was a brace of philosophers more stoically prepared to bid adieu for a season to all the pleasing “amenities” of civilised existence; in fact, Diogenes in his tub was a prince to us. Yet, somehow or other, in the very outset, from a hundred boats or more at Boolak, it took us a full week to select one which came up to our ideas of convenience; then a full fortnight was consumed in painting, purifying, and provisioning the *Kandgia*. An excellent Arab cook was voted an indispensable commodity; and Hollands, wines, and bottled porter were stowed in a convenient locker, in case Nile water might run short. An extract from my journal will prove how ascetically we lived:—

“Rose this morning at eight o'clock. Walked for half-an-hour, while breakfast was being laid on deck beneath the awning. Breakfast a highly creditable and substantial affair—fowl in omelette a devilled drumstick, some unknown edibles in fried pumpkin, poached eggs, mutton chops, tea, coffee, a huge bowl of rice boiled in goat's milk; and by way of a wind up, a continued and consolatory smoke of excellent jibley and latakea mixed.

“After breakfast, a very pleasant ramble with our guns along the bank. Dinner at three o'clock—a more ornate and *recherché* affair than its matutinal precessor.* Read for an hour after dinner. Tea in C's boat.”

This amphibious mode of living, however, was confined to the periods of contrary winds or no wind; when the slow and laborious process of tackling left us at perfect liberty to progress by land or water. Scudding before the breeze we had also our appropriate amusements. Books or conversation wiled away the time; a stray shot at a passing flock of waterfowl, or a crack at the pelican along the bank, afforded continual excitement. Besides the having to read up for the

antiquities we were to “do” on our return from the second cataract, obliged us to devote some hours in the day to a new and interesting study. Crocodile shooting, I regret to say, engrossed, after a while, more than a due share of our attention. No matter how serious the occupation—whether reading, eating, smoking, or sleeping (a nap in the shade on a sultry day is excessively seducing), the moment the cry of “*fimsah*” was sung out by the crew, or “*crokerdile*” by the sagacious Hodge Bourie, every gun on board was in immediate requisition. There would recline the huge animal, stretched like a log of dry wood, unconsciously reposing on a mud bank, till the pattering of the bullets on his scaly sides broke in upon his slumbers, and warned him of his danger.

In all the Basha's dominions there are no such persecuted individuals as these very unoffending aborigines of the Nile. Countless as are the tales of his ferocity and bloodthirsty rapacity, I never heard of one well-authenticated instance, in which man, woman, or child, had been assailed or injured by the crocodiles. On the contrary, they appeared timid in the extreme when out of the watery element, and even when in it. Not only have our boatmen who were constantly in the river, returned invariably without let or hinderance, but I have again and again bathed in the very water where, five minutes before, I saw crocodiles rising to the surface in considerable numbers; indeed it has not unfrequently happened that when we were just plunging into the stream, we have roused a crocodile, which had been lying unseen on the bank, and then directly followed him into the water. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, master and man, cook and dragoman, reis and boatman—all, to the extent of their respective means, waged unceasing war on the unoffending crocodile. The first view I ever got of the *fimsah* was under the following circumstances. It was a Christmas morning, and we were making up the stream for Kinneh; my companion and I had gone on board a friend's boat, where we were to dine and spend the day; soon after service, the wind rose, and it came on to blow very fresh; the boat, a crank little vessel, carrying a long latcen sail and a triuketta, went

staggering along under her canvas, running gunwale under, to our discomfort, and to materially interfering with the operations of Paulo and the cook, who had put their heads together, and were determined to produce "*the grand pudding*" (so a plum pudding was designated) in honour of the day. Mournfully they regarded the half-roasted turkey, which lurched uneasily on the spit from the pitching of the *Kandgia*, and firmly they held on by the portable kitchen, resolved to sink or swim with the objects of their professional solicitude.

Lazily extended at full length across the deck, I was, with no small amusement, watching their several manoeuvres, not without a sneaking apprehension that turkey, grand pudding, and all, should share in an involuntary bath, when suddenly the battle-cry of crokerdile was raised by Paul; and true enough, on a bank in the middle of the river, there lay seven veritable crocodiles, enjoying themselves in the sunshine. As soon as we neared them, six plunged with remarkable activity into the river; but one huge leviathan, more lethargic than his comrades, his enormous jaws wide open, continued sleeping in the sun. B. opened forthwith a battery from his double-barrel; the bullets rattled on the brute's ungainly carcase, but much to our amazement, accustomed as we had been to see a brace of balls, eighteen to the pound, produce at a reasonable range an effect of some sort, the big fellow very leisurely shut his mouth, wagged his long tail, turned round to look at his assailant, and with the most perfect composure returned into the river, from whence he came.

This bank, by the way, near Kinneh, we found to be a famous resort of crocodiles. One fine afternoon, on our voyage down, B. and I went on shore there, the boat, according to our directions, falling some distance down the stream, after having left us on the bank. There was no cover on this little island, so we lay down about the centre of it, patiently expecting a visit from our amphibious friends. Presently huge heads rose slowly from the water. Then one after another great crocodile emerged from the stream, crawling cautiously along the margin of the

bank; but they soon perceived us as we rose from our recumbent posture, and before we could cover a *soft spot* on any of our "*quarry*," they were all in motion, gliding with great rapidity into the river, for it is quite a mistaken notion to suppose the crocodile cannot exhibit considerable agility on land. We were obliged to be contented, therefore, with a promiscuous blaze, without any perceptible effect, and to betake ourselves, rather crest-fallen, to our boat, disappointed in bagging a crocodile. On a subsequent occasion I was rather more successful.

Indulging one evening in a nap after dinner, I was roused by the report of a gun in the distance, and found that we were running alongside of a huge mud bank, a very usual retreat for somnolent alligators. My attention was directed by one of the boatmen to a crocodile in the act of escape into the river. A large Swiss rifle lay close to me, ready loaded, and though not well wide awake, I fired on the instant. The shot evidently took effect, for the crocodile staggered, and then remained still. I reloaded, and aimed behind the forearm, fired, and the brute rolled over. By a violent effort he recovered his legs, and being on the very brink of the river, plunged in heavily and disappeared. The Arabs tell you if the timsah is mortally wounded he always comes on land to die; and all being of opinion the gentleman in question had received his quietus, there was no small stir and excitement amongst the crew; lances were pulled out from unknown receptacles, staves were in instant requisition, and Hadge Mohammed, the cook, who was of a very sporting turn, appeared from behind the kitchen, bendogee in hand, viz., a steel-mounted piece, with a nearly endless longitude of barrel. The wounded animal was soon seen at a distance, making with much difficulty his last journey to the bank. I leaped on shore, but not so my ragged battalion; for finding the affair was likely to terminate in a death or victory transaction, either from a spirit of fair play (which I doubt), or a prudential regard to their own proper persons, they all of them hung back to a man, and left me "*alone in my glory*." By the time I reached the spot to which the crocodile was swimming, the dying animal had very nearly gained the bank. Some

reeds growing out of the water partially screened him; my finger was on the hair-trigger, I almost counted the prize my own; but before he had exposed a vulnerable spot, with one last struggling effort to gain the bank, tim-sah sunk beneath the waters, and was seen no more; it was exceedingly provoking, for it is not every day a man can bag his crocodile. As we are on the subject of the crocodile, to the honour of the ancients be it recorded, that in some cities he enjoyed the dignity of a place amongst their sacred animals; and if not exactly canonised after death, he at least was entitled to posthumous honours, being embalmed and made a mummy of in common with the sacred ibis, and even entombed in the same sepulchre in which the Egyptians of old deposited their dead, deities and devotees thus amicably returning to their dust together.

Our party visited one of these cemeteries, the name of which I forget, but it is on the top of the hilly range nearly opposite Manfaloot, at the other side of the river. An account of our excursion may not here be out of place, as I believe the spot is not generally visited by travellers; and I have rambled so much at random in this most discursive paper, that the reader who has followed me in my meandering must be blessed with the patience of Job.

Crossing over, then, from the village of Manfaloot, donkeys, drivers, dragomen, and gentlemen, all having embarked together in the ferry-boat, we happily arrived at the opposite shore, not without many hairbreadth escapes from death by drowning, in consequence of the unconquerable objection which our quadrupeds manifested to navigation. Our route lay for some distance through a well cultivated strip of land, our Arabs making more free than welcome with the luxurious bean crop through which we passed; and the path at length terminating in a straggling, dirty hamlet; Paulo was sent off as plenipotentiary to hunt up the sheik.

The sheik of the village was, in due time, found sunning himself outside a respectable mud edifice, a pipe without tobacco in his hand, and a jar of water at his feet. He was a kiln-dried, dingy, seedy-looking old gentleman; you would not have given the mode-

rate sum of sixpence for all the clothes on his back; yet on perceiving our approach he mustered up uncommon dignity, and affected an air at once patronising and condescending.

Having mentally calculated to what probable amount he might cheat us, he pocketed our present, and saddling us with three guides, dismissed the party with a pious benediction. We now faced the hill which nearly overhangs the village, the ass boys urging our reluctant donkeys, who with more prudence than their riders, declined the unprofitable task of clambering up a mountain by a breakneck path, simply, so far at least as they were personally concerned, to, come down again; and as we had not bridle nor even halter wherewith to guide them, they fairly turned tail on the adventure, and left us to continue our journey on foot. Horace stigmatises the ass as an animal "*iniquæ mentis*," but I candidly confess our quadrupeds in the present instance judged discreetly and well.

The ascent was steep and stony, the sun intense, and the toil of climbing to the summit utterly unrewarded by the scenery that the hilltop presented; around us was a desert in its dreariness, not a blade of grass, not a tree or bush to relieve the dazzled eye; clusters of low rocks or pointed crags protruding from the sandy soil, just big enough to tumble over, but for shade or shelter naught. An old gray fox seemed the sole inhabitant of the region; he eyed us with an expression of pity for a moment, shook his patriarchal pate, and leisurely went on his way. In due time we arrived at the *ultima thule* of our expedition. It was a pit, or rather cleft in a parcel of rocks, penetrating directly downwards, and apparently of considerable depth. We sat down for a few moments to arrange the order of descent; indeed the question now came to be canvassed, whether or not we should descend at all. The celebrated example of "The King of France and all his men," &c., afforded an inviting, if not exactly pertinent, precedent.

Paulo, always a Job's comforter in a dilemma, stroking his beard and drawing his tarboosh over his eyebrows, descanted with gravity and great unction on the peril of the undertaking. "He had cause," he said, "to know

the dangers of the cavern, for fifteen years ago he had lost his way for seven hours in its endless passages." Our Arabs must also put in their oar; they told us of two travellers and three guides who had perished in attempting to penetrate the secret chambers of this subterraneous region; indeed, if their account was to be credited, the entire range of hill was excavated, and a tunnel formed to the bank of the Nile; otherwise, they stated, it was impossible the bodies could have been conveyed to the interior. So that altogether it appeared a pleasing and profitable adventure.

Our party, having first joined with great unanimity in heaping abuse on my unfortunate head, as the planner and instigator of the excursion, next, with laudable consistency, prepared to run all chances first, divesting themselves of all unnecessary clothing, and procuring wax tapers and oranges from Paulo, who had generally the foresight to provide himself against every emergency. Notwithstanding the veritable narrative of Paulo and the Arabs, my only apprehension arose from the circumstance, that while we descended into the pit, our followers from the village still remained above; it seemed to me too favourable an opportunity of imprisoning us within the cavern, by simply stopping the aperture, for those industrious gentry to overlook. Very true I had my pistols in my pocket, lucifers, an extra candle, and a small supply of oranges; but how long could we hold out if the enemy was determined on the blockade—an unconditional surrender with backsheesh, "at discretion," must have proved the *finale* of the adventure. The villagers were, however, men of honour, and my apprehensions consequently groundless; so, commencing with good courage our subterranean travels, we burrowed on for some time in a horizontal direction; the passage being so low and narrow, that we were constrained to crawl on face and hands through the sharp slippery rock which obstructed our path. The rock both above and beneath us was black and clammy; the atmosphere heavy, foul, and oppressive; the stench from the confined air intolerable; the darkness just rendered "visible" by the dim glimmering of our tapers, which burned so faintly as scarcely to shed any light: indeed a slight effort of imagination

might have converted the way we were traversing into the main road to purgatory, with the sole reflection to support us, that the length of our weary journey should be commensurate with the purses and affections of our surviving relatives and friends. At last we arrived at a portion of the cavern in which we were able to stand upright. The sooty rock was hung with sable stalactites, and as well as we could discover them, in the dim obscurity, a labyrinth of passages appeared to radiate from the place in which we stood. Here our Arab guides, who had stripped for the occasion, appeared to be fairly at fault, snuffing into every cranny like ferrets in a deserted rabbit warren, scrutinizing every orifice, and in doubt as to which they should enter. As for ourselves, we presented a very tolerable picture of a band of respectable banditti in concealment from the myrmidons of justice, half clothed, and partly armed; begrimed with damp and dirt, the perspiration streaming from our bearded visages, perplexity depicted in each countenance, and disorder in our array; but beauty bears candlelight, and we now were very tolerably lit up. Our guides had disappeared for the moment, and our party, disheartened by their absence, began to indulge in very mutinous expressions: "they had gone far enough on such a wild-goose chase; no one was acquainted with the intricacies of the place. The three Arabs, for aught we knew, were, perhaps, giving their expiring kick in some mummy-pit; in fact nothing was left us but to return." Paulo seemed elated with the success of his unregarded predictions, and grinned diabolically from a nook in which he had ensconced himself; so matters looking worse and worse, I fell quietly into the rear, fully determined to act as "stopper," if the mutineers attempted a retreat. Happily, at this juncture, our guides shouted to us to say they had recovered the track, and Paulo, starting forward at the sound, we were all instantly in motion. Up we scrambled, mounting to an aperture in the top of a rock to our left, every turn and projection being chalked by Paul as we advanced. My position in the rear was most satisfactory; no one could recede if he purposed it, except by backing stern foremost, and even then he must remain stationary, unless I consented to give way. The pas-

sage was extremely tortuous. We dragged our "weary lengths" slowly and painfully along. I could hear W. groaning philosophically about fire-damps and mephitic air. B., who immediately preceded me, would occasionally kick out very viciously, but his shoes were off, and a discreet application of my taper to an obvious extremity of his portly frame, caused him to move on with accelerated alacrity.

We now came into the region of bones and mummy cloth. Presently, we crushed over the mortal remains of a very ancient Egyptian, who inhospitably opposed our progress; and here our guide warned us of the very palpable danger of holding our lights incautiously, as a single spark, falling amidst the debris of mummies, dried reeds, old linen, and resinous substances that we were crushing through, must infallibly set the mass in a flame, and cause the instant suffocation of the whole party—a peril by no means easily to be avoided in our present position, where the candles were held horizontally, and within a few inches of the ground. Add to this, the aroma from the mummy dust was as pungent as snuff, so every sneeze put us in danger of our lives. We at last arrived safely at a rude chamber solely inhabited by human dead, mummy piled on mummy, so as nearly to fill the apartment. Here Paul, who was possessed with an inordinate passion for dissection, sat down by himself to peel a very perfect mummy predicting he should find rings, bracelets, gold coin, and a variety of valuables on the person of the defunct; but he had scarcely commenced operations when, overcome with fatigue, heat, foul air, and the strong smell proceeding from his "subject," he suddenly fell back, and nearly swooned off: had he actually fainted, the catastrophe must have proved a serious one. We had no means of restoring animation; drag him out of the cave we could not, and desert him we undoubtedly would not; but as, after a little fanning and shaking, he gradually came to himself, we left him sucking oranges, and ungraciously repining at his fate.

We now entered the chamber, which was the immediate object of our search; it was a cavern, opening into the one I have described, and piled with mummied crocodiles, swathed and packed like their human neighbours,

but many of them had been unrolled, and the fragments were scattered round us. Some specimens were in perfect preservation, and of a large size. Packed in with the seniors, we found numerous bundles of little crocodiles, each about nine inches long, and containing a dozen or so of the tiny reptiles wrapped separately in coarse linen, and in complete preservation also. From some of the larger crocodiles we extracted eggs, but the shells were so easily broken, we were unable to bring any away. How these huge animals had been brought into this receptacle was a perfect mystery; certainly not by the way we entered, and we could discover no other mode of ingress. This cemetery is well worthy of investigation, for there doubtless exist several other chambers as yet unexplored.

Chalking our names in very legible characters on the black wall of the cave, and charitably taking charge each of a little orphan family, we rejoined Paul, who was by this time sufficiently recovered; and after a toilsome crawl through the same long winding passages, we bade farewell to these regions of darkness and the dead, and gladly scrambled into day.

On reaching the village, our sheik very hospitably presented us with a gulleh of unfiltered river water—a cheap but very acceptable refreshment, and urging our donkeys across the plain, we were soon luxuriating in the turbid waters of the deep and dirty Nile.

In travelling in the East, one cannot fail to be struck with the frequent recurrence of the same customs, and even the same phraseology with which we are familiarised by the Holy Scriptures; but while this is to be expected amongst the Arab tribes in the desert, or in Syria, one scarcely expects to meet with it amongst the mixed races of Egypt. Yet so it is. You are often startled by hearing even not very usual Scriptural phrases in the mouths of the fellahen.

A friend, for instance, inquiring from the reis of his boat whether the fair wind which was blowing at the time was likely to continue till evening, was answered by the boatman's replying in the words of Jacob, "Am I in the place of God?" So, amongst other patriarchal customs we find the old system of the avenging of blood by the

next of kin to the murdered person, still existing in Egypt.

Of this I had a striking instance during my visit to Thebes. As we were mounting one morning for some "lion-hunting" excursion, Paul, from the many brought us for hire, selected the very worst looking donkey of the lot, a proceeding so much at variance with the habitual discretion of our dragoman, that I could not help inquiring the cause.

"I take this donkey," replied Paul, "because it belongs to that little boy, the son of my old guide, who was murdered since I was last at Thebes."

He then related the following particulars:—

"The murderer of the deceased guide was his own and only brother. In a fit of uncontrollable passion, arising from some petty dispute, the man's own brother had publicly shot him dead, leaving his wife and a young family in utter destitution."

I asked who had provided for them. I was told they had been all taken to the uncle's house, who was bound to maintain the mother and the children, until the latter were of age to support themselves.

"And was no punishment inflicted on this fratricide?" I inquired.

"None," said Paul; "we must wait until this eldest boy grows up."

"And what then?"

"What then! Why of course as soon as he is able to handle a gun, this boy will shoot his uncle."

"But there are two parties to that: will the uncle be fool enough to permit him?"

"How can the man avoid it; it is the custom, the villagers will see justice done."

A delightful family arrangement, thought I, and yet it is the old patriarchal law, as ancient at least as the flood.

"And surely the blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it; and at the hand of man, at the hand of *every man's brother*, will I require the life of man."

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man."

Talking of family arrangements, one indispensable article in the household department of a well-regulated establishment, is an Abyssinian boy. Hadge

Bouri, my Arab dragoman, who, it may be remembered, was a respectable burger, when he retired, after a travelling engagement, into private life, was quite a connoisseur in slave boys; selling them as they approached manhood, and buying in a fresh supply of small boys as occasion required. On engaging with me he was intent on a mercantile speculation of this sort, stating: "him want buy boy at Kat'rakt, where him sold ver' cheap." On our arrival at Assuan, we accepted the Hadge's polite invitation to accompany him to the slave market, and assist him with our opinions on his purchases, before he concluded the bargain.

In Cairo this inhuman traffic in human flesh has received a check, at least ostensibly, the basha having closed the slave-market in the city, and imposed a duty on the imported article, so we were rather curious to witness this slave-dealing, even on a minor scale.

The so-called market at Assuan was a little beyond the village, on an open spot of rising ground, at one extremity of which grew a few date trees; here we found collected a group of some twenty boys and girls, varying in age from about nine to thirteen years; they were unbound and unguarded; the dealers, three in number, were seated at some distance on the other side of a low tent, which we were informed contained two young Abyssinian beauties. Round the dealers lounged a few idlers from the village, who smoked and chatted with them from time to time. The slave boys were in a state of primitive nudity. The young ladies were accommodated with the narrow leather fringe, which girded below the waist, forms the major portion of a Nubian gentlewoman's summer dress. The girls wore their hair tastefully arranged in a multitude of short diminutive braids, the whole well greased and dusted over with a white powder, their black limbs and bodies being also copiously lubricated with very rancid oil, giving them a wondrously sleek and slippery appearance.

The skulls of the boys were closely shaven, with the exception of the usual top-knot, whereby his guardian angel hauls the pious Moslim to paradise; their heads and bodies were also oiled and powdered; yet, notwithstanding

the evident exertions made by the owners to have their luckless live stock "well got up," a more uninviting set of little urchins I never laid eyes on; the features bore a startling affinity to those of the Moor's face on a hall-door knocker, while the polished scull might be aptly represented by the old-fashioned cocoa-nut sugar-bowl that was in vogue with our grandmothers in days of yore. But captives as they were, the youngsters seemed in high health and spirits, jabbering and laughing together until they noticed our approach, when rising in a body, they surrounded us, all clamouring loudly for backsheesh; all—no, there was one excepted, and that was a poor lank lad who sat apart from his noisy fellow-captives, with drooping head and sunken eye, worn and emaciated. There he lay, cowering under the partial shelter of the tent, as regardless of all around him, as those about him were regardless of him; no one appeared to care for or even pity him; he was sick, a dealer told us, and left to take his chance! in that little group before us we had the dark as well as sunny side of slavery. Though the slaves are generally brought from what is termed the upper country, I believe the Nubian women are rarely, if ever, induced to sell their children. Indeed, I had, one day, a rare opportunity of laying in a cargo of sable innocents, if the mothers had been so inclined.

I was wandering one afternoon up the river, in search of a village, where I could procure a few of those small straw baskets that the Nubian women make so neatly, when, just as I was about to enter a little hamlet, I met a portly matron, with a diminutive blackamoor in her arms. I told her I wanted to buy some baskets, and asked if she had any to dispose of. The woman replied that she had; and coolly coming up to me, demurely committed her infant to my charge, saying, "Take it—take it," suiting the action to the words. I confess I inwardly entertain neither affection for, nor antipathy to, very young children; but to become dry nurse to a black baby was something too overpowering to my nerves; so starting back in consternation, I was about to betake me to my heels, when the tender mother, laughing outright at my alarm, delivered me from my horrors, by calmly should-

dering the rejected one, and setting off full trot to her hovel, which happily lay hard by. In a little time she returned with the baskets; and not with the baskets only, but with three-fourths of the women of the village, for a Nubian female neither affects the reserve nor indulges in the licentiousness of her Arab neighbours. While the bargain was being made for the baskets, my fair friend was varying the dry details of business by relating to her admiring audience her pleasant proposal to the khawagee, and his consequent dismay—acting the scene for their amusement, and drawing a ludicrous picture of my astonishment. They evidently were highly tickled with the joke; one in particular, who ran forthwith to her hut, and returned with a bundle of rags in her arms. The rags were carefully unrolled, and out of them the good woman picked the smallest possible red infant, with which ugly specimen of humanity she kindly presented me, asking, as usual, for backsheesh. To get rid of her, I gave her a piaster, gratifying my first patroness with a like munificent donation. Never did two women appear more surprised and delighted—she with the skinned rabbit in particular, kissing the coin, and placing it on the face of her "raw head and bloody bones," which piped up on the occasion to the utmost stretch of its tiny lungs, crying, I suppose, for joy. Ill-timed and ill-advised was my liberality. In a few seconds, the whole bevy of matrons had disappeared, and returned with children of all ages and conditions—sucklings and weansters, crawlers, creepers, and todlings—all were poked at me in succession, every mother clamouring for backsheesh, and all enjoying my manifest perplexity. Cæsus himself could not have stood it. I was neither governor of the Bank of England, nor even possessor in fee of the gold mines of California; so I speedily declared myself insolvent, turned my coat pockets inside out in attestation of the fact, and without the least temptation to bring over a stock of little Nubians to improve the population of Ireland, laid hold of my baskets, and disengaged myself from the throng.

I had just cleared the village, and was turning my steps to the boat, when one woman overtook me, and forcibly

arrested my progress. It proved to be "bunni's" mother, who thrust on me a large straw dish of dried dates, praying the khawagge would accept her present, who gave his silver to her little babe. Poor woman! though her dates were an incumbrance, I had not the heart to refuse the gift.

The Nubians, generally speaking, are a fine, athletic set of men, far more trustworthy and honest than their fellows, the Arabs, but not by any means so quick-witted or intelligent. They make good, steady boatmen, and have no lack of energy when occasion requires it. We had a fine example of this in descending the cataract. The day after my visit to the pilot's unruly hareem, was the one fixed for our passing the rapids, and our party had determined to "stick to the ship," and see out the fun in their boats, instead of having recourse to the safer and more usual mode of transit, on asses along the bank. As the sun was rising next morning, we were roused from our slumbers by an unusual uproar outside the cabin doors, and calling to mind the exploit for the day, my companion and I were soon up and dressed. Scarcely had my toilet been completed, when in rushed Hadge Bourie, purple with rage, and almost inarticulate through excess of passion, muttering some incomprehensible jargon, of which I could only catch the words, "Raskâl Barbarino." The Hadge retiring as precipitately as he had burst in, out I ran after him. What a scene of confusion was before me! The boat was rocking under the crowd that all but swamped her; a multitude of heads were swaying to-and-fro—laughter, curses, shouts, resounded in all quarters. Now a cloud of red slippers would suddenly take flight for the shore; then skull-caps and tarbouches were seen flying in the same direction; anon, a dozen or so of black fellows tumbled over into the river. In fact our Arab crew were endeavouring to repel boarders, and endeavouring in vain; Hadge Bourie and our cook Mohammed valorously leading the van, Paulo, with characteristic caution, keeping carefully in the rear. At length the matter was compromised by our crew's giving up the ship to a select company of Nubians, two or three of the latter sitting at each oar. The reis of the

cataract, with two pilots, took charge of the helm, and we gradually cast off from shore. As we glided into the centre of the stream, one of our oarsmen raised a wild ditty, on which the rest joined in a very tumultuous chorus; it was the signal for the men to bend to their oars, and give way.

The Commodore (as our old boat was named), propelled by her ten long sweeps, and the increasing current, dashed forward with unwonted velocity, and passed under the cliffs that skirt the cataract at an amazing pace. The river here was broad, and the surface without a ripple; but we could feel that the force of the current was momentarily increasing. The Hadge and Mohammed sat, like tutelâr deities, on either side of the kitchen; the one, I suppose, because he loved the good things that used to be served up therefrom—the other, because it was the narrow sphere of his dominion, as well as the scene of his gastronomic triumphs. But at that moment they were anything but complacent deities; both, in fact, were horribly afraid—and Mohammed, by his tell-tale features, the Hadge by his convulsive pulls at the Nargilleh, forewarned us the crisis was approaching. Our Nubian crew, like mighty men of valour, now warmed to their work, rose stoutly to their oars, and shouted out their chorus. Swifter rushed the Commodore—now swifter still. The reis gave the word—a simultaneous cry responded—the steersmen on the poop bent over the helm; the reis stood beside them erect and watchful, his long red scarf streaming wildly in the wind. Our men began to pull like demons, and away we dashed at racing speed for the great gate of the cataract.

The stream now rushed through its narrowed course with prodigious violence, and the fall of the water was quite perceptible. Onward we dashed, "helm a-port," and, in a second, our old tub plunged headlong down the foaming waters; up she was again like a wild duck, tossing the spray off her bows, and rising to the swell; now through a labyrinth of rocks; one moment bearing down on one—then, "bout ship," like magic, grazing the angle of the reef, and away again in her mad career, dancing gaily on the surging flood. Here rose a sea in

miniature, boiling above our bulwarks—there sprang up cliff after cliff, rising from the turbid depths, as if to bar our progress. On bounds the Commodore, doubling and winding; our Nubians shout the louder, and pull like maniacs. Now we touch a rock—what matter, it's a bare rub, we are off again; but hold hard here, the stream has taken us "mid-ships"—we are slap upon a reef: there we go bumping and grinding; now we are fast in it, and the river is breaking over us; we'll "keel over," or go to bits. The crowd on the bank are jumping with delight at the prospect of plunder; our crew are tumbling over one another—the reis tears off his turban, and stamps with excitement. Who could be heard where every one is shouting. Now, gentlemen, no time to lose, make your wills, and leave your chattels to the Nubians. Hurrah! we're off again; well battled, stanch old Commodore—the great gate of the cataract is cleared!

"Salam àt, Salam àt Khowagee;" the reis kisses his hand, and flings about congratulations. His pipe is not well-lighted before we pass the little gate; and here we are floating placidly between the tall cliffs on either side of the river: and, in ten

minutes, we are moored by the mud bank at Assaun.

Farewell to the cataracts.

ODE TO THE RIVER NILE.

I.

"Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,"
My compliments deliver
To all who ask for me.

Farewell, ye alligators,
Farewell—I have not time
To mention half the creatures
That might figure here in rhyme.

III.

Now let all who seek diversion,
Or dull winter to beguile,
Set off on an excursion
Of pleasure up the Nile.

"What verses!" Really I can't help it; nature never made me a poet, and that's plain; but a leading Irish journal having lately complained of the deficiency of poetical effusions in the pages of the "UNIVERSITY," I here set a brave example in doing "my possible."

And, until better hands take up the cudgels, I trust the "entente cordiale" will be generously accepted by the *Evening Mail*.

LEGOFF FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.

THE three brothers, followed by their servants, ran immediately to the shore. They found the fishermen of Bignic, who had also hastened there at the first signals of distress. Christophe ordered large fires to be lighted at intervals. From the moment the ship perceived that her signals were answered, and that she was about to receive succour, she did not cease to fire guns every three minutes. She was so near the shore that, notwithstanding the roar of the tempest, the people on the strand could hear the cries of the sailors and the whistle of the boatswain; but the surf ran so high that no boat could live in it, and the night was so dark that all they could perceive, was the flash preceding each firing of the guns. They conjectured that the ship had run aground on one of the sandbanks so common on those coasts. In fact, at daybreak, they discovered at some cable's length from the shore, the yards of a frigate sunk in the sand, and by her flag they recognised her as belonging to the English navy. By times the sea retiring left the hull of the vessel exposed to view, or heaving over her with incredible fury, buried her under mountains of foam. The deck appeared deserted, the cannon were fired no more, and already had the waves cast many a corpse on the strand. At first they thought that all the crew had perished, when, by the aid of a telescope, Christophe ascertained that there were still some souls on board.

"Come, lads," exclaimed he, addressing the fishermen, "all is not over yonder; they are Englishmen, 'tis true, but coward is he who being able to save even a drowning dog lends him not his aid."

At these words, helped by Jean and Joseph, he dragged one of the boats towards the sea, and when the frail skiff was near being carried away by the waves—

"Boys," cried Christophe, laying

hold of an oar in each hand, "I require but six arms to reach the wreck and save the survivors."

"Right, uncle; right, brave Christophe!" exclaimed Jeanne, embracing him fondly.

The young girl had passed the entire night standing at her open window: at daybreak she hurried to the cliffs. She stood by her uncles, wrapt in her cloak, her head uncovered, and her hair floating in the wind.

However, none had responded to the appeal of Christophe; although the sea was somewhat calmed, it was still rough; not one of the fishermen stirred.

"What! you parcel of scoundrels!" exclaimed Christophe, passionately, "you remain motionless, your hands in your pockets, when over there are unfortunate men who require your aid! What! amongst twenty of you, knaves, are there not three men of courage or goodwill?"

The fishermen looked at each other abashed.

"Don't expose yourselves any longer in the open air," said Jeanne, scornfully; "the wind is sharp, you run the risk of catching cold. Return to Bignic and send us your wives, they will take your oars whilst you spin! Go! and now for us four, uncles!" added the fearless girl, ready to jump into the boat; "Joseph's arms and mine will be of no great assistance, but he will pray for our success, and I will sing to enliven the passage."

Seeing so much resolution in this young girl, the fishermen were ashamed of their cowardice, and instead of three that Christophe had demanded, they all offered themselves. Christophe chose three of the most vigorous and gave them strong oars, he kissed his niece, pressed his brothers' hands, then followed by his three companions, sprang into the boat. It was no small trouble to get her afloat; at length a mighty wave lifted and carried her off.

His eyes towards heaven, his hands crossed on his breast, Joseph prayed with fervour. Silent and grouped here and there on the rocks which bound the shore, the young girl, Jean, and the fishermen followed with eager gaze the course of the boat, which appeared now and then on the high crest of a wave, and disappeared almost as soon in as deep an abyss. It seemed as if the ocean, irritated by such audacity, had redoubled its fury. Terror and hopelessness were painted on every face; Jeanne was the only one who still hoped. Vainly did the waves break beneath her with a horrible uproar; excited by the heroism of Christophe, she was calm, almost serene, and, trusting in God, seemed to rule the tempest. However, at one moment a cry of terror burst from every lip; an enormous wave had broken over the boat, and seemed to swamp her. There were ten minutes of deadly expectation; at last a shout of joy rang along the shore, the boat had reappeared within gunshot of the ship. Jeanne rested the telescope on the shoulder of her uncle, and applied her eye to the glass of the instrument.

"Jeanne, what do you see?" asked her uncle the soldier.

After a moment of silent observation she replied—

"I see a ship in a frightful condition; the masts are broken, the waves rock her to and fro, as it were to capsize her; by intervals the keel is lifted into the air. On deck not a soul! Wait a moment; yes, I see a man alone, who holds on by the rigging, the others must have perished—poor fellows! He makes signals, doubtlessly to Christophe, as though beseeching him to return; he does not seem afraid. He wears a blue jacket and carries a sword."

"He must be an officer," said Jean.

"The boat, here is the boat!" exclaimed she. "Lord! it is going to be dashed to pieces against the ship. No; Heaven be praised! a wave has deadened the shock. They throw a rope to the officer. Why does he not hasten down? Why does he delay? What time lost! He speaks to Christophe—Christophe answers him. What madness! Is this a time for deliberation? Christophe is in a passion, I guess it by his gestures. Good! he springs on

the deck of the frigate; he takes the officer by the waist; he lifts him as a feather, and throws him into the boat; he in his turn gets into it. God protect their return!"

The return was rapid; the wind and waves carried to the shore, the skiff, shot like an arrow from a steel bow, and after a few moments it grated over the strand. Scarcely had Christophe set foot on land when Jeanne sprang to his neck and embraced him several times.

"I am proud of you," said she, with an expression of sweet tenderness.

"It's not worth it," answered Christophe, who thought that what he had done was but natural; "we came too late, and could only save one; yet, *mille tonnerres*, it was not without trouble, for that devil of a man had determined to perish with his frigate; he made more ceremony about being saved than others generally do, when conducted to death. Boys," added he, speaking to the sailors who had accompanied him, "you'll follow us to the castle, where we'll take care of you," then, turning to the English officer, he was about to question him, but remained silent and respectful, beholding his grief. The stranger contemplated with melancholy the corpses which the sea had cast on the strand. He walked slowly from one to another, calling them by name. He had named several of them, when suddenly he recognised one, whose life had, doubtlessly, been most dear to him, for no sooner did he perceive him, than he knelt by his side in sullen despair, and long remained thus, as though the dead could hear him. All who witnessed this scene were deeply moved.

"Unfortunate man!" said Jeanne, "he mourns over a brother or a friend."

"Yes," said Christophe, who understood English a little, "he calls him his brother, his friend, his dear and unfortunate Albert. Although they are but English, no matter, it breaks the heart. Come, sir," added he, approaching the officer, "were you to weep for ever, you could not restore these brave fellows to life. It is a misfortune, but you can't help it; and after all you've done your duty. I acknowledge you to be a man of honour, and a brave and true sailor; and

if it were necessary, I would bear witness before the English Board of Admiralty. The Devil! sir, have courage, people may be wrecked, run aground, or lose their ships—it happens every day, and might befall the first admiral of France or England. There is no disgrace in such a thing. The ocean is master of us all; he is a bad bedfellow who, when you expect it the least, throws you savagely over the bedside. I can tell you, you are a gallant man, and had we met some five-and-twenty years ago at sea, with-in gunshot, you in your frigate, and I in the brig *La Vaillance*, by Neptune! we would have saluted each other after a strange fashion.”

Christophe added some words to induce the stranger to come to the Coat D'Or; but he seemed not to hear what was said. He stood motionless, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed on the frigate, which the waves continued to beat with redoubled force. Thus he remained a long time before it was possible to remove him from this heartrending spectacle. At last, from the incessant assault of the waves, the hull of the ship broke in two, and in a few seconds the sea rolled without an obstacle on the place which she had occupied. The officer pressed his hand upon his heart, and silent tears trickled down his cheek.

By a sudden movement of sympathy, Jeanne and Joseph each seized one of his hands. He bent a sweet, yet sorrowful, look on the young girl; then, without saying a word, thoughtlessly offered her his arm, and allowed himself to be led away like a child.

They soon reached the Coat D'Or: Jean and Christophe walked in front; Jeanne followed them, leaning on the arm of the English officer; Joseph had remained on the shore to look after the corpses cast up by the sea; not a word was uttered on their way. Once in the drawing-room—

“Sir,” said Christophe, addressing the stranger, “you are in France, on the coast of Brittany, in the castle of the three brothers Legoff. Here is Jean, I am Christophe, our third brother watches over the dead sailors; this fair child is our beloved niece. Had I not saved you against your will, we would nevertheless be inclined to fulfil towards you all the duties of hos-

pitality: I beg, then, that you will consider this house as your own: and believe me, we'll forget nothing to help you to bear the misfortune which has befallen you.”

“You are our guest,” added Jean.

“We are your friends,” said Jeanne.

“Noble hearts! generous France, that I always loved!” exclaimed the stranger with emotion, carrying the hand of Jeanne to his lips; then re-assuming the Britannic phlegm, he held out his hand to Christophe, and said. “My name is George Whitworth, a naval officer, but this morning captain of an English frigate. You have saved me despite myself; I wished, I ought, to have died on board my vessel. However, I do thank you.”

“Before you express your gratitude, wait until you have tasted our old French wines,” replied Christophe, inviting him to sit at a table which had just been laid. “I mean to show you, sir, that however sad be a life, it has still some good sides.”

The officer was exhausted as much by want as by emotion. Before seating himself, he begged leave to retire to the room that had been prepared for him in great haste, but over the arrangement of which the foresight of Jeanne had presided. When he returned he had taken off the boat cloak, which covered his uniform, and had repaired as much as possible the disorder of his dress. In the excitement of the first moments, Jeanne had not thought of remarking if the guest sent by the tempest were handsome or ugly, old or young; she beheld but the grief, and was pre-occupied only by the disaster of the man. Moreover, it would have been difficult to judge of the appearance of George Whitworth. His boat-cloak wrapped him entirely; his hat was pressed down on his forehead, his dripping hair half concealed his face; his hands bore traces of the hard work in which he had been engaged. When he re-entered the room, Jeanne and her uncles were at once struck by his youth and prepossessing exterior. He was a tall and handsome man, about twenty-eight years of age; the fairness of his complexion agreeably contrasted with the clear and deep blue of his eyes; his light and silky hair, carelessly thrown back, exposed to view a high and intelligent brow; his figure was

elegant, and his uniform became him well. No sooner was he in the drawing-room, than going to Jeanne, he offered her his hand to lead her to the table.

"By Jove, sir," cried Christophe, making him sit beside him, opposite to his niece; "you might have laughed when I spoke to you of what could have happened, had my brig and your frigate met some five-and twenty years ago; you were hardly born then; so young, and already captain of a frigate! You have lost no time. And yet you wished to die; young man, indeed it would have been a pity, for if you go on thus, you may be admiral at thirty."

George answered at first by a faint smile; then narrated in all their particulars the misfortunes which had just befallen him. Commissioned to protect the interest of the English commerce on the French coast, he had been surprised the evening before by a furious squall, which breaking his masts, had driven him into shoals. He had fired guns all night long. Shortly before daybreak, the ship threatened every moment to founder: they lowered the long boat, all the crew sprang into it, and he himself was about to follow, when it was violently carried away by the waves. From the cries of distress which suddenly arose above the clamour of the tempest, and the deadly silence which followed, the officer knew that the boat had been swamped, and that it was all over with his friends and sailors.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "I wished to die, and at this hour still, though you should accuse me of ingratitude, I regret you saved me! I wished to die, for all my crew had perished, and never again could I expect to see my friend Albert, the dearer half of myself. I prayed that the sea which had swallowed him up, should be my grave, and my ship my coffin. Alas! it was the first vessel I commanded," added he, blushing with a noble shame; "I loved my frigate as a first love; she was to me like a young and fair bride. It would have been sweet for me to perish with her."

"Your language pleases me," said Jeanne; "you are a gallant young man," added he, stretching his hand over the table; "as to your government, that is

another question—we will speak of it by-and-by."

"Come, drink away," exclaimed Christophe, filling his glass, "it is the same with frigates as with sweethearts and brides—one lost, ten found."

"Albert was your brother?" asked the young girl, with timid curiosity.

"He was my friend; the same leanings, sympathies, and ambition, had bound us together from infancy. We followed the same studies, shared the same labours; so tried was our friendship that none could have thought of separating us. What sweet dreams did we not exchange, on the deck of our ship, during the calm nights of starry heavens! How many hopes did we not ungle, when silence was mellowed by the harmonious murmur of that perfidious sea which so soon was to sever us. One was our will, and one our soul—still, *he* is no more and *I* live."

Having thus said, he leaned his head on his hands and buried himself in a melancholy reverie.

"Unfortunate young man," exclaimed Jeanne, feelingly.

"Those Englishmen have some good in them after all," said Jean, emptying a glass of claret.

"There are good people everywhere," said Christophe. "Come, captain," added he, slapping him on the shoulder, "cheer up—don't be cast down. You are young, therefore destined to lose many a frigate and many a friend. A sailor must be ready to face everything; you know the proverb:

"Women and the sea,
Who trusts—mad is he."

I, for my part, have weathered many a stiff gale in my time—the sea is our common enemy; from you it has snatched a friend; from us, an old father and a young brother —"

"Ay," interrupted Jean, "each of us has had his common enemy; war has been mine, for it deprived me of my wife and only son."

"Come, come," returned Christophe, "brother Jean, don't give vent to your usual lamentations. Fill up your glasses and let us drink to the memory of those dear to us."

George stood up, and before carrying to his lips the glass just filled by Christophe—

"To the memory of those you loved, and may heaven pour all its benedictions on this hospitable dwelling!"

Jean, Christophe, and the young girl, had risen at the same time—

"To the memory of your friend Albert," replied Christophe, "and may heaven pour into your heart all the joys and consolations of earth!"

"To you, also," added the officer, turning to Jeanne with a grave politeness—"to you, young and fair amongst the fairest, who, to use the words of an old English poet, are a 'young flower mingled with the gloomy foliage of the cypress!'"

They then all sat down, and the conversation continued its course; George spoke the language of his hosts with a remarkable facility, and rather a pleasing accent.

Meanwhile, the young girl observed him with an astonishment that can be easily conceived. Jeanne had been reared in feelings of hatred towards England. Thanks to the education, which Christophe and Jean had given to their niece, hitherto it was to her but *la perfide Albion*, the country of Hudson Lowe, an iron cage in which Napoleon had died a slow death, a serpent's nest in the middle of the sea. Besides she knew from infancy, that her father had been killed by an English naval officer; in fine, she naively thought until then that all sailors, save those of Byron's poems, swore, drank, and smoked, had big hands and proverbial *enboupant*, a long beard, and, in a word, resembled the ex-lieutenant of the brig—

The repast being over, the officer went without further delay to make his report to the English consul residing at St. Brieuc. Christophe and Jean accompanied him, and strengthened his depositions by their testimony. As is customary, it was decided that George should wait the departure of the first vessel sailing for England, to present himself before the Board of Admiralty. Until then the consul offered him hospitality, but unwilling to offend the Legoffs, who insisted warily that he should return with them, George requested leave to establish his residence at the Coat D'Or, where it might be necessary for him to watch over the wreck of the vessel.

On the evening of that day, an affecting ceremony took place at Big-

nic. At dusk, the three Legoffs, Jeanne, and the servants, accompanied the officer to the village cemetery. When passing along the shore, the officer perceived the remains of his flag, washed in by the sea—he lifted them, kissed them sadly, and pressed them reverently to his heart. Thanks to the care of Joseph, all the corpses found along the strand had been placed in a common grave, dug at the angle of the cemetery nearest to the ocean. The old curate had said for them the mass of the dead, without minding whether they had been Protestants or Catholics. It was he who, after blessing them in their last abode, threw on them the first handful of earth; George threw the second; and when the gravedigger had ended his task, amidst the silence and recollection of the assistants, the officer planted over the tomb of his brothers a wooden cross, wrapped in the tatters of the English flag. Having bid them a last farewell he slowly strolled away, and the little cortege returned to the Coat D'Or.

The supper was short, gloomy, and silent—a truly funereal banquet. Besides the sorrowful impressions under which all laboured—the guests were weary. The night and day just elapsed had been hard and laborious. George being no longer stimulated by the sense of the imperative duties he had just fulfilled, could sustain himself no further. Jeanne was the only one who felt no lassitude. Emotion and curiosity, the charm and attraction of novelty, had triumphed over fatigue. Having retired to her chamber, instead of seeking rest, she remained a long time leaning on the sill of her window, contemplating the magic picture which unrolled itself before her. The tempest had abated—the moon climbed full and bright in the azure sky—the ocean quitted the shore, and, mysteriously attracted, swelled its still-heaving bosom as if to hang upon the lips of its pale love.

At the same hour also did Joseph watch, the prey of an uneasiness and oppression, the cause of which he could not explain. Like Jeanne he had been struck by the distinguished appearance of the English officer; and more than once did he suffer during the evening, finding the eyes of his niece fixed upon the stranger.

Jeanne watched far into the night : when at length sleep closed her eyes, she saw passing in her dreams, under

vague and confused types, all the graceful forms revealed to her by the books she had recently read.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Jeanne rose with the day. She opened her window : the air was mild, the sky serene. The sun promised one of those fair winter days, which seem to herald the return of spring. Save the servants, every one was still asleep in the castle. Under the pretext of killing time until breakfast hour, the young girl put on her riding habit, and having ordered her horse, she cantered away, accompanied this time by Yvon, who followed on horseback, according to the orders given by Joseph, since the last ramble of the young girl. She glided lightly along the coast. Never had she felt at the same time so calm and so joyful. Why? She knew not, nor did she ask herself. At some distance from the Coat D'Or she perceived George, who, standing motionless, contemplated with melancholy the sea now smooth as a mirror. Explain who may the presentiments of these two young hearts ! None of the servants had seen the stranger go out ; without wronging his vigilance, it might be supposed that he still rested after his late fatigues. Although unknown to herself, Jeanne when setting out was almost sure of meeting him. At the noise of the approaching gallop, George turned his head and beheld the young girl coming towards him, beautiful, haughty, and graceful, like the Di Vernon of the Scotch novelist. A few yards from the officer, Jeanne's horse reared under the slight pressure of the curb, and then stood immovable. After the usual salutations—

"Mr. Whitworth," said the young girl, "you must be more at ease on the deck of a ship than on horseback ; however, if you have no objection to join in my ride, I offer you Yvon's horse ; we shall go on to Bignic, and return to the castle together."

Yvon, having rejoined his mistress, dismounted, and the captain of the frigate vaulted gracefully into the saddle, and almost immediately the two horses set off abreast, following the narrow path which wound itself like a serpentine ribbon along the coast. Jeanne

remarked at once that, for a naval officer, George was a very agreeable cavalier, and might have given lessons in horsemanship to uncle Jean. Having galloped for some time, in silence, they slackened their pace, and by degrees fell into conversation. Jeanne narrated with charming simplicity the history of the Coat D'Or, and the strange manner after which she had been reared. More grave and reserved, George told nothing of his life ; but it happened, that in everything they had the same tastes, and sympathies. Jeanne was not entirely a stranger to English writers ; the officer knew a little about French literature. They communicated their ideas and sentiments. No one can tell to how many growing affections writers thus become accomplices. Hearts unite in the same admiration, and what they dare not express, the poet sings. Having arrived at the summit of a steep cliff, they stopped to let their horses take breath, on a spot whence they could discover a vast extent of country : the sea on one side, on the other fields of reeds and heath ; here the slender spire of Bignic ; yonder the massive towers of the Coat D'Or. At this picturesque sight, whilst the young girl patted the trembling shoulder of her bay horse, George having let the reins fall on the neck of his, cast around an astonished and dreamy glance. Struck by the attitude of her companion, Jeanne asked him the cause of his reverie.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you, mademoiselle," replied he, "but you—have you never felt what I now feel? Did you never imagine that before bearing your present charming form, you lived in another country, under other skies? Are there not perfumes and harmonies, which awaken in you the vague remembrance of a mysterious land? Oh! these feelings, these thoughts now mine, shall one day be yours, fair girl; when you return to heaven. Methinks I recognise these places, though beholding them for the first time; that my soul once wandered on this lonely strand and

over these solitary moors. Have I not once breathed the strange fragrance of this wild nature?" added he, inspiring slowly the odour of the heath and wild flowers, mingled with the exhalations of the sea: "thus, strange to say! each time I have seen an unknown shore streak the horizon, I have felt my heart beating, and my eyes filled with tears; never did I tread on a foreign land without being tempted to kneel and kiss it; to kiss it with emotion, and to call it my mother."

"That mysterious land which we vaguely recollect, 'tis not here below we are to seek it, Mr. Whitworth," gravely said the young girl, remembering the pious teachings of Joseph.

"It is true," added George, with sadness, "the unfortunate and the exiled have no fatherland on earth."

Jeanne guessed that some painful secret hung over the destiny of her companion. She dared not question him; but their looks met, and when they returned to the castle, an invisible chain already linked their two souls. The presence of George gave new life to the inmates of the Coat D'Or. The repasts became more cheerful; conversation shortened and enlivened the course of the evenings. The officer had travelled, seen and observed much: under an apparent phlegm and a real sadness, he concealed a heart prone to enthusiasm, a mind flexible and by times mirthful. To use the energetic expression of Christophe, "the officer was a Frenchman, sewed up in an Englishman's skin." He seldom spoke of himself, and liked not to put himself forward, but he related very agreeably his travels in distant lands. Though young, he had navigated on all seas, and had sailed nearly round the world; the icés of Norway, the shores of the Bosphorus, and the banks of the Indus, were as familiar to him, as to Jeanne the rocky strand of the ocean extending from Coat D'Or to Bignic. He knew both the old and new world; had visited the ruins of ancient Egypt, and the forests of young America. He told as a poet what he had seen, what he had felt. In all these descriptions, the name of Albert was ceaselessly mingled; and Jeanne, when listening, appeared to hang on the lips of the speaker.

Then came the old feuds of France

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and England. It was on this ground that Christophe and Jean liked specially to entice their guest; George nobly upheld the honor of the British flag, but it was easy to perceive that his heart inclined towards France. He loved all her glories, respected all her misfortunes, and almost always, to their great disappointment, they found an accomplice in lieu of an adversary. The young man carried into all these discussions an elegance of manners, an elevation of ideas, and a chivalrous eloquence, which excited the more the imagination of Jeanne, these accomplishments forming a striking contrast with the uncultivated manners of her uncles. Seated by the fireside, Joseph mixed but little in these conversations; his hands on his knees, his feet on the fender, more sad and thoughtful than ever, he observed, by times, with a secret feeling of jealousy and grief, George, and also Jeanne, whose entire attention was devoted to the officer alone. Both were young and handsome, and poor Joseph, when contemplating them, could not restrain emotions of sorrow and envy. He suffered: how could he but suffer? From the day the stranger had first crossed the threshold of the Coat D'Or, scarcely had the ungrateful girl found for her uncle an affectionate word or a kind smile. George reigned absolutely in her heart, and Joseph was merely a dethroned king under that very roof, where he had so long held the double sceptre of affection and intelligence. Alas! the sight of these two young hearts, which loved without avowing, or perhaps knowing it, revealed to him, in its whole extent, the evil of his soul: he knew at last the secret of that strange malady, which for some time had disturbed his days and his nights. Perturbed and miserable, kneeling every evening before his crucifix, he called upon Heaven to aid him. As for the two other Legoffs, they remarked nothing, suspected nothing; their guest amused them, and, seeing their niece re-assume the serenity of her disposition, Christophe and Jean, without any further alarm, enjoyed their former tranquillity. Thus all three played unconsciously—Joseph the part of a deceived and jealous lover, Christophe and Jean, that of two confiding and blind husbands.

The inexperience of these two men in all that regarded love, prevented them from perceiving what actually passed under their eyes, and also from foreseeing what should naturally follow the arrival of George at the Coat D'Or.

Aye, doubtlessly, they loved each other, these two young hearts. By what spell could it have been otherwise? Long since, Jeanne was a ready prey for love. She was entering that time of life, when the fair swarm of our dreams hum around the first hive offered to it; that matinal hour, when we hail as an angel, descended purposely from heaven, the first being chance or Providence sends us. Charming age! hours too swiftly fled! youth is like a tree blossoming on the wayside; it is ever on the brow of the first traveller, sitting beneath its branches, that it sheds its freshness and its perfumes.

It so happened that destiny gratified all the dreams of Jeanne, and imagination had nothing to lend to reality. Nothing was wanted, not even the accessories, which far surpassed the exigencies of a poet. The dark night, the furious sea, the cannon mingling its deep and terrible voice with the clamour of the tempest. A frigate wrecked within sight of the coast, all the crew ingulphed in the waves, the captain alone snatched, against his will, from the abyss ready to devour him. In his life lay a painful secret, the poetic mystery of which gave the last touch to that resemblance to one of those shadowy figures, which almost every young girl has beheld in her dreams.

Many a time, Joseph, who followed with an anxious eye the progress these two young people made in each other's affection, was on the point of questioning his niece; the fear of awakening her heart restrained him. Moreover, he reckoned on the approaching departure of the officer; yet weeks elapsed and there was no mention of it. By a feeling of delicacy, which the coarsest natures will have no trouble to understand, the Legoffs scrupulously abstained from any allusion to the subject. Jeanne, abandoning herself to her happiness, did not even think of it, and George himself forgot that he was to depart one day or another. Joseph counted

the days with anxiety; several times he had secretly gone to St. Brieuc, to inquire if there were any ship ready to sail for England. He was not actuated by jealousy alone—he trembled also for Jeanne's peace, he troubled himself rightly when considering the destiny of the child. Oftentimes, he had attempted to arouse the solicitude of his brothers. It so happened that Christophe and Jean, so susceptible and jealous as to what regarded their niece, had, from the first, taken the greatest fancy to the only man who ought naturally to have given them umbrage, and even placed in him the most blind and *wise* confidence.

Jeanne and George continued, then, to see each other without restraint; and in this Christophe and Jean saw no harm. They were not sorry to let the English naval officer know how hospitality was understood on the French coast; we may add, that they showed off their niece to the stranger, as a jewel of which they were proud. More clear-sighted, Joseph watched them with suspicious vigilance; albeit all the poor fellow could imagine, he lost his time and trouble. The young girl ever found, to escape him or send him away, some innocent *ruse*, some ingenious pretext. If he accompanied them in their strolls by the seaside, and the breeze freshened, Jeanne soon perceived she had forgotten her shawl or her cloak—if the sun shone brightly, it was her veil or her parasol. Then would kind Joseph run to the Coat D'Or to hurry back, a shawl on his arm, or a parasol in his hand; but vainly sought he Jeanne or George—vainly did he call their names to all the echoes of the shore; the two birds had flown: and when the evening brought them home, if Joseph seemed inclined to lecture the young girl, Jeanne, assuming immediately an angry look, would assert that she had waited for Joseph, scold him for not returning sooner, and complain beforehand of a sunstroke, or a cold, for which she was indebted to his negligence—all this with such grace and wit, that Christophe and Jean soon took her part, and Joseph found himself rebuked by every one.

Thus the cruel child played pitilessly with the most tender and devoted affection. Scarcely is love awakened when all the rest in life is counted as nothing:

friends, parents, family, the most sacred attachments—all grow pale and glimmer before the first beams of love. Love is the first chapter in the great book of ingratitude.

What need, after all, had these two young people of *ruse* and mystery? Feared they that Joseph might guess the secret of their glances and conversations? These were such as the guardian angel of Jeanne might have rejoiced to hear; the glances they interchanged were ever the purest rays of their noble and elevated souls. They went gently along the strand, conversing of all they knew—cheerful by times, oftener serious—Jeanne leaning on George's arm: both abandoning themselves to the charm that attracted them. The usual end of their walk was the little churchyard, where lay the companions of George. There he found a melancholy pleasure in speaking to her of that Albert he had so dearly loved. When the sun had heated the fine and golden sand of the shore, they retired to some lonely spot; seated side by side, whilst the waves broke at their feet, they read the book they had brought, but they soon shut it to resume their *causeries*. Thus fled their days; and Jeanne's happiness would have been cloudless and free from regret, had not the sombre melancholy to which George oftentimes yielded, filled her heart with unceasing anxiety and sadness. Many a time had she attempted to lift, with a gentle hand, the veil which hung over the life of this young man, but ever vainly; and fearing to appear indiscreet, Jeanne resigned herself to remain ignorant of that life, which she wished to know but to sympathise with its misfortunes.

One day both were seated on a retired part of the sea-shore: it was spring time—April had just begun. Little white and pink flowers bloomed here and there in the crevices of the rocks, rejoicing in the warm kisses of the sun. The birds were singing on the heaths—the earth, young again, mingled its sweet perfumes with the fresh sea breeze. Jeanne and George were unknowingly affected by these enervating influences. The young girl was dreamy; George, silent and agitated. They endeavoured to read, but the book fell from their hands, and they thought not of taking it up. They were so near each other that the hair of the young girl, tossed by the breeze,

caressed the face of her charm-stricken lover. They were silent. The wave flung at their feet its silvery crest; the ocean rocked them with its ceaseless murmur; the sun bathed them in golden light. What was to happen, happened. Long since attracted, their souls soon mingled together. Unconsciously, Jeanne rested her head on the shoulder of George, their hands met, and for unmarked hours they sat silent, motionless, and forgetful of aught save the vision of their happiness.

Close by stood Joseph in a care-worn attitude, gazing with a jealous eye upon them, both charming and young, like the flowery spring. The sun beamed upon them lovingly—the breeze seemed happy to caress them—the fields—the sea—all nature were accessories of their felicity. Beholding this, Joseph felt his heart breaking within him—he hid his face in his hands, and, poor fellow! he wept.

Meanwhile, the sun sank towards the horizon. Jeanne and George rose and re-took their way to the castle. They had not exchanged a word, scarcely a look, yet they understood each other. They returned slowly and silently, hearkening to the sympathetic language of their souls.

Joseph hurried to the castle; his jealousy urged him to undeceive, at once, his too-confiding brothers. He entered the drawing-room so pale and dismayed, that Christophe and Jean, who had just finished a game of chess, rose, affrighted at the discomposure of his countenance. Their thoughts turned immediately to Jeanne.

"What is going on—what has happened?" was their first cry.

Joseph threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Speak, then," exclaimed Christophe, shaking him by the arm.

"What has happened?" repeated Jean, with anxiety.

"What has happened, brothers?" said Joseph, at last, in a trembling voice—"you ask me what has happened. Great God! do you not know it?"

"But, triple goose," said Jean, stamping, "if we knew we would not ask you."

"Well, then," said Joseph, making an effort on himself, "Jeanne, our beloved child, our niece, the joy of our hearts, the pride of Coat D'Or, our love, our life; in fine —"

"Dead," cried the two brothers with one voice."

"Dead to us, if we do not look to her," said Joseph, despairingly.

"But speak, wretch, speak!" exclaimed they, in a tone of supplicating passion.

"Well," replied Joseph, "that stranger we sheltered under our roof—that officer—that Englishman, George—oh, brothers, accursed be the day that man crossed the threshold of our home!"

Christophe and Jean were on burning coals.

"Well, Jeanne and George?"

"They love each other."

A thunderbolt tearing down the roof of the castle, and falling at their feet, would have less stupified and affrighted them. They remained motionless, voiceless, and overwhelmed.

"It cannot be," said Christophe, at last; "Vaillance Legoff could not love an Englishman."

"Jeanne would not forget so far, what she owes to her name, to her country, to her father, to the memory of Napoleon."

"Jeanne is sixteen, she loves, and forgets all," cried Joseph.

He then recounted what he had seen and observed since the arrival of George at the Coat D'Or. Not only did he show that they loved, but more, he demonstrated clearly that they could not do aught else than love, and that the only thing to wonder at was the blind confidence of the two uncles. However, in all he could tell there was nothing very alarming; but hurried on by the jealousy that spurred him, Joseph threw into his recital so much emotion and warmth, that his brothers were naturally led to suppose the evil greater than Joseph himself believed it to be.

"*Malediction!*" exclaimed Jean—"why, being aware of their love, did you not speak sooner?"

"I delayed, I doubted still," humbly replied Joseph; "I reckoned upon the approaching departure of our guest; I feared to disturb uselessly your repose and that of Jeanne."

The sailor and the soldier strode up and down the room like two caged hyenas. To imagine the fury and exasperation of these men, it is necessary to comprehend their insane love for their niece. Two wild beasts,

just deprived of their young ones, would not have been more furious.

"Now, then," abruptly exclaimed Christophe, seizing a pair of pistols hanging over the mantelpiece, "let us avenge by the same blow, the death of the father and the honor of the child. If I be killed, Jean, you shall take my place. Should Jean fall, once in your life will you have courage?" demanded he energetically of Joseph.

"If you have not courage enough to fight," rejoined Jean, "swear that you will take him treacherously, as he took us, and will assassinate him."

"Kill him like a dog," said Christophe.

"He is an Englishman," exclaimed Jean; "men will bless, and God will forgive you."

They were sincere in their hatred, and expressed themselves with more coolness and earnestness than might be supposed. The love burning in their hearts could make these men caressing dogs or furious tigers.

"This is what I dreaded," exclaimed Joseph with affright; "for this reason did I still hesitate to converse with you on the subject. Brothers, the harm is not so great as you imagine, and you would only aggravate it by acting as you wish to do. Thank God! the honor of Jeanne is not to be questioned; it is but the happiness and quietude of our niece that are threatened. You calumniate our niece and our guest. They have simply obeyed, perhaps thoughtlessly, that charm of youth which attracted them towards each other. Jeanne is as pure as handsome, and M. George——"

"Is a wretch," exclaimed Christophe; "I hold him as a coward, and take upon me to tell him so to his face."

Scarcely were these words uttered when the door opened, and George entered more grave than usual; his look was so cold, calm, and dignified, that the three brothers remained mute beneath his glance. At last Christophe laid on the table the pistols he held in his hands, and walked up to the stranger.

"I repeat, sir, that I hold you as a coward," said he, laying his hand on his shoulder.

Having politely removed the heavy hand which Christophe had laid upon him,

"Sir," answered George, with his

wanted coolness, "I doubt if it can be to me such language is addressed."

"To you, sir—to you alone. Listen to me, sir," instantly replied Christophe, not leaving him time to answer—"when I saved your life at the peril of my own, I merely did my duty; I don't boast of it. That duty fulfilled, all ended between us, I owed you nothing; nothing, in fact, compelled me to open to you this house. In danger of death, you were a man for me; living and saved, you were but an Englishman. Our nation at all times detested yours. We, Legoffs, we hate you as a people, as a government, as individuals. The name of an Englishman sounds badly in our ears. 'Twas an Englishman killed our brother Jerome. However, moved by your misfortunes, we received you as a brother: you took your place at our table, slept under our roof; in a word, you became our guest. Say, did we break the laws of hospitality? Have you not always found under this roof friendly hearts and friendly faces?"

"I shall never forget," said George, "your generous hospitality —"

"Please to believe, sir, that our memory will be as true as yours, and that we shall ever remember the manner in which you have acknowledged it. That hospitality had at least the merit of being open, hearty, and sincere."

"What do you mean?" haughtily demanded George.

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Christophe, in a voice of thunder, "that you have shamefully betrayed our confidence. I mean that we had a treasure for which we cared more than for our lives, and that treasure you have basely endeavoured to steal from us. I mean that you have treacherously taken advantage of our confidence to subdue a defenceless heart. I mean, in fact, that to repay the welcome you received, you have brought to this hearth, trouble, shame, and despair."

"It is the act of a felon and a traitor," added Jean, "and we are three here ready to take revenge."

Joseph breathed not a word; he had retreated under the mantelpiece, during the blowing up of the mine, the match of which he had lighted.

"I understand you, messieurs," said George, at last, with dignity. "It is true," added he, raising his voice

and addressing himself to the three brothers, "I love your niece; if it be a cowardice and a felony not to have contemplated such grace and such charms, so much innocence and beauty, without being captivated, you are not mistaken—I am a coward, and a felon too; but I take heaven to witness—and you may believe a man who knows not how to lie—I have never spoken but with respect to that young heart—you accuse me of having attempted to surprise and disturb. Towards that noble girl, my bearing has ever been that of a brother, grave and respectful. I do love her, but never have my lips betrayed the secret of my soul."

"If you love her, so much the worse for you," bluffly replied Christophe, who, albeit reassured, thought that George wished to conclude by the demand of Jeanne's hand. "Listen to me, sir," added he in a softened tone, "I will speak to you candidly. Our niece, do you see, is our life; to separate us from her would be to tear out our hearts. You are young, the world is wide, and women are not scarce; you will find twenty for one, and have but the trouble of choosing. We, on the other hand, are growing old; this child is our only joy; we love her beyond what I could express. Question Jean and Joseph; like me, both will answer, that as long as one of us lives, Jeanne shall not marry."

"But who tells you——?" exclaimed George.

"All you could add would be useless," said Jean, interrupting him; "we have decreed that Jeanne shall never marry, and you may well comprehend, sir," added he, dwelling on each word, "if we were to depart from such a resolution, it would not be in favour of England."

"We don't wish," added Christophe, "the ghost of our brother to rise against us as a curse."

"Nor the shade of our emperor," said Jean, "to pursue and accuse us of having mingled French blood with that of Hudson Lowe."

"Mr. George," said Joseph mildly, "let your heart endeavour to understand us. Jeanne is our adored child; she is the air we breathe, and the sun that gladdens us. Only think that we were lost! Our family threatened to die away in shame and misery,

when God, to draw us from the abyss, sent this delivering angel! However worthy you may be to possess such a treasure, never shall we consent."

"Once more, messieurs," exclaimed George, rather impatiently, "to what tend all these words? I did not come here to demand the hand of Mademoiselle Jeanno. Better than any one do I know the reasons which interdict me such happiness, and what folly it would be to expect it. God knows," added he, with melancholy, "that I never for one moment cherished so sweet a hope. Scarcely a few hours since, I was still ignorant of the secret of my heart; discovering it, I felt that I was no longer at liberty to stay amongst you, without forfeiting my honor, and I came unhesitatingly, my hosts, to take leave of you."

On hearing this, Christophe and Jean were almost as much astounded as when receiving the disclosure of Joseph. Joseph, for his part, felt relieved of a great weight, and began to breathe more freely. All three were affected by the straightforwardness of the officer; but they hastened to take him at his word, little anxious as they were to keep such a guest, and rightly thought they that the best-intentioned wolf in the world was somewhat out of place in a sheepfold; and, although acknowledging that in all this George had behaved as an honourable man, they felt not the less against him a strong feeling of rancour and jealousy.

"Since it is thus, sir," said Christophe, drily, "I retract the hard words I addressed to you in a moment of passion, which I thought justifiable. If I knew of any other reparation, I would not hesitate to offer it."

"I require no reparation, sir," nobly replied George; "the words you addressed to a coward could not apply to me."

"We acknowledge Mr. Whitworth to be an honourable man," said Joseph.

"Surely, surely," added Jean; "since Mr. Whitworth earnestly desires to sleep at St. Brieuc this evening, I will instantly order a horse to be saddled, and Yvon shall accompany him."

"Your peace being more in question than ours," said Christophe, "I think it would be unbecoming of us to detain you any longer. Your

honesty is a sufficient guarantee to us that you will not again seek to see our niece.

"I pledge you my word," replied George, with an expression of heroic resignation.

Two saddled horses pranced in the courtyard. Ere departing, George cast around the chamber he was leaving for ever, a long, melancholy glance; then, in a sad voice—

"Adieu, my hosts," said he. "Farewell, frankness, honor, and honesty, that I found seated at this fireside! Farewell, grace and beauty, of which I treasure the perfumes in my heart! Farewell, hospitable dwelling, the remembrance of which shall everywhere follow me! If my prayers mount to heaven, long shall be your days, free from sorrows and *ennuis*, and you shall grow old in joy of heart, beneath the protecting wings of that angel who dwells amongst you. Come, messieurs," added he, stretching out his hand, "my hand is worthy of pressing yours."

At this solemn moment, the three Legoffs felt moved. They entertained for this young man a strong and sincere affection. Joseph himself, notwithstanding all the grief George had caused him, could not help doing justice to his noble qualities. Seeing him ready to depart, his eyes filled with tears. Christophe opened his arms, and held him in a long embrace. Jean warmly shook his hand again and again.

At length, when Joseph's turn came, they embraced each other eagerly, and shed many a tear. They both suffered from the same evil: it seemed as though their sorrows understood each other.

"Yours is a noble heart."

"*Mille tonnerres!*" said Christophe, wiping his eyes. "Why has this brave fellow fallen in love with that little girl?"

"The devil take love!" added Jean, passionately.

"Farewell! farewell!" exclaimed George, in heartrending accents, tearing himself from the arms of Joseph; "once for all, farewell!"

Having said this, he went out abstractedly, rushed into the yard, threw himself into the saddle of the horse waiting for him, and, followed by Yvon, set out, to halt only at St. Brieuc.

Meanwhile, what was the occupation of our young heroine? Joy, like sorrow, loves solitude. Jeanne, on her return to the *Coat D'Or*, had retired to her chamber; and, whilst George departed from the castle, she fondly caressed the happiness which now was flying from her. She thoughtlessly abandoned herself to the sweet hopes of the future, and built up, complacently, the castles of her destiny. At that age, love knows no obstacles. Moreover, accustomed to see her uncles obey, like slaves, her most frivolous caprices, Jeanne could not suppose that they would resist a serious desire of her heart; such an idea did not even enter her mind. She refused to come down at dinner-time: she wished to be alone, to hearken to the thousand voices singing within her bosom. For the first time in her life, she took pleasure in gazing at a mirror, and finding herself beautiful. She wept and smiled together: she threw herself on her bed, all in tears, then ran, all smiles, to the window, to contemplate, with gratitude, the sea, less vast, less deep, than the felicity which bathed her soul.

"He is sad," thought she; "I'll console him. Doubtless, he is poor; I'll make him rich. He loves France; I'll give her to him for his fatherland. To me he shall owe all; and yet I shall be his debtor. We shall live at the *Coat D'Or*, embellished by our mutual tenderness; our uncles will grow old by our side—our happiness will make them young again; the caresses of our children will gladden the close of their days."

Yvon surprised his young mistress amid her dreams and transports. He entered noiselessly, delivered her a letter, and glided away without uttering a word.

The shudder of death passed over the heart of the young girl: she grew pale, and, for several moments, gazed with dread upon the letter, not daring to open it. At last, she broke the seal, with a trembling hand, and, in one glance, read these few lines, hastily written:—

"Mademoiselle—I felt bound to depart without seeing you, but I could not do so without addressing you an eternal adieu. Your life will be happy, if heaven, as I implore, adds my share of happiness to yours: thus

may fate acquit itself towards me, *Jeune amie!* I now retake the burden of my days; but one star I shall now behold shining through my sombrest nights. Go, by times, and sit on the turf covering the remains of my dear Albert, and remember, that he was, for years, all I loved most and best on earth. When spring shall enamel the meadows, gather a few flowers from his tomb, and throw them, one by one, into the sea; often shall my eyes seek them—often shall I imagine they follow the track of my ship. You are young, you will doubtless forget me; I would wish to leave you a token that should constantly recall me to your heart; but the waves have left me nothing—nothing but this little relic! Wear, oh, do wear it in remembrance of me! Often have I questioned it, often covering it with kisses and tears, did I ask it the sad secret of my life; now that I have no more to hope for here below, accept it—it is my only inheritance. It is sweet for me to think that I, having detached it from my neck, you shall suspend it at yours.

"GEORGE."

To this letter was annexed a little silver relic, suspended to a hair chain, frayed by time and wear. Jeanne knew not feint or dissimulation; her disposition was so chaste and pure, that she had not the least idea of the reserve which the world imposes on love; being under the influence of a strong emotion, she could act but spontaneously, without reflection or restraint.

She at once hurried from her chamber to the drawing-room.

The three Legoffs were there, seated together at their fire; they consulted about the best means of announcing to Jeanne the departure of George. They were fully aware of what remained to be done, and the difficulties they would have to encounter in overcoming the feelings of their niece.

Joseph, who well knew her heart, had the presentiment of its revolt and despair. They all dreaded the future, for they had already experienced what a difficult treasure a young girl is to keep.

"I hope," said Jean, "we will, for a long time, be cured of the evil of hospitality. Should an angel even come to knock at our door, I'd never open it."

"Brother," said Joseph, ever frightened at the impiety of the ex-corporal, "remember that for preventing the Son of God from sitting at his door, the Wandering Jew was condemned to walk unceasingly."

"The devil take you and your wandering Jew!" exclaimed Jean, shrugging his shoulders vexedly; "don't you think it agreeable to receive a pilgrim, who sips your claret, and expresses his gratitude by stealing the heart of your niece?"

"They may all be drowned like rats, and I'll be hanged if I ever cast them a rope's end," said Christophe.

"Yes," said Jean, "your salvage has been well paid. A pretty success it is; you may boast of it."

"Brothers," replied Joseph, "it is unchristian to regret the good we may have done; God rewards us for it, sooner or later, here or hereafter."

"Thank you," said Jean; "meanwhile get us out of the dilemma," added he, seeing the door thrown open violently, and Jeanne appear, pale as marble, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes sparkling.

"M. George, M. George—where is he?" said she, in a trembling voice.

"My little angel," replied Christophe, in a most coaxing tone, "he received orders to go without delay to St. Brieuc; a sloop waited for him to set sail for England at once. Our guest regretted much his not being able to take leave of you before his departure; but, you comprehend, he had no time to lose."

"Gone!" exclaimed Jeanne, vehemently: "it's impossible, uncles; he must not go."

"Dear child," said Joseph, "M. George has serious duties to fulfil; he has an account to render to the Board of Admiralty, of his country. It is more than life that is at stake—'tis his honor."

"I tell you it is impossible!" exclaimed Jeanne, with firmness; "there are motives which forbid him to depart. You must hurry after him, and bring him back. It is not of his own will that he has quitted this place; I feel it—I know it—I am sure of it. There is no sloop at St. Brieuc ready to sail for England; the wind is against it. I know all about it: you deceive me."

"Come, come," said Jean, in his turn, insidiously; "'tis all child's play. Tell us, is there anything

changed around you? Are we not still your old uncles?"

"Yes!" exclaimed she, changing at once from passion to tenderness—"yes, you are my old uncles—my good old friends—you are. Yes, I am always your beloved child," added she, in a supplicating voice, going from one to the other, and kissing them alternately. "Uncle Christophe, you called me after your brig. You; uncle Jean, you are my godfather; 'twas you who first hushed me on your noble heart—it was you who first taught me to cherish the glory of France, and to love your emperor. And you, my good Joseph, whose prayers are so agreeable to God, I am your pupil, your sister, and your companion."

"Oh, siren!—ah, you serpent!" said Christophe, vainly striving to hide his emotion.

"If you love me," replied she, "you don't wish me to die; for it would kill your niece if you separated her from George."

"Die!" exclaimed all three.

"Uncles," said Jeanne, with a noble pride, "I love George Whitworth; he loves me. I have already named him my husband in my heart. If I lose him your niece is a widow, and must die."

"What nonsense," said Jean—"a paltry little naval officer, who isn't worth a penny."

"I love him, and I am rich," replied the young girl.

"A botch," said Christophe, "who has not even the first notions of his profession, whom the British admiralty ought to order to be whipped like a cabin boy."

"What matters it if I love him?" haughtily demanded Jeanne.

"A young man," said Joseph, "whose life and family are perfectly unknown to us."

"I love him, and *will* be his wife," replied the inflexible girl.

"But, Jeanne, you're not thinking of it," exclaimed Christophe; "you forget that M. Whitworth is an Englishman; and it was an Englishman who killed your father, and made you an orphan."

"Consider, my dear Jeanne; probably he is a Protestant," said Joseph.

"I care about nothing in the world; I love him, and *will* have him for my husband."

Thus were seen struggling, on one

side, the egotism of love—on the other, the egotism of family: they were both inexorable. The brothers proceeded at first, by tears and prayers; at last they came to recrimination and anger. Christophe, Jean, and Joseph himself, thought that Jeanne's love for George was a mere childish passion; but even had they well appreciated all its importance, they would never have consented to give their niece to George, so well convinced were they that thus married, she would be lost to them. Vainly did she then beseech them—they showed themselves without pity; and vainly did they endeavour to win her over to their side—they found her unshakable.

"Dear and cruel child," said Joseph, trying a last effort, "are you not happy? What insane desire makes you wish to change your young liberty for the cares of marriage? Scarcely have you begun life, and already you would bind yourself by eternal links! What is wanting to your happiness?"

"George," replied Jeanne, with imperturbable *sang froid*.

Poor Joseph had not courage to prolong a discourse, the exordium of which obtained such brilliant success.

"Oh! how ungrateful, Jeanne," said Jean, bitterly.

"Oh!" cried Christophe, with vehemence, "I don't think there ever was a heart more ungrateful than yours. Forget, then, all that your uncles have been to you. Hasten to lose the memory of the past, lest your conscience should rise up against you."

"I understand you," said Jeanne, weeping: "at last, I read your souls. You never loved me!—no, never; you never did love me, hardhearted uncles! Now do I know the secret of your selfish affection. I was, at first, for you but a plaything, an amusement, a pastime. Later, it was your pride, not your love, that decked me. To your vanity alone do I owe your gifts and caresses. If you adorned my youth, it was simply to animate your home, to distract your leisure. Even, at this moment, it is not your fondness that trembles to lose me: 'tis your self-love that revolts at the idea of my destiny being no more limited to beguile your idle days, and it is I who accuse you of cruelty and ingratitude. If I could open my heart to you, there, heartless men, would you see that I associated you joyfully in all my dreams of happi-

ness. And even were I ungrateful," cried she, with despair, "is it my fault if, in your Coat D'Or, I die of weariness and *ennui*? Is it my fault if you three alone be not the whole world to me, and your affection suffice not to my life? What care I for your dresses, your diamonds, your jewels, if I am to be young and beautiful but for the seagulls of yonder shore? Beware, uncles! Your blood flows in my veins. You have called me *Vaillance*; and I am a girl to prove myself, sooner or later, worthy of my name."

"But, unfortunate and misled child!" exclaimed Jean, fatally inspired, "do you see nothing, understand nothing?" The mystery hanging over Mr. Whitworth, his melancholy, his reluctance to converse about his life and family—did all this reveal nothing to you? Did you never think that he was not free, that, perhaps, he was married?"

This supposition flashed upon her with horrible truth. She rose, made a few steps, uttered a cry, like a bird mortally wounded, and fell lifeless into the arms of Joseph.

"Ah! the cure is worse than the evil: you have killed our child. And, moreover, Jean, 'tis a lie; God never permits a lie."

"A lie—how do we know?" said Jean.

"Faith," added Christophe, "the English are capable of everything."

Jeanne was carried to her chamber. Fainting was succeeded by a violent fever, followed by delirium: and every fear was entertained for her life. 'Twas Joseph who watched over her, for he was the only one the young patient would allow to approach her bedside; she repulsed the two others with horror. Nothing could express the despair of Christophe and Jean; nothing could tell the remorse of poor Joseph.

"Miserable that I am!" would he exclaim, at night, kneeling by his niece's bed, and holding her burning hands in his own; "'tis I who have done all the evil! Oh, Lord, forgive me! Dear and unhappy child!"

But Jeanne heard him not. She called George, tenderly; then, at once, uttering a heartrending cry, would bury her head beneath the bedclothes, as it were, not to see menacing phantoms that came con-

stantly between her and her lover. Vainly did Joseph whisper to her that George was free, that she had been deceived: the poor girl heard but the cries of her own heart. Beholding so deep a grief, Joseph had drowned his jealousy in tears of repentance. He would willingly have given his life to secure the happiness of Jeanne, and thus redeem a moment of error and selfishness. More than once he besought his brothers to recall George; but Christophe and Jean answered—the one, that they must consider—the other, that they must wait. It was, indeed, a terrible and violent struggle between egotism and affection. Undoubtedly, love would finally have prevailed. The danger lasted but a day: that danger over, egotism triumphed.

The delirium had subsided, the height of the fever was abated, Jeanne seemed to be resigned; but seeing her pale and sorrowful face, it could be easily perceived that she was dead to every joy and hope. Whilst she slept, Christophe and Jean would glide softly into her chamber, for she persisted in refusing to admit them. They would approach her bed, look upon her with a kindly gaze, and retire, like true children, as they were.

"Brother," said Jean to Christophe, one day, "it breaks my heart to see her in so sad a condition; I think we'd do well to recall that infernal George. I don't like him, *mille canons*; but, in truth, Christophe, let it be he or another, we, sooner or later, must submit."

"I can't conceive," said Christophe, "the mania young girls have for marriage."

"How the devil, can you help it, my poor Christophe?" replied Jean, sighing. "It appears to be the case everywhere—fine ladies, country girls, and *vicandières* wish to try their luck."

"We must see: there is no hurry," said Christophe; "besides that Whittow must be gone."

"How do we know?" said Jean.

"I am sure he is gone," said Christophe, positively.

"If such be the case," added Jean, with secret satisfaction, "we've done our duty, and have nothing to reproach ourselves with."

An unforeseen incident suddenly changed the state of things. One night, overpowered by emotion and

fatigue, Joseph was obliged to give up his sweet watch over Jeanne. It was Jean who took his place, happy to pass a few hours beside the beloved child. He found by chance the letter of George, which Jeanne, in the excitement it had caused her, had neglected to put away. Jean read this letter by the pale light of the lamp; the last lines disturbed him. He rose, ran at once to the bedside of Jeanne: the young girl reposed calm and serene. He bent gently over her, perceived round her neck the hair chain by which hung the relic of George. At this sight his limbs failed him: he was compelled to sit on the foot of the bed. At last, with a trembling hand, he unknotted the chain, came close to the lamp, and the breaking day found him in the same place, pale, motionless: his eyes fixed on the chain and on the relic. It was the freshness of the morning that awoke him from the kind of stupor into which he had fallen. He raised his hands to his face, to assure himself that he was awake, that it was not a dream. By one of those sudden revolutions of the human heart, his assumed irreligion gave way before the tide of strong feeling swelling within his breast: moved by a supernatural impulse, he fell on his knees and exclaimed—"Oh, my God! thy ways are impenetrable. Whilst with one hand thou strikest us, with the other thou dost lift us up. Thy mercy is still greater than thy wrath is terrible. Thy name be blessed, oh, Lord! and grant that this young man may not yet have quitted our shores."

Having said this, he rushed out of the room, got a horse saddled, and without acquainting his brothers of his departure, started at full gallop towards St. Brieuc.

"Oh, that he may still be there!" repeated he, spurring his horse. On approaching the town, he stopped to speak to some labourers going to work. He asked whether any ship had recently sailed for England.

"No, sir," said one of them, "unless the captain of the Waverly weighed anchor last night, as he intended."

"It can't be," said another, "for the wind was against him."

"At midnight the wind changed," added a third, who pretended he had seen at sunrise, from the cliffs, a ship sailing towards the open sea.

"Oh!" said the first, "then it was the Waverley."

Whilst they were discussing, Jean, burning with anxiety, galloped away and stopped only at the residence of the English consul. When Jean heard that the Waverley had not yet sailed for England, and, being under repairs, would not depart for some days, he blessed heaven, and requested to be shown to the chamber of George. When Jean entered, George was leaning on the table, his head resting on his hands. At the noise of the door opening, he turned round and recognised Jean. George's first inquiry was for Jeanne; but Jean, instead of answering, stood before him, and gazed upon him with silent and deep curiosity. At length, he drew from his breast the chain and relic which he had detached from the neck of his niece, and presenting them to George, asked in an anxious voice—

"Is it really from you, sir, that my niece has received this relic and this hair chain?"

"Yes, sir, it is from me," replied the officer, gravely.

"Can you tell me also," rejoined Jean, "from whom you got them? It is not mere curiosity: on it depends the happiness of us all. Who gave you this chain and this relic? Where did you find them? How long did you possess them before you gave them to Jeanne?"

"Sir," replied George, who had caught the emotion of Jean, "many a time have I questioned my fate; but I can answer nothing. Fate has remained silent."

"But, at least, do you know from whom you hold this relic and chain?" asked Jean, in an impressive tone. He could hardly hold up: he was compelled to lean on the back of an armchair.

"I know it not, sir," replied George, who himself felt greatly moved, and became more agitated. "All I can say is, that until I detached it to send it to Mademoiselle Jeanne as a token of my respectful affection, this relic had ever lain on my heart."

"Ever!" exclaimed Jean.

"Ever," repeated the young man. "But, sir, can you not tell me in your turn to what tend all these questions?"

"Then you say," exclaimed Jean, pursuing the course of his ideas—"you

say that this relic has at all times been placed upon your heart; you are ignorant, say you, of the hand which suspended it round your neck? But then, sir," added he, with some hesitation, "you never knew your family?"

"Sir," coldly replied George, "you should have guessed it by my silence and my sadness, every time you questioned me on the subject, during my sojourn at the *Coat D'Or*. You should, above all, have understood it from my prompt resignation, when it was decided that I should quit the place where I had left all my soul."

"Speak, speak!" exclaimed Jean; "'tis a friend who entreats you. Interrogate your memory, and relate to me all you know of your life."

"Indeed, sir," replied George, surprised and affected, "I really know not if I ought."

"If you ought!" exclaimed Jean, astounded—"if you ought," repeated he several times. "The chain is made of my wife's hair; this relic—it was I who attached it, the day of her death, to the neck of my boy, my only child. I could not mistake; it bears the date; I engraved it myself with the point of a knife."

At these words George grew pale, and both for some moments looked at each other silently. George thoughtfully carried his hand to his brow, as a man seeking to remember; then he replied—

"I know nothing of my childhood: all I could learn from the fisherman living at Hull, and by whom I was partly reared, was, that in February, 1817, I was entrusted to his care by a Russian merchant, who left him a sum sufficient to provide for my future wants."

"Wait, wait," interrupted Jean. "Can you tell me how old you were at that time?"

"As far as these good people could judge, I must have been between five and six."

Jean, whose emotion was increasing every moment, murmured, "1812," and counting on his fingers, exclaimed—

"Yes; 1812—1817; it is about the dates," and saying so, he examined the figures which he had traced on the relic.

"Continue, continue, I beg of you, for more than you can believe am I interested in your life."

"Two years passed without the

good fisherman hearing from the merchant. However, I was adopted by him, called from his own name, George Whitworth, and reared with his son Albert. My adoptive father died when I was still very young. I have seen since so many different countries, that all these remembrances are almost effaced from my mind. I have spoken, heard spoken so many different languages, that I do not remember that which I first uttered. Yet I never spoke yours but my heart vibrated at the sound of my own voice. I ever thought it the language of my mother."

"Then," said Jean, gazing upon him with a loving eye, "when you went to England you were but a child?"

"Yes; hardly six years old."

"And you had round your neck——"

"This chain and this relic. But now you, sir, speak—speak, what have you to disclose to me?"

Jean, who had dropt into an arm-chair, suddenly rose, tore open the shirt which covered the breast of George, and finding on it the cannon which he, himself, had tattooed there a short time before losing him, threw his arms round his neck, and pressing him on his heart—

"Is it you?" exclaimed he, in a broken voice—"is it you, my own Louis?—the only son of my dear Fanchette. Heaven be blessed, can it be you?"

CHAPTER V.

THE same day, a few hours after the scene which had taken place that morning at St. Brienc, Jeanne awoke from a long trance. On opening her eyes she beheld seated by the bedside Jean, Joseph, Christophe, and George. Joy and gladness shone in every face. George and Joseph each held a hand of Jeanne. "Sweet dream! do not wake me," murmured she; and gently closing her eyelids, she fell into that half sleep which is like a twilight to the soul; 'tis no longer dark, 'tis not yet day. At length, actuated by a vague sentiment of reality, she again opened her eyes, and comprehending this time that it was not a dream, fell into the arms of Joseph, and a moment after called her other uncles to embrace them. As to George, not a word, not a sign, and scarcely a look: for the three others the most coaxing caresses and affectionate looks. Yet a vague iniquitude dwelt at the bottom of her heart. All on a sudden her countenance became gloomy. She turned to Jean, and said in a trembling voice—

"Uncle, you told me he was not free?"

"I have told you the truth," returned Jean, with a knowing smile.

"Uncle, you told me he was married?"

"To be sure, and here is his wife," exclaimed Jean, covering with kisses the head of the fair child.

The three brothers had secretly agreed that their niece should learn

the truth at the hour of her marriage only; as to George, he took pleasure in prolonging a mystery which allowed him to feel himself loved for his own sake. On the other hand, the three uncles were not sorry to appear to have yielded solely to the wishes of their niece, and to let her, for a time, believe in their disinterestedness.

"I have no country of my own," would George say.

"You have France," would answer Jeanne; "did you then dream of a sweeter fatherland?"

"I have no fortune."

"Ungrateful heart!" would reply Jeanne, smiling.

"I have no family."

"You forget my uncles."

"Consider I have no name."

"George!" said Jeanne, closing his lips with her hand.

"You were so obstinate about him," exclaimed Jean, "that we were obliged to give him to you; that George!"

"Did we ever refuse you any thing?" said Christophe.

"Oh, you are very good!" exclaimed Jeanne, with real fondness.

It seemed as though heaven had taken pity on the tenderness and selfishness of these men, and even of Joseph, by so combining the event that Jeanne could marry without changing dwelling, name, or family. However, our veracity, as historians, compels us to state, that Christophe and Joseph did not at first bow with a very lively enthusiasm to the decree of Providence;

especially Christophe, who, little religious as he was, cared but slightly about the resurrection of this new Moses.

"But tell me, brother Jean," said Christophe, one evening that he took him aside, "are you quite sure he is your own Louis? All this appears to me rather romantic and tolerably fabulous."

"There can be no doubt about it," replied Jean, nodding his head, with a smile of the deepest contentment. "I recognised on his chest the cannon which I tattooed myself. I still see my poor Fanchette holding the dear child. Moreover, it was the eve of our last battle. Methinks——"

"No matter," interrupted Christophe, "your son is a happy devil: we have reared him his wife like a pet bird. I must say, too, brother Jean, that both your Fanchette and you behaved elegantly. After all, sooner or later we should have seen the dear girl get married. Far better is it that George be the happy man, than that such a fortune had blessed any other. Our little angel won't quit the family. Jeanne will still bear our name, and perpetuate the race of the Legoffs."

"True!" answered Jean, "and Joseph was right enough in saying that Providence some day or another might turn a benevolent eye upon us."

"And a nice compensation you find, Jean, in the fate of your offspring: a cousin, a wife, and a princely fortune—a pleasant family—a name glorious in the annals of the army and navy; all that for the loss of a frigate; it was well for him he was wrecked. Nevertheless, after the first movement of jealousy and egotism, both Christophe and Joseph submitted sincerely to their destiny, and thanked Providence for giving to Jeanne the only husband who could satisfy all their exigencies. Joseph, faithful to his laudable practices, continued to sing the praises of God, and called down all His blessings on these two young and fair heads. Happiness and love are great doctors: at the end of a week Jeanne was completely restored. It was decided that all the family should accompany George, or rather Louis Legoff, who, though he had recovered his father, his name, and his family, remained for a time the humble subject of England.

At length they all embarked on

board the "Waverley," and it was really an enchanted voyage, except for Christophe and Jean, who resigned themselves with difficulty to set foot on the soil of *La perfide Albion*. They declared London to be a horrible place, far inferior, as to monuments, to Bignic, and, above all, to St. Brienc. In the streets they had a certain way of looking at the passengers, which many a time was near getting them into trouble; Jean, who had hitherto imagined that St. Helena was the gaol of London, had asked to visit the dungeon where his emperor had died. After a few days, George had concluded his affairs with the Board of Admiralty. Jean and Christophe accompanied him to assist as witnesses; Jean found means of introducing the great name of Napoleon, and expressed himself in so unbecoming a manner, that he was silenced, and politely shown to the door. The young officer, nevertheless, obtained his end; he offered his resignation—it was accepted: and, ere they had been absent a month from France, they returned to her happy shores.

Joseph, as most competent in such matters, had taken upon himself to obtain the necessary dispensation from Rome; and, thanks to the kind intervention of the bishop of the diocese, they found on their return to the Coat D'Or, the papers which set aside all obstacles to the union of Jeanne with her cousin, George Louis Legoff. It was only on the day of her marriage that Jeanne knew that she was going to marry her cousin. You may easily imagine her transports of joy on hearing that she should continue to bear the name which Joseph, Christophe, and Jean had taught her to love.

As we conclude this tale, seven years have passed over the marriage of our young couple. Their hearts always beat with the same fond affection; Jeanne has lost nothing of her grace and beauty. Grave, and smiling, as becomes a young mother, she is, more than ever, the pride and joy of the Coat D'Or. Two handsome children are playing at her feet, and her old uncles redouble their love and respect.

"For it was you, sweet Jeanne," say they often—"it was you who opened to us the paths of virtue and family duties."

EXPERIENCES OF UNION, AND APPREHENSIONS OF REPEAL.

"This separate meeting of the Irish members at the summons of the prime minister, is but following out the principle of the rate in aid. The latter was the establishment of a separate Irish Exchequer; the former seems to assume that there is a defect in imperial arrangements, which can only be supplied by a separate council of the representatives of Ireland.

"Important principles of policy are often indicated by apparently trifling events. Who will take upon himself to say, that these involuntary recognitions of the essential character of Ireland's separate nationality, produced by the embarrassments of our local concerns, may not foreshadow a time when, if those embarrassments but a little more increase, there may be found an English ministry ready to hand over the domestic affairs of Ireland to our own management, and having reduced Ireland to ruin and confusion, escape from the difficulty by leaving Irishmen to mend matters as they can?"

THESE are the presages of no ordinary man. He who has uttered them will long be remembered as one who advocated, under extreme difficulties, and with a power commensurate to the occasion, the principle of the legislative union, and whose reputation for abilities and attainments, forensic and political, has been steadily and rapidly progressing since the period of that memorable conflict. The provisions of such a man are not to be classed among conjectural anticipations. It would be a day of deep alarm for this country if such presages, from any man, were to be made light account of.

But is it wise to admit a thought, that a time may come when Great Britain shall relieve herself from Ireland as from an incumbrance too galling to be longer endured? Can any good come from the entertainment of such a thought? May it not serve to produce the result it apprehends? May not the entertaining a thought that separation is possible, promote the views of those whose purpose it is to effect a repeal of the Union, by reconciling the friends of British connexion to the calamitous result? To prepare for separation is to become exposed to the temptation of desiring it; would it not be better, therefore, to resist or avoid such temptation from the beginning, by rejecting all thought of Repeal as a possible event, and by maintaining the cause of British connexion in the spirit of those resolute leaders, who burned their ships when they landed on the coasts they came to

invade, and, as they advanced into the country, broke down the bridges behind them?

This is a policy which we have never recommended. We are as firmly persuaded as any man in the country, that it is desirable for the interests of every part of our great empire to maintain British connexion as established by the act of legislative union; but we have long since lost our faith in the stability of the great national compact, and we have therefore been persuaded, that, while doing our utmost to maintain a cause in which we have so deep an interest, we should not be insensible to the apprehension *that the cause may be lost*. There will be a difference of vast amount between being surprised by a repeal of the Union, and being found in something like preparedness for it; and it has, therefore, been our abiding conviction, that, while zealous and diligent in maintaining what we think best, we should also be careful that the worse, if it come, shall take us at the least possible disadvantage. With this persuasion and purpose we proceed to set before the reader some of the grounds on which we regard Mr. Butt's presages as, independently of his high name, and solely for their own reasonableness, eminently worthy of attention.

The administration of British affairs is now conducted in a spirit essentially different from that in which, previously to what may be termed the great legislative revolution, the country was governed. Parties have been broken up, but factions have arisen in their

* Rate-in-Aid.—Letter to Earl Roden, by Isaac Butt, Esq.—advertisement to first edition.

stead ; and purposes of personal aggrandisement or personal spite, which would, in times past, have been controlled by considerations of principle or party, are now prosecuted through the agency of legislative discussions and enactments. In former days a class of men were in power to whom the permanency of British institutions was all-important. Elevated in rank, and nurtured in habits and associations which linked their private advantages with their country's greatness, they could seek no personal end which they did not at least persuade themselves to hold compatible with the general welfare. The interest of their party they held to be inseparable from that of the country, and, generally speaking, to involve also their own private good. The factions which have arisen out of the ruins of two great parties, have narrower views and ends more selfish. Those who take a lead in them are, generally, not persons who have been habituated to think country or party the first great object of their political exertions, and to hold personal distinction secondary. Faction is usually the embodiment of a vicious principle, or the instrument of an ambitious man who has formed it, that it may promote his purposes. To attain this purpose, new things are aimed at, and the old are not respected. In such enterprises, the traditions which guided reformers who revered the fabric they would restore, have no authority. It is not of the British honour and interest the modern reformer thinks—his thoughts are primarily bent on his own aggrandisement :—

“ Party has a principle—faction has a purpose. Party can postpone its immediate interest for the sake of a future advantage, can deny itself when public good is gained by the denial, and is seldom guilty of looking to its own ends exclusively, when the interests of the commonwealth demand especial attention. It is not thus with faction: a devouring passion possesses it; keensighted to the object on which it is precipitated with the force of a passionate instinct, it is regardless of all but its own selfish ends, and will remorselessly inflict irreparable injury on any national interest that obstructs its way.”

It is a change not less than revolu-

tion which has rendered this dangerous agent a fourth estate, as it were, in the realm. While it retains power we never can feel secure that the legislature of Great Britain will make due provision to preserve the integrity of the empire.

Are we at the mercy of faction? Let any reflecting man ask himself this question—let him ask by what agencies every great measure of legislation has been carried in the British Parliament for the last twenty years—let him ask whether the parliamentary sections of the present day bear any resemblance in principle or power, in spirit or dignity, to the great parties of old—let him ask who are the men who have exercised most power in England during the eventful period which has intervened since the Duke of Wellington became prime minister, down to the memorable night when that great instrument to deliver his country from impending ruin, lent himself to the perilous experiment of abdicating her maritime dominion ; and he will find the agencies which have most prevailed through all those years were factious, that the most successful arguments were crimes, and that the men of most power were those who led factions, or who betrayed and ruined parties. Faction is now pestilent as it was at any former period ; the shadows of party which still haunt the scenes of past renown move at its dictation. Is it irrational to believe that the agencies which prevailed against the best interests of England, or at least, which influenced her time-honoured parties to renounce the principles in which they had their being and power, may have the further success of so augmenting difficulties in Ireland, and so misleading opinion throughout Great Britain, that we shall be cut off as a gangrened member, lest we infect with our distemperature the whole body politic?

It is our deep conviction, that if results are to be anticipated from processes, the fatal termination is near at hand. Should the meditated confiscation of Irish property become complete, and should Sir Robert Peel's colonisation scheme share the fate of his other liberal enterprises and undertakings, it is our full conviction that England will seek to disembarass

herself of the wretched country taken by her into partnership, only to be the victim of her experiments in legislation. And, humanly speaking, we see nothing to arrest the progress of that devouring agent which is daily slaying the poor by famine, and reducing to the state of paupers the industrious and affluent; nothing to promise that a partition of the lands between the laborious colonist and his "sleeping partner," the pauper, will improve the general condition. We cannot flatter ourselves, or our readers, with a hope that we are much longer to be favoured with such protection as the legislative union professes to afford us. No, unless we are true to ourselves, resolute to do and to endure what dangers and difficulties almost unprecedented demand of us, it would be madness and guilt to hope for any good.

We have spoken of separation from England as the calamity for which we should be strenuous in making preparation: ought we not rather speak of contriving how we are to endure the evils inflicted upon us as a consequence of the legislative union? How are we to sustain, without sinking under it, the burden of poor-rates? How are we to avert or to withstand the spirit of injustice or hostility in which the new Irish poor-law has had its being? Will the possessors of personal property hold themselves secure, because, as yet, wrong, to the extent of ruin, has been done only to those whose revenues are immediately derivable from land? This would be a fatal error. Wherever injustice is embodied in law, the interests of every man are placed in peril. Laws are among the agencies by which opinion is formed. Where they are unjust, they serve to vitiate morals, and to undermine the social system. It is a very odious abuse of power to administer public affairs by a partial and corrupt exemption of one class from the discharge of duties, and a no less criminal denial to another class of their indisputable rights. Such exemptions are never more than temporary. The monied interest may have for a time the reward of its inert participation in the injustice wrought against the agricultural; but the time of enjoyment is sure to be brief, and the precedent which, by connivance, it has aided in establishing, will soon be turned against it. Already, indeed, it has begun to be felt that agri-

culture cannot suffer alone. It was a general and a generous benefactor. All estates, classes, and conditions prospered while they could profit by its liberal resources: with the failure of these resources, commerce has languished, professional income has declined, and, with the single exception of the fundholder, even the monied classes have shared in the calamity from which landed property has so seriously suffered. The fundholder may feel assured that his is an invidious and indeed a dangerous exemption from the common lot. If he were wise he would hasten to make common cause with the wronged, and to complete the union which all Irish subjects ought to make against an injustice which all are equally interested to expose and defeat.

But is it possible to escape from the persecution of laws which have already wrought desolation in Ireland? Is it possible to obtain such an alteration in their character as shall reconcile them with the principles of justice and expediency? However these questions are to be answered, we can confidently affirm, and are sorry to have such a power, that there has been no general and well-ordered effort to effect a change in the laws, by exposing their inclemency and unfairness. Strange as it may seem, we are strongly disposed to think the great mass of the British people altogether unaware of the extent to which the poor-law for Ireland offends against the principles of eternal justice; and we feel constrained to add that due pains have not been taken to instruct or disabuse them. They have lived under the operation of poor-laws—have grown from childhood to maturity surrounded by their influence—have accounted them an essential element in their glorious constitution, and they believe that to grant them to Ireland is a boon by which a vital defect will be cured, and the British constitution, in its beneficent integrity, vouchsafed for the first time to a long-misgoverned people. As to the idea that the law is unjust in its operation on the rate-payers, the British people have no perception of it. *They imagine* that they pay poor-rates themselves, and are not aware of any such distinction between their condition and that of their fellow subjects in Ireland, as should exempt owners or occupiers of Irish property from a burden which,

they believe, is sustained by proprietors in England.

This is, no doubt, a very misleading delusion. It is utterly untrue that English owners or occupiers sustain any burden in paying a rate for the poor. In England, the rate is a charge—in Ireland it is a tax. There is no such thing as proprietorship of land in England; there has been no such thing during the operation of the existing poor-laws. In England, real property has been a species of trust—the residue, after supplying the wants of the poor, being the only portion of revenue which the proprietor can regard as his own. The poor's-rates in England are the rents on which property is held; in Ireland they are a new tax, by which land is partially and ruinously encumbered—we would add, unjustly encumbered. An instance will serve to illustrate our meaning, and to justify the expression of it.

Among the witnesses examined before the parliamentary committee appointed to inquire into the state of the Irish poor, in the year 1830, one was “James Weale, Esq., principal Clerk on the Irish Land Revenue Department of the Office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.” In the course of this gentleman's testimony, he made mention of a sale of crown-property, and was examined as to the circumstances connected with it:—

“When did the sale take place?—
Last November.

“At how many years' purchase, as compared with the valuation, did that property sell?—About thirty years' purchase of the amount of a sworn valuation. *I consider these two allotments to have sold for a higher price than lands of the same quality, and similarly circumstanced, in the neighbourhood of London would have produced. I mean if situated at equal distances.*

“At what distance were they from Dublin? The Crumlin allotment is about three miles from Dublin, and produced £75 per acre; the Newcastle about twelve or fourteen, and sold for £47 per acre.”

In the year 1830, “land of the same quality, and similarly circumstanced,” would have sold for a lower price in the London than in the Dublin market. In England, the vendor and the purchaser, among the incidents

of the property offered for sale, were bound to consider the poor's-rate, and to make due allowance for it. In Ireland, no such abatement was to be made; and thus, notwithstanding the insecurity of property occasioned by the unhappy circumstances of our country, the terms of sale were higher here than in England. Supposing the value of money the same, and to be represented by the term of thirty years' purchase, or £3 6s. 8d. per cent., we are to understand the difference between the English and the Irish valuation of land, as the exponent of the rates to which the land in Ireland was not then liable. Let it be imagined, then, that, in the year 1829, lands were sold by the crown to two British subjects—one purchasing in this country, the other in England—and that, in the year 1848, or 1849, both are found liable to a poor's-rate—in the one case the liability is a new and uncompensated tax, in the other it is a charge for which the debtor has had an equivalent in the low terms on which he purchased. The Englishman retains the £3 6s. 8d. per cent., which he had purchased—the Irish buyer has had his revenues very seriously injured by a new impost laid upon him, and is taught to accept it as a grace if the diminution do not exceed seven shillings and sixpence in the pound; leaving him, instead of the £3 6s. 8d. which he bought for a sum of £100, and for which he had the king's name and honour as his security, a return of but a small fraction more than £2 1s. 10d. In a word, the English purchaser retains his co-venanted benefits—to the Irish proprietor they are diminished by considerably more than one-third; and because the English contract implied that a part of the price was laid down, at one payment, in money, and part by an annual charge under the name of poor's-rates, it is now enacted (as if thus the two purchasers were placed in the same condition) that the Irishman, who paid at once the whole purchase of his lands, must also add the annual rate for which the Englishman had allowance in the terms of sale. A purchaser in England pays, let it be supposed, sixty pounds, and an annual charge of one pound five shillings for property of a like value to that sold in Ireland, *free of the annual charge*, for one hundred pounds; and, after

the lapse of a few years, this charge, from which, in equity, the proprietor had purchased exemption at a high price, is imposed on *him*, because it is levied, *according to the terms of sale*, on the purchaser in England. Thus *because* the capitalist who invested money in an English estate is required to observe the conditions on which he acquired his advantages as a proprietor, he who made a purchase in Ireland is denied the benefit of his bargain. In England, the purchaser acquired a share in a partnership concern, and paid for it as such. In Ireland he purchased, at its full price, a proprietorship; and the state, from which he purchased, reduces him to the condition of a partner, and *does not return to him the amount of his over payment*. The Irish purchaser paid, let it be supposed, one hundred pounds, the English purchaser sixty pounds and an annual rent, for the same extent of property; and the state,

which made the sale to each, leaves the one purchaser in possession of all his advantages, withdraws from the other purchaser a portion of revenue equal in amount to the Englishman's stipulated rent, and retains the forty pounds by which exemption from this annual charge had been purchased.* There is something so manifestly and so odiously unjust in a procedure of this description, that we cannot think the British nation incapable of understanding it, and are willing to believe that the iniquity needs only to be exposed in order to ensure to it universal execration. If we are deceived—but we will not allow ourselves to prejudge the people of England, and to condemn them without due trial.

It is urged against our views that the poor ought to be maintained, and that the purchaser of land should have made his bargain in a provident spirit, which contemplated the hazard of future liabilities and injustice. It is not in such

* It may be thought that we have dwelt at too great length on this seemingly self-evident proposition. That no man in England pays poor-rate otherwise than as a charge among the incidents of his property, is undeniably true, and is a circumstance constantly recalled to his memory by some economist within or without the walls of parliament, if he utter any complaint against the impost as a grievance. But, nevertheless, the truth is often forgotten, when the remembrance of it could promote the ends of justice or protect the Irish occupier against oppression. Thus, for example, in a pamphlet, by no means conspicuous for its absurdity ("Irish Poor-Law—Past, Present, and Future"), it is said—

"The limited taxation under the Irish Poor Relief Acts, in comparison with that of England" (where there was no "taxation" whatever under the poor-law), "raised a strong sense of injustice in the minds of English tax-payers, and a determination that, until the resources of landed property in Ireland had been brought more fully into play, England should not be called on to support the poor of Ireland as well as her own."

It is because of such fallacies as this, plausibly enumerated by many dishonest persons, and received by the simple and unreflecting as truths, that we have selected the testimony of Mr. Weale, and craved attention to it. The case of a purchase made in 1829 will serve to illustrate the condition of Irish proprietorship in general. Whether the state sold then, or on any former occasion, or whether it gave, it bestowed the land not subject to a poor's-rate. Neither Elizabeth nor James applied to Irish adventurers or colonists the law which was enforced in England. In the one country, estates were divided so as that one portion belonged to the poor—one to the *quasi* proprietor. The heir or the purchaser could acquire no more than his part, and *paid for no more than he acquired*. In Ireland, lands were given freely; the owner was the actual proprietor. As regarded the poor, he was subject only to the divine law, and was left to the guidance of his voluntary benevolence. *He paid for these immunities* in the purchase, in the improvement, and, at an earlier period, in the defence, of his possessions. This may have been a good arrangement, or an evil, one which ought to be altered or to be retained; but assuredly the condition of English property offered no just reason why it was to be changed. An Englishman who purchased a *partnership* for sixty pounds, ought not to insist that an Irishman's *proprietorship* (for which he had paid one hundred pounds) should be reduced in value, that it might be similarly burdened with his own possessions. There are lands which have a legal exemption from tithe or tithe rent-charge, and which, accordingly, command higher prices in the market, or higher rents if let to farm. Who would insist on having such lands burdened, by a new law, with the liability to which other lands are subject, and simply on the ground that the owners of these encumbered lands had not an exemption which they had not paid for? And yet England has inflicted this injustice on Irish proprietors.

a spirit we would desire to see contracts entered into between British subjects and the state. There should be protection on the one side, confidence on the other—justice on both. It does not suit our purpose, and is forbidden by our limits, to inquire how poor's-rates in England have become the heavy and too-exclusive impost they are felt to be on one description of property. The law of Queen Elizabeth is not chargeable with this partiality, although the circumstances of the times—the large transfers of landed property—the non-existence of interests, now very powerful, and of funded property, at present little less than half the real property of Great Britain, may have influenced parochial arrangements as to the mode of levying rates. It was natural, too, that (where the rates were raised, not for the purpose of enabling paupers to eat the bread of idleness, but on the contrary, for providing them with employment) the species of property which was most likely to benefit by their labour should bear the greater portion of its cost. But we are to keep in mind that the lauds were not, unless as a consequence of mal-administration, oppressively or unequally burdened; and that, in the protection given to agriculture by our laws, there was a compensation for its peculiar liabilities. Injustice was done when the counterpoise of protection was withdrawn. In the opening of our markets to foreign produce, it was pretended that we were serving the poor, while in truth, we were invalidating the claims which we professed to recognise, and for which we affected to make provision at the risk of ruin to our agricultural system. To discountenance agriculture was to disregard the poor. If the state recognise as a principle, and embody as one of its laws the divine appointment, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," and if it arrange that the land shall supply the means of carrying this appointment into effect, it should provide, to the best of its ability, that agricultural labour shall be reproductive. If, on the other hand, it adopt, as the principle on which its poor-laws are based, that, whether in idleness or in employment, the poor are to be maintained, it must, to be consistent, distribute the responsibility it has contracted, so as that all who enjoy the privileges of subjects shall share in it. No man should

have a right to indulge his appetites while any pine in hunger.

This is, our instincts teach us, a law of nature; that it is in conformity with the divine law, revelation instructs us with authority. Where is the man to be found who would not impart of his abundance to an unhappy fellow-creature perishing in his presence with hunger? Where is the community which would not execrate the man who could protract his own repast while a neglected human being watched at his board expiring in the agonies of famine? That the divine law condemns such sordid and sensual uncharitableness, demands no proof. The two pictures, described in our Lord's parable, of the rich man, while on earth, abusing his prosperities, and "in hell, being in torments," impressively admonish us of the duties of our stewardship. If they are duties for which we have been made accountable at a heavenly tribunal, but which the divine law classes among voluntary relations here on earth, it is, manifestly, because it would not be good for the poor that they should have authority to compel the observance of them. The law of God so imposes the obligation of charity that it shall not engender idleness or encourage improvidence. Therefore, while the rich man is commanded to give, the poor are not privileged to extort. But the obligation of the law is undeniable, and it is commensurate with the talents confided to each man's stewardship—that is, to his means and resources, *of what sort soever they may be*. Unless human law be at variance with the instincts of the human heart, and the dictates of science at variance with public opinion and with the law of God, it must respect the spirit of the injunction that such exactions as are made upon a people, in order to provide a maintenance for their poor, should be apportioned to the ability to meet them. We firmly believe that superfluities in most societies, certainly in ours, are equal to wants; that to tax the rich man in order to feed the poor (if the spontaneous exercise of a Christian benevolence be interfered with) should be the rule on which such assessments ought to be made; and that if you tax the poverty of one description of persons heavily, and leave the affluence of other persons undiminished, you will rather "counteract the distributive justice of Pro-

vidence" than promote the edifying ends which the diversities of affluence and destitution are appointed to serve in the uses of society.

We boldly affirm, then, that every man who consumes articles of luxury, comfort, or necessity, should set apart something from his possessions, should abridge, if it be found requisite, something from his enjoyments, in order that the poor may live. We waive the question, ought the claims of the poor be legalized?—we suppose that question settled by our government in the affirmative. The only question which remains is, whence should a provision for the destitute be procured? and to this we unhesitatingly answer, as we feel the laws of God and the instincts of nature teach—*from all who have means to give, and, especially, from consumers, in the processes of consumption.* Our daily petition to God, in private as well as public, is, "give us," not "give me." We dare not ask of our Heavenly Father to grant us the means of prolonging life, unless we are of a disposition to be careful for our brother's wants as well as our own. Law should learn the lesson which prayer teaches, and should make provision that every man who avails himself of the advantages of civilized society, and employs the wealth of which he is a steward, to the indulgence of his appetite, shall, of necessity, disburse a part to supply his poor brother's wants. This part is his alms and oblations to society—the national acknowledgment of an imperative duty—the tax paid, as it were, to the Redeemer's representatives, *His poor.*

It is not in this spirit the poor-law has been constructed. While it has imposed crushing obligations upon many who have been wholly unable to discharge them, it has not laid "its little finger" on possessions larger than those of princes. It has left the luxury of many a rich man unclouded, unchastened, unconsecrated, and it has swept, with harpy wing and beak, the simple board of many a poor family, and left the plundered group without a morsel of food. How criminally has this iniquitous system profaned the name of charity. We have known instances—we know that there are many such—where a landed proprietor, accommodating himself to the constraint of times of rebuke and chastening, has adjusted, by a new standard, his

whole domestic economy—has parted with servants, disposed of articles of elegance or luxury, made sale of his costlier wines, and omitted to replace the more ordinary—has retrenched the comforts of his table—has increased the number of his labourers, and has been mulcted to the amount of more than half his income, in the form of poor's-rates, to maintain paupers on properties over which he has not, and never had, authority or control—paupers, the victims of some middle-man's rapacity, or the "used-up" hands of a factory, which, after having exhausted all their strength, and made large profit from it, returns them, in their decrepitude, to a district which never had any benefit from their labours. And while it is charity thus to oppress the faithful, humane, and self-denying, it also belongs to the same virtue, as by law established, to leave the well-paid officials of the state, the fundholder, the mortgagee, in the untaxed enjoyment of their great wealth, and not to exact, even from their luxuries and their sensual indulgences, some scant offering for the poor. The poor farmer must be stinted and "sore pinched" at his wretched meals, that paupers, in their idleness, may fare more plentifully and more daintily than he. But the rich fundholder, or commissioner, may squander, to a most exorbitant profusion, in his sumptuous festivities, and even "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table" are not gathered up and given to the needy. Truly could it be said, "the spoils of the poor are in their houses." "The harp and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are at their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." "Their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst." So long as landed property could feed the poor, its produce was eaten up, its owners were impoverished, and the multitude was fed; when such supplies were exhausted, and the resources from which they were derived were dried up, horrible to tell! thousands of human beings were abandoned to die the ghastly death of famine; and the sumptuous feast, the song and dance, went on as of yore in the gorgeous saloons of salaried officials of the state. It is a dreadful truth to utter, a portentous

theme to reflect on. The hardy yeomanry, the brave, and, in a majority of instances, well-deserving, proprietary, were reduced to destitution—no thought for them; and until the last portion of substance was withdrawn from them, the poor had some of it. So long they were kept alive; when the land failed they were cruelly forsaken. The funds of the annuitant, the mortgagee, the fundholder, the placeman (not to speak of commercial gains and uncertain professional emoluments), were sacred against the cry of the poor destitute. The state took care that the orgies of its officials should lose no jot of splendour. “Dogs,” if they list, might “lick the sores of the dying,” might “growl over carcase and limb” of the miserable dead—but the salaries of men in office were punctually paid; to supply their revels with the customary lights, and odours, and music—with stimulating delicacies and dainties—it left the poor to starve.

And the multitudes thus cast out to perish, the state had proclaimed as objects of its especial protection—had endowed with a title to such maintenance as was needful for human life. Fatal boon! It encouraged idleness, it oppressed industry, it ruined property; and when pauperism had done its natural work, and a destruction of landed property was achieved, the deluded objects and victims of a bad law were doomed to learn, that, although there was wealth in the country thrice or four-fold greater in amount than that species of property which had been given them to prey upon, they could win no hope to benefit by it. The wealth of the monied interest was to be available for purposes of intemperance and vice, but starving multitudes had no legal claim on it.

We would not be understood as imputing to any class of our fellow-subjects such a temperament as characterised the framers of the desolating poor-law. We are well aware that the monied interest has entitled itself to high place in the assemblies of the benevolent; that the voluntary contributions of many who belong to the professional or the commercial classes would have been worthy of note and praise in the best days and in the times of sorest trial recorded in our history. It is not of what voluntary benevolence has done, but of what a

law, not benevolent, has provided, we are writing; and we have not been deterred from offering our comments on the law by a feeling of respect and gratitude for the faithful and humane whom it could not influence to uncharitableness. We would ask, was it better to impose the burden of maintaining the destitute, as the new Irish poor-law has cast it, on the classes who were suffering most from the calamities which have caused our distress? Was it better, when landlord and farmer in certain districts have sunk under the infliction, to heap up additional burdens on victims of the same class, and scarcely less distressed elsewhere, than it would be to make wealth of every description contribute its part to alleviate the general suffering? Was it better that industrious men should be ruined, and neglected paupers in thousands be starved to death, than that the luxurious, for their delicacies, and the general public, for their comforts, should make some small acknowledgment as a duty which should be dedicated to the purpose of feeding the poor? Was it better to impose on Lord Farnham, one of the best landlords in the empire, a poor-rate of four thousand pounds in the year, than it would be to raise a rate to which Lord Clarendon should yield some trifling part, through the agency of the viceregal festivities? Was it better to disable men who would otherwise have employed labourers, than it would be to aid them in their wise and benevolent exertions, and to lighten the pressure of poor-laws upon them, by throwing part of the burden on parties who could be brought in no other form to contribute to the relief of the poor than in that of an income-tax, or of duties on articles of consumption?

Unless the poor-law were designed to effect the ruin it has caused, the answer could not be doubtful: the rate would be more fairly and more wisely collected by being more widely distributed. If, under profession of relieving the poor, the ruin of landlords and farmers was designed—if, under pretence of improving the condition of Ireland, it were purposed to abase and afflict the country, the answer to our queries would be different; the poor-law has, to no small extent, fulfilled its mission and accomplished its object.

"Address to the Public from the Relief Association of the Society of Friends in Ireland."

"Dublin, 8th of 5th month, 1849.

"From these various sources a large amount of relief was afforded at a period of great distress, and many persons were preserved, for a time at least, from that starvation which, without such assistance, appeared inevitable. But we are saddened by the conviction, that, with very few exceptions, no permanent good has been done. We feel that the condition of our country is not improved, that her prospects are even worse, because her people have less hope. Many of those who were most active in administering to the relief of their neighbours have fallen victims to exertions of mind and body beyond their capability to sustain. Others have withdrawn from the work, in despair of effecting any good. The pressure of private affairs, and, in many cases, of pecuniary difficulty, has forced others to discontinue their efforts. Thus, voluntary exertions have almost ceased, and even for the administration of the legal relief, paid agents are necessary throughout a large part of the country.

"The calamity fell first on the lowest class, especially the labouring population of the south and west. In losing their crop of potatoes, they lost all, and sunk at once into helpless and hopeless pauperism. The small farmers still preserved hope. With great exertions, and submitting in many cases to extreme privations, they again cropped their ground. A second failure of the potatoes pauperised these also. Then came the increased poor-rates, heaviest in those districts which were least able to bear them; weighing down many, who, without this last burden, might have stood their ground; alarming all by the unaccustomed pressure of an undefined taxation; and greatly reducing the small amount of capital applicable to the employment of labour. The landed proprietor, in order to provide for the payment of rates, has been obliged to leave much useful work undone, thus lessening the number of labourers employed. In many cases his chief effort has been to diminish the population by a frightful system of wholesale eviction, and thus get rid of a tenantry, who, under happier circumstances, would have been a source of wealth, but whose inability to employ, after the failure of the potato, had converted into a heavy burden. Despair of succeeding at home has driven and is still driving vast numbers of the most industrious of the middle classes to transfer their energy, and a considerable amount of capital, to other countries, which offer a free scope for exertion. The paupers are

merely kept alive, either by the crowded workhouses, or, in alarming numbers, depending on out-door relief; but their health is not maintained. Their physical strength is weakened; their mental capacity is lowered; their moral character is degraded. They are hopeless themselves; and they offer no hope to their country, except in the prospect, so abhorrent to humanity and Christian feeling, of their gradual extinction by death. Many families are now suffering extreme distress, who, three years since, enjoyed the comforts and refinements of life, and administered to the necessities of those around them. Thus we have seen the flood of pauperism widening more and more, engulfing one class after another, rising higher and higher in its effects on society, until it threatens, in some of the worst districts, to swallow up all ranks and all classes within its fatal vortex.

"Meanwhile, there is much land lying waste which was formerly cultivated, while the strength of the country is standing by idle, anxiously asking for work, and willing to accept the lowest wages; but finding no one to employ them, because the owners of the ground have not the money to pay them, and the dread of undrained taxation, and uncertainty as to the future, prevent others from taking the land on lease."

Such is the testimony borne to the operation of the poor-law by a society which must be accepted as a competent witness. The Relief Committee of the Society of Friends has had a part in the activities of benevolence, during the trying season which has not yet passed away, in every part of Ireland; and it now comes before the public to declare that the poor-law has been effectual in making paupers, but that it has not maintained, and cannot maintain them. "I have seen," said the Archbishop of Dublin, in a debate on the Rate in Aid Bill, "the sons of clergymen going out to break stones on the public roads in order to support their families, and students in the university enlisting in the army for the same purpose. The poor-law took away his cow, his seed, his implements of husbandry from the poor farmer, and thus, reduced to the condition of the most indigent, he came and sought relief at the workhouse." The archbishop, it must be acknowledged, "sees what he foresaw." His anticipations when warning the House of Lords, some years since, contain a history of the consequences of that unhappy measure, to which he offered an able but

unsuccessful resistance. To this hour, as it would seem, he reasons and warns in vain. The promissory principle on which British legislation has for years back been conducted, seems to demand that the promises it relies on shall wear something of a bankrupt character. The prophets who have deceived the empire again and again continue to be her chosen counsellors.

The remedy by which the "Friends' Society" propose to correct the evils we labour under, has the merit of being in accordance with the opinions prevalent in our senate, and has in our judgment little else to recommend it. The remedy proposed is, that every facility shall be offered for the sale of estates in Ireland. The promised result seems to be, that lands would pass into the possession of parties who could give employment to labour in the development of resources hitherto unexplored, and who could thus at once diminish pauperism and augment the wealth of Ireland.

To this mode of redress our first objection is, that it is unjust. There are two classes of poor persons in Ireland—one consisting of those whom the poor-law *found* in a state of destitution; the other, of those whom it *reduced* to such a state. To us it would seem, if justice is to be an element in our system of law, that we should endeavour to remedy the evils *we have caused*, as well as those *we have compassionated*. The potato blight impoverished the labouring classes in Ireland, and the British parliament enacted a poor-law for their relief. The poor-law has impoverished owners and occupiers of land—are they to be relieved? Yes; they are to be empowered, that is, compelled, to sell their properties. But the *possession* of property is not the malady they labour under; it is depreciation—very great *depreciation* of property which constitutes their embarrassments and distress. If justice is to be done, this is one of the evils which demands a remedy. The poor-law entering into Ireland as the ally of famine and free trade, has reduced the value of property sixty per cent. or more: and the remedy proposed to meet this grievous affliction is to transfer property from the ruined owners at a third of the price they paid for it, or a third of its valuation when it came to them by inheritance.

When a proposal is liable to a

charge of injustice like this, we think it hardly worth the trouble of further examination. "I have a scheme to propose for the advantage of the state, but it is unjust," is a proposition which should not find more favour with a Christian than it found in a heathen commonwealth. Perhaps it is in deference to those instincts or principles by which injustice would be discountenanced, that modern projectors do not name it among the incidents of their plans and speculations. Neither Mr. Bright, nor Lord John Russell, nor Sir Robert Peel, ask permission to propose a demoralising measure of expediency; they merely say that it is good for the country and the poor that estates shall be sold. The peculiarity of compelling sales at quarter price may concern owners, encumbrancers, minors, and others, who have a reversionary interest in the property to be made away with; but their ruin is not to be paraded before parliament or the public, nor is a thought of it to retard the march of national improvement. It is certain, we are told, that the country will improve under the new system, if we only change the landed proprietary. Should not the ousted owners be satisfied by being taught to feel that their ruin was inevitable; or if they are too selfish to rejoice that their penury has had ample compensation in the public good, should the nation take any thought for their sufferings?

But, we are strongly persuaded, injustice is ever inexpedient. To enact laws which virtually plunder one class of persons that another class may be fed, is to do a certain wrong, and, as the experiment of our poor-laws has proved, may be to fail of the contingent advantages. We have testimony to this effect from parties whose authority can less be disputed even than that of the most active agents of volunteer relief societies. The Poor-law Commissioners themselves have collected and published evidence of undeniable authority as to the pernicious effects which have resulted from the system they administered.

The eighth series of papers published by the commissioners affords some information as to the state of our poor and of the country, through the close of the last year, and to the month of February in this. In January last they issued a circular to the temporary inspectors and vice-guardians, contain-

ing a list of queries, of which the following was one:—"Are the means of the proprietors and occupiers exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted, and if so, how is this proved?"

"Have you a surgeon." The quere produced, as might have been anticipated, answers, exhibiting sad variety of wretchedness. We shall endeavour to convey the spirit of them:—

"Ulster; County Cavan; Cootchill Union.—The means of many of the proprietors are, I fear, either exhausted or nearly so."—p. 4.

"Connaught; County Mayo; Ballina.—Thousands of acres formerly occupied and cultivated, have now the appearance of being devastated by an enemy."—p. 6.

"Labourers hardly able to work—a robust man rarely to be met with—most of the landlords cannot pay for work—those who can are afraid of the undefined prospect of rates."—p. 7.

"Erris; District of Ballina.—The obstacle to the collection of the rates is the very general destitution of the ratepayers of the lower class, and the almost universal bankruptcy of the higher class."—p. 11.

"Mayo and Sligo; Swineford.—The means of proprietors and occupants are exhausted; their lands waste; their privations severe. One-half of the occupants little better in circumstances than the recipients of relief."—p. 13.

"Mayo; Castlebar.—Means of the principal portion of the proprietors and occupiers likely to be exhausted; lands in great quantities laid waste, neither paying rent, taxes, nor yielding crops."—p. 17.

"Mayo; Westport.—Farmers of from three to four acres have given up their holdings, and left the lands waste; proprietors unable to reclaim them, being, with but few exceptions, reduced to most straitened circumstances."—p. 18.

"Mayo and Galway; Ballinrobe.—Proprietors and occupiers are in a most embarrassed state for funds; the few who gave employment cease to do so, some for want of means, and some lest their improvements be subject to additional taxation."—pp. 21, 22.

"Galway; Clifden.—Means of proprietors and occupiers exhausted, or nearly so; many who paid rates last year are now in the workhouse. Those who employed labourers cannot do so now."—p. 23.

"Galway; Galway Union.—With very few exceptions, the means of the proprietors and occupiers are exhausted."—p. 27.

"Galway; Gort.—Lands surrendered,

deserted, waste; roofless cottages; absence of cattle, sheep, stacks of corn, pits of potatoes, give many districts a disheartening and desolate appearance; little employment for labourers, little preparation, unless in proprietors' demesnes, for a future crop."—p. 28.

"Galway and Roscommon; Ballinasloe Union.—Means of many proprietors and occupiers are already exhausted, and those of more are becoming so."—p. 35.

"Galway; Tuam.—The proprietors and ratepayers in general are quite exhausted as to means."—p. 34.

"Sligo; Sligo Union.—Rates well collected, considering the impoverished state of the union. As to the means of the proprietors being exhausted, I say, they decidedly are."—p. 40.

"Leitrim; Manorhamilton.—Means of proprietors and occupiers are exhausted; many townlands waste and deserted."—p. 41.

"Leitrim; Mohill.—Great majority of the resident proprietors have not capital, or have merely sufficient for farming purposes. The means of the occupiers are exhausted, or nearly so."—p. 41.

"Leitrim and Roscommon; Carrickon-Shannon.—Means of small occupiers and proprietors for the most part exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted."—p. 48.

"Roscommon, Mayo, and Galway; Castlereagh Union.—The means of very many proprietors are very much reduced, and a great many occupiers have surrendered their land, stating that from the low price of agricultural produce, and the pressure of taxation, they are unable to employ labourers, or to pay even what might be considered a moderate rent."—p. 52.

"Roscommon and Galway; Roscommon Union.—The resources of all classes of ratepayers are now very considerably exhausted."—p. 53.

"Roscommon and Westmeath; Athlone Union.—The means of all classes are seriously curtailed, but from the small occupiers nothing is to be expected at present."—p. 56.

"Longford and Roscommon; Longford Union.—In many cases the means of the proprietors exhausted, so far as regards any annual benefit from the land, and in still more numerous cases, the means of the occupiers, at least, those means which are available to the enforcement of rates, are exhausted."—p. 59.

"Longford, Westmeath, and Cavan; Granard Union.—Available means of proprietors and occupiers are exhausted."—p. 62.

"Meath, Westmeath, and Cavan; Kells Union.—Smaller class of occu-

piers entirely exhausted; several of the large proprietors insolvent, or unable to meet their demands. The low price of agricultural produce scarcely affords a remunerating price even for the labour on the land."—p. 65.

"Kilkenny; Kilkenny.—An amount could not be collected this year equal to what was collected last year. The difficulty of collection, caused by the difficulty of the ratepayers meeting the demand with diminished means."—p. 69.

"Kilkenny and Tipperary; Callan.—Means of the smaller classes of occupiers, generally speaking, in a low condition."—p. 69.

"Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow.—Considerable distress prevails among the great mass of the ratepayers."—p. 70.

"Waterford and Kilkenny; Waterford.—A great number of small landholders under ejectment, and all classes appear to feel the severe pressure of the times."—p. 71.

"Tipperary; Cashel.—The means of numbers of the occupiers are already exhausted, or very nearly so. The means of proprietors not generally so low, but they also are in a very reduced condition. Both, to a considerable extent in process of exhaustion."—pp. 74, 75.

"Tipperary; Thurles.—Means of many proprietors and occupiers have been very much diminished by the events of the last three or four years. One proprietor, a deputy-lieutenant, assured me lately, that in the event of being forced to pay another rate, he would be obliged to break up his establishment and leave the country, as he had not received twenty per cent. of his rental since 1846."—p. 80.

"Tipperary, King's Co. and Queen's Co.; Roscrea.—With very few exceptions, the means of proprietors are exhausted; the means of occupiers are also exhausted."—p. 83.

"Clare and Galway; Scariff.—With some exceptions, the means of the pro-

prietors and occupiers in this union are every day becoming more exhausted. This is notorious."—p. 83.

"Clare; Ennis.—The means of all classes in the Ennis Union seriously deteriorated by the agency of the famine, except those having property not connected with land."—p. 85.

"Clare; Ennistymon.—The tenant being unable to pay his rent, it follows as a consequence, that the landlord becomes embarrassed, in difficulties, and in many cases, wholly unable to meet his engagements."—p. 87.

"Clare; Kilrush.—The ratepayers in this union have, with few exceptions, paid their rates honestly and cheerfully, while suffering severe privations."—p. 89.

"Limerick; Rathkeale.—Means of a number of occupiers and proprietors more or less exhausted."—p. 92.

"Limerick; Newcastle.—Proprietors and occupiers in this part of the country in very distressed circumstances."—p. 93.

"Kerry; Dingle.—Means of both proprietors and occupiers, if not quite exhausted, very soon will be."—p. 98.

"Kerry; Kenmare.*—No room to doubt the exhaustion of means of occupiers of land, and that those of proprietors and those dependant on them are in an equally exhausted state."—p. 100.

"Cork; Bantry.—The means of occupiers and proprietors are nearly or quite exhausted, and not likely to improve."—p. 102.

"Cork and Kerry; Kanturk.—Means of proprietors and large occupiers greatly deteriorated; means of small farmers nearly exhausted."—p. 105.

"Cork; Macroom.—Means of the proprietors and occupiers in the western and northern divisions of the union are nearly exhausted."—p. 106.

"Cork; Cork.—Proprietors and occupiers severely pressed, not obtaining remunerating prices for the produce of farms, and from loss of the potato crop, &c."—p. 107.

* This union has acquired a very unenviable celebrity, owing to the testimony of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the Rev. John O'Sullivan, the witness who declared that he valued the poor-laws for the facilities they afforded of annoying and muling landlords. The following remarks from the graphic pen of Colonel Clark, temporary inspector of the union, are worthy of attention:—

"There is no social evil existing in any part of Ireland, save that of combining for deliberate assassination, that has not its ramifications in this union. Middlemen, with all the consequences of infinitesimal sub-letting; political agitation, which, though now slumbering, has produced its demoralizing effects; religious animosity, habits of idleness, with all their vicious fruits—these, combined with a state of semi-barbarism, consequent on remoteness of geographical position and non-intercourse with the civilized world, are sufficiently evident causes of the existing destitution; and although it may be universally affirmed that the failure of the potato crop is the true and only cause, I cannot but express my conviction that it only hastened that crisis, which was long since foreseen to be inevitable by every reflective man having a knowledge of the country."—*Report on Kenmare Union.*

"Cork; Fermoy.—Means of proprietors and occupiers exhausted or very nearly so."—p. 108.

This is a harrowing detail. We have not, it is true, given evidence from all the districts on which the inspectors and vice-guardians reported. Some representations, it may be said, were of a more cheery nature. We lay them before the reader:—

"Ulster; Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Cavan; Enniskillen Union.—We have no reason to believe that the means of proprietors in this district are exhausted, nor likely soon to be so, *but we believe that the occupiers, even of large farms, and who pay only a moderate rent for their land are daily growing worse, and several of the holders of small farms, say from three to six or seven acres, and who were ratepayers one or two years since, are now receiving relief in the workhouse.*"—p. 3.

"Mayo and Galway; Ballinasloe Union.—The means of the majority of proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, nor soon likely to be, *but there are some of both classes in very straitened circumstances.* There can be no doubt that both proprietors and occupiers are in a most embarrassed state for funds. *Many of the former have large tracts waste, and there is also a great scarcity of stock upon the lands in general.*"—pp. 20, 21.

"Galway; Loughrea.—The middle class of farmers are still possessed of money to a considerable amount, and the large extent of land which has been thrown into pasturage, and stocked with sheep and cattle afford ample means in most parts of the union of providing for the rate. Ratepayers valued at from £50 to £10 *will in a short time be obliged to purchase food for their families, which will press severely on their already much exhausted resources.* . . . The converting of large tracts of land, hitherto under tillage, and furnishing employment and support to numerous persons, into pasturage, *tend, as they naturally must do, to increase and perpetuate the destitute condition of the poor in this union.*"—p. 34.

"Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo; Boyle Union.—The means of the proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, nor in this union is society dissolving so rapidly into that common mass of destitution as we are told is becoming general elsewhere [Vice Guardians, Jan. 23, 1849]. The majority of the ratepayers will be wholly unable to pay another rate until harvest, *as their means appear completely exhausted* [Temporary Inspector, Feb. 5, 1849]."—p. 50.

"Westmeath; Mullingar.—The means of the proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, *although in many instances they are very limited.* In a few of the divisions throughout the union, where poverty exists to a great extent, the occupiers are unable to meet the landlord's demand for rent, and consequently the means of the proprietors as well as the occupiers of those divisions are greatly exhausted."—p. 57.

"Meath, Westmeath, and Cavan; Old Castle Union.—No reason to believe that the means of the proprietors in the *Meath district* are exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted. . . . In the Cavan district, in the electoral divisions of Castlerattan and Ballyjamesduff, I understand that the circumstances of both proprietors and occupiers are very different to those of their neighbours in Meath, and that *a few more rates struck in the union would soon exhaust their resources.*"—p. 63.

"Meath; Trim.—No reason to think that there will be any difficulty of meeting by a rate any destitution likely to occur; and further, from the willingness hitherto evinced by the ratepayers, and the continued exertions of the collectors, of whose upright conduct and general activity we take this opportunity to report, we see no reason to apprehend that much difficulty will be experienced in the collection of such a rate."—p. 66.

"King's County and Westmeath; Tullamore Union.—We cannot say that the funds of the proprietors are *altogether* exhausted, although they in many instances complain bitterly. There will be a large amount of arrears at the close of the collection of the present rate in Tullamore division *where the parties rated have had no means of paying, a considerable portion of which will eventually come upon the proprietors.*"—p. 67.

"Kilkenny and Tipperary; Callan.—As regards the proprietors in this union, their rents have been (*taking into account the existing distress of the times*) pretty well paid them. . . . *The means of the smaller class of occupiers, generally speaking, is in a low condition.*"—p. 69.

"Tipperary and Waterford; Clonmel.—No reason why funds sufficient for the support of the destitute in the union should not be raised by rates, provided they are judiciously and economically administered. . . . The farmers also having suffered by the very defective yield of wheat, during last season, and *from the low prices in the markets, and feeling pressed by the poor rates, endeavour to curtail their expenditure.* The supply of labour, in short, is at present much beyond the demand for it."—p. 73.

"Tipperary and Limerick; Tipperary.—Means of proprietors and occu-

piers not exhausted, nor likely to be so by any rate necessary for supporting the poor, although there can be no question *that the circumstances of these classes are much reduced in consequence of the last three years of national distress.*"—p. 77.

"Tipperary and Galway; Nenagh.—I have every reason to believe that the means of proprietors and occupiers are not yet so exhausted as to interfere with the collection of the rate."—p. 83.

"Kerry; Tralee.—Generally speaking, I do not think the means of either proprietors or occupiers are exhausted yet; but should destitution continue to the extent it has, much longer, I fear I could not speak so favourably. No dishonesty on the part of either collectors or ratepayers."—p. 97.

"Kerry; Killarney.—Great exertions have been made in this union to relieve the destitute from the natural resources of the country, without soliciting aid from government or the British Relief Association. It is a matter of inference rather than evidence from the vic-guardians' reply, that they do not consider the means of owners or occupiers exhausted."—p. 104.

When the fair side of the picture is no brighter than this, it can but little relieve the lineaments of gloom and discouragement. We have not endeavoured to deepen the traces of despondency, nor have we intentionally omitted any incident which could give the piece a more cheerful character; and, if we have not been very unskilful in our interpretation of evidence, we would say that the few instances in which debilitated proprietors and occupiers are represented as yet able to endure some further depletion, are not less condemnatory of laws which have so far reduced them, than even those deplorable cases in which they are represented as having yielded the last drop that can be drawn from them without drawing the last breath of life with it.

Such is the condition of *fifty-seven* unions, containing a population of more than four millions of human beings, and valued at considerably more than five millions sterling, more than half the population—nearly half the valuation, for Ireland—*having once*, we should rather have said, such a population, and *rated* at such a

valuation. At this moment, we believe the people to have been greatly diminished, and the value to be very much below the valuation. We spare the reader further proofs of the indigence to which the country has been reduced, as found in answers to the circulars inquiring as to the clothing of the people, and as to their transactions with pawnbrokers. Suffice it to say, every attribute of poverty, debasement, decline, and ruin is now discernible among the characteristics of our social condition. Let no man tempt God, by saying that this desolation is ascribable to the potato blight. No—it is the disgrace and the sin of most unwise legislation. We do not undertake to say, that any three years within our memory have been so fraught with agricultural calamity as those through which we have recently passed; but we must remember, thankfully, that during no period of the same extent has the bounty of generous and pious hearts poured so rich a stream upon our country. Remembering this unparalleled mercy, as a compensation attendant on our afflictions, we would confidently affirm, that Ireland has successfully struggled through difficulties not less formidable than those which, by the aid of legislation, have recently overcome her. The earth has been smitten with sterility—pestilence has been breathed upon the air—commerce has been arrested, and has drooped—and the charities of benevolent men have been blessed to deliver the land. Potatoes have been sold at 1s. 3d. per stone, oatmeal at 7s. 6d.—typhus fever and cholera have been sent amongst us—bankruptcy has, by its effects, impoverished whole masses of our people—trade has stood still; but the country has recovered, because legislation never before was so inconsiderate or malignant.

During the period that elapsed between those two momentous epochs—in one of which rebellion had been put down, and in the other disaffection and sedition had obtained a signal concession*—from the year 1798 to 1829, Ireland passed through many severe afflictions: how she survived them has been placed on record.

* We allude to the arguments in favor of "Emancipation," and to the manner in which it was carried, rather than to the measure considered in itself.

In the year 1830, when the Tory party had broken in the shock in which "Emancipation" was carried, and the Whigs were waiting the moment when they were to enter and take possession, there was a committee appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the state of the poor in Ireland—a committee which was predominantly, we may affirm, "Whig" in its constitution and character. A few extracts from the report of the Committee, and the evidence taken before it, we lay before the reader:—

"Committee of the House of Commons on the State of Ireland, in the year 1830.

"JOHN MUSGROVE, ESQ., WATERFORD.

"Is there any improvement within your knowledge in the habits of the people?—Very great among the better class of farmers. Are the number of slated houses increasing?—Very considerably. Has the clothing of the people improved in your experience?—Very considerably since the removal of duties between England and Ireland. Have you observed the extension of bakeries in the country?—Yes, certainly: in country villages and towns you find a much greater number of bakers than there were a few years ago.

"CAPTAIN ROBERT OWEN, WEXFORD.

"Is the agriculture of the County Wexford in a state of improvement, or stationary?—It is in a state of very rapid improvement. Is the number of slated houses in the country increasing?—Increasing every day, &c.

"MR. JOHN LOUGHLIN, BALLINA, MAYO.

"Are the habits of the people improving within your observation?—They are. Is their clothing improving?—Certainly. Is the description of house improved?—Considerably in the town, and I notice it in the country also. Have the number of small bake-houses in the villages extended in your neighbourhood?—Yes; I hear the flour-dealers speak of it.

"CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, ESQ., LIVERPOOL.

"Have you perceived amongst this class of persons in Ireland, since this new intercourse has been established, an improvement in their clothing and their mode of life?—A considerable improvement is very visible in their clothing. The inhabitants of Liverpool are quite aware of the altered appearance of even the Irish reapers. They no longer come in the tattered clothes they formerly appeared in; they are getting ashamed of their old clothes, and are, apparently, a different class of persons."

"Mr. Mahony observes—'That the state of the peasantry has improved very rapidly of late years; that the country has greatly altered for the better; that the peasantry are better clothed, and in every way seem to be more comfortable, and that their houses are improving.'—Report, p. 4.

"The statement made by Mr. Wiggins, an English land-agent, in describing the south-west of Ireland, is equally satisfactory—'A very great improvement has taken place, in all respects, during the last twenty-two years'; and in a subsequent part of his examination he adds—'I think the improvement of Ireland has been more rapid than any improvement I ever saw in England in any large tract of country.'—*Ibid.*

We shall add two extracts from the testimony of two witnesses, which we hold to be not the less pertinent that they contain the opinions of able and experienced men on the subject of poor-laws for Ireland, as well as their testimony to the improvement of the country:—

"JAMES WEALE, Esq.—1698. I do not think that any system of compulsory relief could be introduced into Ireland at the present moment, without being productive of serious and permanent evils.

"Of what kind?—I have never met a peasantry who are as well disposed as the Irish are to exert themselves for the provision of a maintenance. I think that the effect of a legal provision of relief to those who might represent themselves to be incapable of working, or otherwise destitute, would bring such an immense body of claimants on that fund, for relief, as would immediately destroy it: it would render it impossible to collect adequate funds for their relief, &c.

"1701. Do you consider that there is a spirit of improvement now acting in Ireland, which tends to produce those beneficial results?—In every quarter, in every corner, I may say, of Ireland, evidences of growing, and rapidly-growing, improvement may be perceived.

"1702. Was that evidently such within your own observation, as within the interval between your first visit and your last to Ireland, to show you, by your own experience, that these improvements were going on?—It is, from my first visit up to the last hour I was in Ireland.

"1703. Do you consider that it is safer to rely on that spirit of improvement, than to introduce any system of

compulsory assessment, with a view to the relief of the distressed?—I am decidedly of that opinion."

"A. R. BLAKE, Chief Remembrancer, April 28, 1830.

"3765. Do you consider that the introduction of a compulsory system of relief for the distress that exists in Ireland, could act upon the causes that have produced that distress, and thereby have a tendency to check the recurrence of those causes?—I think quite the contrary.

"Have the goodness to state the reasons for your opinion?—I think the evil policy so long pursued towards Ireland—a policy which kept the country continually distracted, which palsied industry, and prevented anything like natural union—has been the great cause of want and misery in Ireland. * That cause is now removed; but the people have not as yet sufficiently learned to venerate themselves as men: it is by teaching them to do so, and affording them means of profitable employment, that you can effect a solid improvement in the country. A compulsory provision for the poor would tend to prevent the growth of those independent feelings and industrious habits through which alone I look for the regeneration of Ireland.

"3767. Independently of political causes, do you not conceive that there exists, at present, in Ireland, in the condition of society, the management of land, and other matters, causes that tend to produce a mass of distress in that country at all times?—I conceive that those causes are upon the decline in Ireland. I think—I speak from a good deal of examination into the subject—that Ireland is becoming, from day to day, more and more prosperous, that capital is spreading throughout Ireland; and in proportion as capital does spread, so will the general state of all classes be improved."

Such was Ireland as a Whig ministry received it from their Tory predecessors—what it is now the reports of their officials mournfully instruct us. Friends and partisans of ministers may ascribe our miseries to a visitation of nature. We do not

deny that the potato blight had its part in the calamities which have followed, but we affirm that the law had its part also. Failing crops had their effect directly upon one part of our people; injurious laws exerted a pernicious influence on all. Never was there legislation more unworthy a just, a generous, and a merciful nation; never was there legislation more abhorrent to the principles of sound wisdom, as declared and acted upon for ages of British rule. In the distribution of lands placed at the disposal of successive sovereigns, the reservation of a portion for the poor, after the model of England, was never an incident in the plantation. In the act of legislative union, when the two countries were incorporated into one, Ireland was received with her immunities, and they were guaranteed to her in the spirit of those articles which concluded the great national compact. At various periods, and under varied circumstances, the imperial parliament took the state of the Irish poor into its consideration, appointing committees or commissions to inquire into their condition, and advise such remedial measures as their wisdom might suggest. No parliamentary committee, no royal commission ever recommended such a system of poor-laws as was forced upon Ireland; no commission or committee reported without uttering a strong monition against that most baleful element introduced into the modern system, its provision for out-door relief.

The concurrent testimony of all parties in whom the Whig ministry professed to have confidence, in conformity with what they themselves professed to believe wise and good, pronounced out-door relief a measure of confiscation to the landlords—of ruin and corruption to the poor; and Lord John Russell made this pernicious measure law—passed it into a law even at the moment when its operation must have been most disastrous.* Three millions of persons habituated to feed

* "There never," wrote the inspector, Colonel Clarke, "could have been a more unpropitious time for trying a gigantic experiment in political economy, than that when the present law for the relief of the poor came into operation with the mass of the people demoralised by being gratuitously and almost indiscriminately fed during the preceding two years, the effects of which will naturally clog the union for years to come."—*Irish Poor-law Past, &c.*, p. 24.

The writer of the pamphlet from which this extract has been taken describes the unreasonableness of the experiment:—

"In March, 1847, not less than 700,000, able-bodied Irish poor, with

in idleness—three millions of persons whom one of her majesty's ministers encouraged to take arms, demanding food, and Lord John Russell creates for them a right and a power which God's law never gave, to feed at the cost of the industrious, and to live, if so it please them, improvident and idle.

Three classes of persons have advocated the adoption of a system of poor-laws (with their exorcism the rate in aid) for Ireland—the benevolent, the malignant, and the sordid. One class has been influenced by charitable commiseration of the poor—one has confessed that its actuating principle has been hatred of the landlords—one has declared its purpose to purchase land when its market price has been sufficiently depreciated. The views of the two latter classes (whether with or without the designed aid of government) have taken effect—those of the former have been frustrated. Since the days of the Desmond wars, the plague of famine has never made such havoc in Ireland; and no commotion or disorder since those days, it may be added, has so shaken the stability and so abased the value of property in land. The natural conclusion to which admitted rules of reasoning would conduct us is, that the poor-laws have accomplished what they were designed to accomplish. What benevolent men regret as among unhappy sequences of the system, those who most assiduously promote it rejoice in as its expected consequences.

This truth is made more clear by the adoption of a measure wholly at variance with the principle of the poor-law as the measure by which its mis-haps were to be corrected. Real property, after having for the year 1848 contributed to the poor rates £1,619,646, about an eighth of its valuation, a third, probably, of the net income of its owners, was found over more than half Ireland unable to continue these enormous supplies, and a "rate in aid" was demanded. How was it to be raised? Justice would say, from those who could best afford to contribute. Not so modern politicians.

They say it must come from Ireland, and from the classes, too, in Ireland, upon whom calamity has pressed most heavily. Landed property in fifty-seven unions has broken down under the pressure of the rates. In these the poor-law has done its office. Let the properties be sold, and the purchaser protected against a similar calamity, by enacting a law that henceforth there is to be a maximum which the rate shall not exceed. Assuredly this is new principle and practice. A. bought land from the sovereign in 1830, we will suppose, and paid a price for it which implied that he had a monarch's guarantee against the imposition of a partial rate or tax; in 1849 a law is enacted which throws upon him the burdens from which he had purchased exemption, and when he has thus been ruined, a successor is invited to take his place and his possessions, by an assurance that he is not to be circumvented after the fashion of his predecessor.

But to return. What is the rate in aid which justice, and charity, and pure morals would suggest? A rate which should come from those who could best afford to pay it. The same laws which have made the agricultural classes poor have enriched the monied interest. The salaries of official persons—the dividends in the funds—the interest of mortgages, are what they were, but each pound sterling represents thirty shillings in the depressed produce of the land. It is among the classes thus enriched, justice would demand her rate in aid. It is among these classes true charity would seek it. If the state become in such sort guardian of the poor that it legalises the obligation, whether in idleness or employment, to feed them, every subject becomes, in a certain sense, his "brother's keeper;" and where it is of positive law, that no man shall continue to be an hungered, it should be a correlative obligation that no man be permitted to indulge his own appetites without contributing to provide for his brother's wants. Not, therefore, among the poor agriculturists only, but

their dependants, were fed on the public bounty at a cost of four millions sterling in as many months; the other four months (May, June, July, and August) of the same year more than a million and a-half were expended, feeding on the 4th of July about 3,000,000 poor; and in the face of this army, say rather nation, of expectants, the out-door relief portion of the present Irish poor-law was introduced."—*Ibid*, 18, 19.

among the wealthy monied classes, would charity seek her rate in aid. Among them, too, pure morals would demand it. To give exemption to luxury, and to overload frugality and temperance is not to teach purity of morals. All these considerations instruct us where to seek a rate in aid. All articles of consumption should contribute to it. There should be a duty imposed on everything that we consume, to constitute a rate in aid for the relief of the poor. Such duties have been raised under the plea of protection to agriculture or manufactures—they have been raised as a revenue for defraying the expenses of the government;—let a proportion of them henceforth be collected as the offering which every man, to whom God has given food, makes of his prosperities, to relieve his brother's wants. This is the "rate in aid" which charity demands and true expediency will acknowledge—the divine law, in principle, recommends it—the best instincts of the human heart would give it welcome, and an improved state of society would soon bear testimony to its excellence. It would encourage enterprise, relieve industry, invigorate hope, and would cast out the baleful spirit of jealousy and estrangement which now arrays the classes and conditions of men in mutual and ruinous animosity. Why is it that the imperial legislature despises or condemns this salutary scheme, and takes in exchange for it a system which outrages justice, oppresses native industry, ruins ratepayers, lays heavy burdens on laborious men, applies criminal incentives and affords fatal facilities to luxurious indulgence; and, after exhausting the resources of owners and occupiers, leaves the destitute to die of hunger?

Is there no reason for this guilty preference? Is it a caprice? Dread, or at least prepare for, fearful results when fantasy can move the power which makes the laws. Has the evil choice a reason and a purpose? Is the purpose discernible in results? If it be, it should awaken upright Irishmen to a wakeful and sustained apprehension; a scheme to maintain one class at the cost of ruining another, would never be tolerated in England unless public opinion were abused by calumnies successfully propagated against the proscribed class, or unless their misdeservings merited odium. If the owners and occupiers of land in

Ireland would be safe, they should at once take their cause into their own hands, should endeavour to win favourable opinion by proving themselves entitled to it, and while drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood, which bind good men together, should act as if they felt that an enemy was at hand ready to take advantage of everything that may be turned to their disadvantage. There are parties ready to purchase their possessions when they shall have become drugs in the market—there are parties who desire to work the poor-law so that it shall be effectual for their undoing, and there is a predominant body in the senate which consents to make legislation an instrument for enmity and hatred, to pass laws which lessen extremely the value of property, and then to pass laws in a spirit of revolutionary innovation which will serve to precipitate the sale of property while its value in the market is unnaturally low. Can anything be done to counteract such machinations as these? Nothing, perhaps, by which they can be wholly disconcerted. Many victims, in all probability, will attest the efficacy of the measures which have overthrown them; but the evil is not without hope or remedy.

Let it be remembered that, deficient as we are in the current and accredited representative of wealth, we have the true riches which yield their treasures up to the prudent and industrious. We have a fertile soil, and a climate not discouraging to industry. For our domestic uses we have at command almost all that is requisite for life, and even comfort. How shall we make the most of these advantages? In the first place, within our homes, by cultivating the thrifty virtues as those which the season elevates into virtues of the highest class; in the second place, by entering into combination with each other to develop and promote to the utmost of our power everything of Irish produce and industry. In the former effort, we must make patriotism enlighten and govern our pride—we must learn to feel that our parade and show should be of the kind that is neither boastful nor shamefaced, but that if there be any domestic arrangement, any personal inconvenience, with which we are dissatisfied, it should be the inconsistency which assumes in a time of rebuke and difficulty the attributes or offices of a prosperous season. We should cultivate in

our homes a generous parsimony, which, in taking care that not a crumb be lost, has the thought ever present, that its hoards, whatever they may be, are dedicated to the necessities and the improvement of our country. Let us leave to those who love such honour, the praise of basing the financial fabric of a nation on *consumption*, and testing the prosperity of a season by the indulgence that has been afforded to appetite:—

“Fred and be fat, my fair Callipolis.”

Let us form a different estimate, and seek a far different glory: be it ours to adopt retrenchment, where others stimulate consumption, and let the self-denial which facilitates acquisition, have the place with us which others have assigned to the luxury which pampers appetite and wastes substance.

No doubt, cases will be found in which retrenchment comes too late. Of the owners and occupiers of land, many, we fear, must sink into a far inferior condition than they have lived in: but there are many whose difficulties are not insuperable, and whose circumstances a few years of rigid economy, vigilance, and exertion, may retrieve. All, even the most distressed, may be served by a combined endeavour to obtain redress of serious grievances. What we recommend may appear to the desponding and the slothful (who say “there is a lion in the way”) visionary and extravagant, but we will not fear to offer the suggestion. The owners and occupiers (to a large extent) of land should meet in every county or barony of Ireland, and take counsel together. The time is come when there should be no concealments of difficulty or distress, actual or apprehended. *Let none meet for counsel but such as resolve to submit their circumstances to the probe.* Among those who assemble, there will be a majority of proprietors who pay heavy interest to annuitants and mortgagees—there will be none who have not suffered by the laws establishing a free trade in corn, and recognising pauperism as a lucrative trade for the idle. A temperate and faithful statement of the injuries thus inflicted, and their effects, should be submitted to the public, and an application made to creditors of every description, asking of them such forbearance, accommodation, and com-

position, as most severe and unlooked for laws have rendered just and reasonable. Those laws have removed, one stage, the claims of every creditor; they have interposed the new right created for the pauper, between the creditors’ just demand and the security assigned to him. As a species of recompense for this injustice, the creditor has an augmentation of his wealth. His revenues can now purchase three barrels of corn, or three sirloins of beef where formerly they could have but two. The monied interest has had this gain at the sore cost of the landed. It is not unbecoming on the one side to ask, and will be prudent, as well as amiable on the other side to grant, that they who have had partial benefit from an unjust law, shall offer some contribution or concession to the relief of those on whom the whole pressure of its injustice has most crushingly fallen. We may be told that to hope such a result is chimerical. *There are some to whom it may seem so—are there any who think, that, in the existing circumstances of the landed interest in Ireland, it can be amiss to make the experiment?*

At the meetings we recommend, the parties assembled should come to an understanding how they may mutually aid and countenance each other in carrying out schemes of economy, retrenchment, and encouragement of native industry. It will soon be seen that many of the appliances which were set down among the necessities of life owe their place there to unsound opinion, to foolish rivalry, to a paltry sense of shame; and it will be found, as soon as rectified opinion has pronounced a judgment, that much wealth is at our command, which had lain too long unregarded. The gift of God to his chosen people was not a Californian region; it was “a land flowing with milk and honey,” a land abounding in vegetable and animal riches—He has given us such a land. We have milk and honey, fruits and corn, cattle, and fowls, and fish, wool and flax. To use them, and, so far as is practicable, to confine ourselves to the use of them, is not to convert them into, but to recognise them as the true natural riches. We shall find when we regard wealth in itself, not in its arbitrary representative, that we are not so poor as we feared we were.

At these meetings too, which we recommend, arrangements should be

made for deriving from the Boards of Poor - Law Guardians the benefits which these district parliaments are capable of affording. These assemblies represent the property, and make provision for the poverty of our country. They should be diligent and discreet in the discharge of their onerous duties, so that their constituents be not unnecessarily oppressed, nor their clients demoralised or neglected. They should take care that the unemployed be few in number, and that the distinction between the helpless and the voluntarily idle be never lost sight of. Every workhouse should be a normal school of industry; employment, if practicable, should be found for every inmate not disabled; and while the cost of maintenance was thus lightened to the payers of rates, new processes of labour and productiveness should be introduced into every part of the country. To render the Boards of Guardians an effective institution, a system of correspondence should be arranged, by which if not all of one mind, all might be found conspiring to the same end. Each Board should appoint its committee of supervision and correspondence, and from time to time conferences by baronies, counties, and provinces should take place, until the affairs, resources, and difficulties of every portion of our country—the drains upon our wealth for the benefit of creditors and absentees—the amount of our taxation, direct and indirect, poor's-rates (as they ought to be) included—the profits of our commerce to the empire at large and to ourselves, and the duties paid by us in British ports as well as Irish, had become thoroughly known, and a system of mutual accommodation, by which the superfluities of one place, and the wants of another, would redress and relieve each other, was established for the benefit of every part of our country. We venture not upon details in thus intimating what we believe may prove beneficial in the agency of our poor-law system. When the various Boards address themselves to their duty, under a presiding feeling that the country has been given in charge to them, we are satisfied they will soon discover to how great things their labours may become conducive. We would content ourselves with urging the remembrance of

one truth which we feel ought never to be lost sight of—it is, that every article of Irish produce is the exponent of a certain amount of Irish labour. Of the price of the produce of an acre of oats, twenty-four shillings (a fourth, or perhaps a third) had been previously disbursed for labour. Discontinue labour by displacing the native produce for foreign, and the twenty-four shillings will be changed from wages into poor's-rates.

There is, however, a duty which the various Boards of Guardians should never neglect. It is that of giving publicity to their grievances, and of protesting against the injustice of the law they are appointed to administer. That law has had the assent of the British people through the operation of a most dishonest misrepresentation. Property in England has been purchased or acquired subject to a burden from which Irish property was exempt; and therefore Irish proprietors were to be saddled with a burden for which no consideration was given them. As honestly might it be claimed, that inasmuch as a majority of landowners in Ireland inherited with their estates encumbrances by which they were burdened, English property should be required also to take upon itself obligations from which it had had exemption. It may, to be sure, be said that the poor, by divine law, have claims which ought to be respected. That is not the question. The matter in dispute is against what class of persons should those claims be enforced. In England they take effect on persons who hold property on the condition of respecting them, who pay rates for the poor as part purchase of the possessions they retain. In Ireland they take effect on persons, who paid at once the whole purchase of their estates, and to whom, when the precedent of England was adopted against them, that portion of the purchase or value of their estates ought to be returned, which an impartial commission should declare equivalent to the poor-rate. Every Board of Guardians, every assembly of landowners and occupiers, should enter this protest; there may be difficulty of gaining for it a patient consideration, but when it has been thoroughly understood it will not be inoperative.

In all the activities we recommend,

there is nothing in which the British people, and even the British legislature, may not with much propriety be called upon to aid us. We put away from us altogether every thought of seeking Repeal. That momentous change may be effected. Independence, or the counterfeit of independence, may be forced upon us. England may complete her series of aggressions by proclaiming a separation. If so—unsought for and undesired by us, it ought not to find us unprepared. We may learn administrative habits, and acquire the wisdom meet to direct them in those parliaments which have been set up in an injustice for which we are not answerable. In them we may be trained amidst influences of justice, benevolence, and discretion; these are wholesome influences. If there be virtue among us they will draw it out. We have little to hope for from the legislature if we are not true to ourselves. The British legislature has experienced a mighty change; men now, even of ability, enter into parliament in the spirit in which they embrace a profession—personal advantage their first object, their country's honour and interest but the second. A place in the senate is regarded matter of privilege to the individual, not of duty to the state; England, with her glorious constitutions, her world of colonies, her majestic associations, is

looked upon as something to trade upon or conjure with, not to serve in; discussions arise, not on the question who is worthy to be her minister or her champion, but upon her right to refuse confidence to any who may desire the distinction of holding an office in her service. The question of right and duty has been transposed, and the individual takes precedence of the nation. In a parliament where such discussions engage attention, and encounter no rebuke, there is an absence of real greatness. But the people of England ought not to be confounded with the faction which has acquired a temporary influence in the national councils; and whilst it is right that we should, to the utmost of our power, prepare for the worst extremity, we should make our preparations in a spirit which strives to promote and cherish a cordial union, a true brotherhood, with the benevolent people of England. And this we can do; the measures and the habits calculated to win, by meriting, the esteem and respect of the best of our fellow-subjects in the British empire, are those which will best prepare us for meeting the perils of the emergency, if, influenced by councils in which a thirst for gain supplies the place of a spirit of honour and integrity, the British empire is prevailed against to repeal the Union.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

As friends must be torn by Fate from the embrace of individuals, and what was affection be subdued into memory, so is it decreed that celebrated characters must pass from time to time from before the eyes of the community they had shed a lustre upon, leaving in place of the gladdening influence of their presence a void, occupied only by the melancholy satisfaction that at least the honoured names belong to its permanent history.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. At this period of the month we have not time to enlarge upon an announcement, which indeed is in itself sure to arrest public attention without any comment of ours. English literature claims the calamity as her own, and will find a voice wherever its influence reaches—and where does it not reach?—throughout the civilised world. Our part is a more peculiar one—a more painful and difficult one, too, than any mere formal panegyric: we have to mourn, *on the part of Ireland*, the loss of its brightest literary ornament.

In the brilliancy of her more extended works, the true grounds of this gifted lady's fame are apt to be lost sight of. As in the case of a desultory and inconsistent though eminent legal philosopher of our time, the less-observed and humbler achievement of cheapening knowledge, and bringing that illustrious guest to doors she would not have previously condescended to visit, will form with posterity the true foundation of his greatness; so, in estimating Miss Edgeworth's services to literature, we ought to do what future generations will do, and make it her title to the place she is destined to hold in public estimation that, with a very few exceptions, she it was who first brought the rational morality and exalted sensibilities of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, forestalling the teaching of schools and colleges in this respect by the power of combining ethics with entertainment, suited to attract the young, and teaching the language of truth and virtue, in its alphabet.

That she was a highly successful novelist, when that field was less trodden than it is now, is inferior praise to this; and we have ever held that the lessons of morality, which all her writings aimed at conveying, were then most conspicuous and most conducive to human benefit when they cast off, as it were, the gravity and reserve of society, and introduced themselves, in sportive guise, as the playthings and companions of the nursery.

If we are to measure the importance of literary efforts by the effect they produce, the influence they exercise, and the changes they work, then, in other departments as well as this, Miss Edgeworth stands eminently conspicuous. The tone of thought and feeling of the generation now already passing its maturity, has been moulded unquestionably to an appreciable extent on her educational works; but when we recollect that to her earlier novels Scott confessed himself indebted for the first idea of illustrating the character and scenes of his own country by means of popular tales, we shall see to how large an extent that one intellect has made the world its debtor. Indeed, it is one of the circumstances which enhance the interest creative talent is ever invested with, that it operates beyond itself, as it were, developing powers and originating actions lying without the orbit of its own career.

On the young the effect of Miss Edgeworth's writings was striking. The wisdom derived from them was not, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has expressed it, the

———"Slow product of laborious years;"

the operation was going on every hour; we could see precepts reduced, before our eyes, to practice; and the tender mind becoming visibly impressed with those patterns which, falling within the grander outline of Christianity, serve to fill up the details of the human character, and blend the whole into one chaste and harmonious design. Within many a family circle we can imagine the event we are now recording to fall as a sensible blow, and can fancy the eye, bent over the favourite page, to be dimmed with a tear, which, dropping on the familiar words, consecrates them from thenceforth a sacred memory in the youthful heart.

But we are straying beyond our limits. This distinguished lady has passed from amongst us. To all except the few who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of her friendship and acquaintance, she lives in her influences alone. In these, indeed, she still survives—she exists for every one as long as they continue to peruse her writings with delight and profit. In the increased power she affords to one class of self-instruction, and to another of disciplining the minds under their charge, she stands beside them an ever-present good. *Being dead, she speaketh.*

To that favoured few, alas! her loss is less easily repaired. For many years, she had, it is true, secluded herself within the ancestral groves of Edgeworthstown, from which of late, she rarely emerged, except when she lent herself to the affectionate importunities of members of her own immediate family: but she continued to the last to keep herself in communion with the great world without by means of constant and unrestrained correspondence with a circle of friends, including some of the most gifted and eminent individuals in Great Britain and America, statesmen and philosophers as well as authors. These friends can best testify to the justice of this encomium—they can witness to the freshness of heart, retained to the verge of extreme old age, and surviving not only the common assaults of time, but the attacks of more than one severe domestic bereavement. They best can exonerate the writer, when he speaks of the keen and affectionate sensibilities beating as strong within her bosom up to the supreme hour, as when they instigated the happiest effusions of her fancy, and attracted the most ardent admiration of society. They know that not a feeling flagged—not an energy failed. Alive to everything around her, and responding to every exalted and humane emotion, she might be said to partake of that comprehensive philanthropy, the expression of which earned for the dramatist of old the plaudits of assembled Rome. Nothing was foreign from her affections, except what was unworthy of them; and she retained to the termination of her existence that power, generally judged to be the exclusive characteristic of youth, of admitting new interests into the companionship of old ones, and of allowing the heart to warm for a cause, or an individual, the meridian of her life was a stranger to.

It is fortunate that these qualities are known as they are by so many friends and connexions competent to give the world the benefit of a personal narrative. We should otherwise have feared lest the unostentatious humility of Miss Edgeworth's private virtues should cause them to be overlooked, or overborne rather, in the current of her literary history.

Nor can we, in our editorial capacity, be suspected of being influenced by any undue bias. In her views respecting the relative publishing claims and capabilities of England and Ireland, many of our readers are aware that she differed from us very widely. Her sentiments—dare we call them prejudices?—were all in favor of the metropolitan centre. She considered London the natural soil of Irish as well as English literary enterprise, and felt little interest in promoting any local rivalry. Whilst, like Moore, she was inspired with a truly patriotic regard for her native land, and, like him, shed a lustre upon it by the brightness of her genius—like him, too, she was an *English writer* born in Ireland, and connected her literary existence exclusively with the sister country.

She is gone from amongst us. She has done much good that the world knows of—much that it may yet know of—and much that it will never know of. Instances will spring to many an affectionate memory. They throng to one breast which might seize the tempting opportunity of discharging the burden of gratitude that weighs upon it. But unfortunately the same feelings towards that revered friend which prompt the tongue to utterance, restrain the expression of acknowledgments that might have done violence to the sensitive delicacy of her nature. It more redounds to the honour of the dead, and profit of the living, to have it known, that one of the last acts of government bounty extended to native literary merit, was influenced in no small degree by the ardent and disinterested eloquence of this true-hearted Irishwoman.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. This is but a hasty offering cast upon her bier. Around her urn will twine more costly wreaths, but there will be none presented with truer respect or more heartfelt devotion.

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